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THE
SAVAGE
CLUB


BY
AARON WATSON





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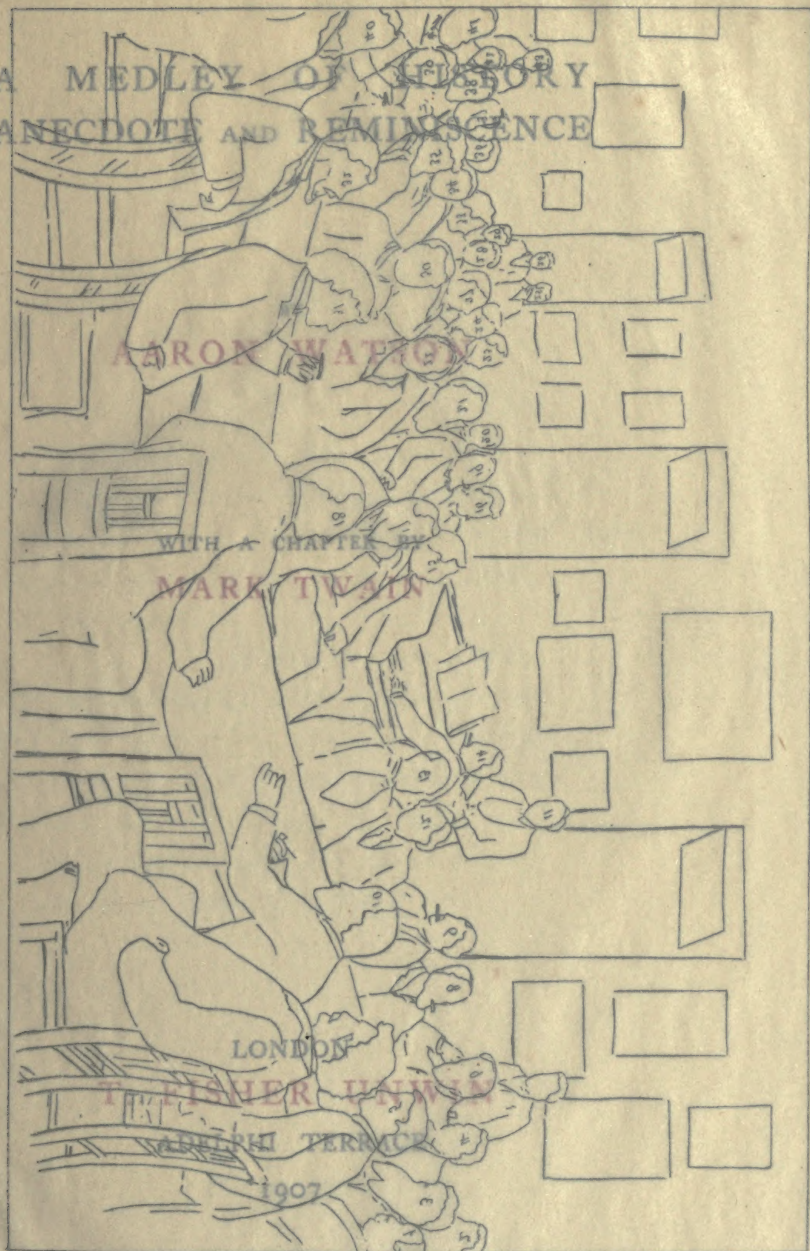
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A SATURDAY NIGHT AT LANCASTER HOUSE.

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THE SAVAGE CLUB

A MEDLEY OF HISTORY
ANECDOTE AND REMINISCENCE

BY
AARON WATSON

WITH A CHAPTER BY
MARK TWAIN

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
ADELPHI TERRACE
1907



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1907

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To
BROTHER SAVAGES
THE WORLD OVER

*Here is the story of our fifty years ;
Ragged, perchance, most faulty, incomplete,
Dropped stitches and frayed edges here and there,
Too much of this and not enough of that ;
But yet our story.*

*Howsoe'er 'twere told,
It must be smit across with golden gleams
To eyes like yours ; for, thinking of the past,
Proud of the present, 'twere enough to say,
" All these were of us, and all these ; and those
Who now are of us keep the flame alight
That was lit up some fifty years ago."*



FROM THE CLUB WINDOWS, ADELPHI TERRACE.

PREFACE

A BOOK like this demands a preface for the reason that its appearance requires some explanation. The task of writing was approached with much diffidence, amounting to hesitation. A club is a private institution, in which the public cannot, in general, be supposed to feel much concern. There would, indeed, be some impertinence in writing about it if the purpose were to expose its private affairs.

But, as will be seen from the pages which follow, the world has, almost from the first, for what I take to be good reasons, been much interested in that part of the life of the Savage Club which has had a public side ; and it was considered by the publisher of this volume that, as the Club is about to complete the fiftieth year of its existence, a kindly welcome would not be withheld from a book of the character of the one which is now offered, with some trepidation, to the public judgment. Such a work must necessarily be discursive : to some extent, perhaps, this book is intentionally so. The aim has been to produce such a narrative as will

appeal to the general reader no less than to those who have a more particular interest in its subject.

This is in no sense an official publication. The Committee of the Club has been approving and helpful. It has placed at the author's disposal whatever assistance it was in its power to give; but the Club has no responsibility for what he has written, and he must bear the sole burden of what is disputable in these pages.

In many directions the author owes thanks—directions so numerous that they cannot be individually specified, though some of them will find mention as the work proceeds. This, however, seems the place in which to thank Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) for the interesting and humorous reminiscence which he has contributed, and Sir James Linton for the simple but beautiful design for the cover of the book. To the Committee, of which Sir James is, *ex officio*, a member, thanks are owing in no common degree. The index is from the experienced hands of my friend Tom Mason, for several years Honorary Librarian to the Club.

As for the reader, it is hoped that if he does not discover in these pages exactly what he wants, or just what he expected, he will at least find what Dr. Johnson met with in the Scotch haggis, "a great deal of miscellaneous feeding."

AARON WATSON.

THE SAVAGE CLUB.

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FROM THE CLUB WINDOWS, LOOKING EAST.

THE SAVAGE CLUB

CHAPTER I

THE KINGDOM OF BOHEMIA

IT seems necessary, and also proper, to approach the story of the Savage Club by means of a review of the conditions under which that institution arose. The conditions are much the same in all cities. Mr. Richard Whiteing, an old member of the Savage, says of Paris : "At the beginning of things it was the restaurants or nothing if you wished to exchange a word with your shopmates in the work of life, or to take a bite and sup in their company. This has passed. The club cuisine gives points to the cuisine of the restaurants. The club company is necessarily more select than any *café* of artists, *café* of poets, or what not, subject to the intrusion of the outsider."

This is the conclusion at which the founders of the Savage Club had arrived when, just fifty years ago, in a small and humble way, they commenced to organise a fragment of the large circle of Bohemian

London. They were not a prosperous set. They were for the most part, indeed, men who were at that time engaged in a severe, and sometimes bewildering, conflict with circumstances. The author of "Caste," who was not one of the earliest Savages, but who joined the Club some three or four years after its foundation, was then an actor at thirty shillings a week. A contemporary member says of Andrew Halliday that he "used to be proud when he got a leader in *The Morning Advertiser* and received his ten shillings for it. That was the regular rate of some morning papers then." Neither journalists, nor authors, nor artists, nor actors, nor writers for the stage, ever dreamed of such rewards as may now, in favourable circumstances, be commanded by even moderate talents. William Brough, offering a new piece to a theatrical manager, had his glowing expectations immediately cooled by the words: "Well, sir, we *have* sometimes given as much as five pounds for a farce"; and William Brough was one of the keenest wits and brightest writers of his time. On these men of spare earnings great misfortunes would sometimes descend. George Augustus Sala says of Charles Bennett, another original member of the Savage Club: "We were talking one day about human happiness and human misery. 'I have had my share of both,' quietly remarked the artist. 'When I was quite a young man I had chambers in Lyons' Inn. I had married very young, and I had a child born—a child that died, the sack from *Punch*, and the brokers in, all on the same day.'"

Such, or mostly such, were the conditions that prevailed in Bohemia, even in the case of some of

those whose names have not yet been forgotten, when the Savage Club was formed. Nevertheless, Jeffery Prowse, who was one of the early Savages, could sing of those times in this unregretful strain :—

I dwelt in a city enchanted,
And lonely, indeed, was my lot :
Two guineas a week, all I wanted,
Was certainly all that I got.

Bohemian, of course, were my neighbours,
And not of a pastoral kind :
Our pipes were of clay, and our tabors
Would scarcely be easy to find.

How we laughed as we laboured together !
How well I remember to-day,
Our "outings" in midsummer weather,
Our winter delights at the play !

We were not over nice in our dinners ;
Our rooms were up rickety stairs ;
But if hope be the wealth of beginners,
By Jove ! we were all millionaires.

This was the spirit of Bohemia in days that are now gone by. Prowse has been dead these many years, and those who were his companions live in garrets no longer, and are uncommonly particular as to how they dine. Therefore it is sometimes remarked that Bohemianism is a thing of the past, no more to be found nowadays than the sanded parlour of the old Strand tavern, or the "Coal Hole" out of which Colonel Newcome stalked with so much injured dignity after the dressing down which he administered to Captain Costigan.

But observations of this kind are based on an initial

error. Bohemianism is not a gipsy style of living, but a temperament; not carelessness of dress or disregard of niceness at meal-times, but an atmosphere. Goldsmith was not the less a Bohemian because he loved to deck himself out in astonishing clothes, nor Johnson because he spent much of his time with the Thrales. Even Grub Street had its "clean-shirt days." It sometimes dined at Holland House, as we know from Byron :—

Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub Street dine, while duns are kept aloof.

Grub Street, in fact, became Bohemia when it moved a little westward; when its habitat ceased to be the City and became the Strand. Bohemianism was an old manifestation of certain ineradicable human tendencies under a new name. "No, sir, I am not a Bohemian," said Arthur Arnold, when he was asked to join the company of some gentlemen to whom that description most certainly did apply. The tone and temper of the remark clearly indicate what makes all the difference. A cold, eager self-consciousness and rigid propriety are virtues that find themselves offended in a Bohemian atmosphere. Arthur Arnold, the editor of an evening newspaper, became member of Parliament, Chairman of the London County Council, and Knight. The others remained much what they were to the end.

"There was once a King in Bohemia," said Corporal Trim. That may have been Shakespeare, in those ambrosial nights at the "Mermaid." Or it may have been Ben Jonson, at the Devil Tavern, which stood within a couple of doors or so of Middle

Temple Lane. Here, with "his mountain belly and his rocky face," the author of "Underwoods" presided over the Apollo Club. All the young genius of the time assembled around him. Over the doorway stood the inscription :—

Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo:
Here he speaks out of his pottle.

And, to say truth, Apollo has spoken a great deal out of his pottle since then. What may be distinctively called Bohemia has been somewhat closely grouped about the Devil Tavern, not in those times only, but throughout all intermediate periods, down to the time in which we live. In "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" the population of the largest of our cities may have been from sixty to a hundred thousand ; it is now six millions or more ; but that portion of it which is most frequented by men of letters is still practically bounded by St. Paul's on the one hand and by Charing Cross on the other.

From this spot, where you look down from the gigantic steps of the great cathedral, and over the statue of Queen Anne, and away towards Fleet Street and the teeming Strand, stretches the kingdom of Bohemia. The author of books may live where he will : he may prefer the whirl of the West End, or reside in some suburban solitude, or retreat to distant places by the sea, but his work will inevitably bring him to this neighbourhood soon or late, and he will at one time or another be found threading his way among the busy, curious, interesting crowd which every day makes such a bustle between Ludgate Circus and

St. Clement Danes, between St. Clement Danes and Trafalgar Square. The taverns and coffee-houses, it must be admitted, were the main cause of this restriction of area. They were first frequented for their own sakes, and then for the sake of those who had made them illustrious.

There was a time, of comparatively recent date, when Bohemia extended its borders as far as the neighbourhood of Regent Street. It was there, or thereabouts, that a popular artist and writer of reminiscences first set his foot within the enchanted kingdom. Being fresh, he was both startled and displeased. There were giants in those days, and Mr. Frith found William Makepeace Thackeray singing his own song of "Little Billee" in a company which was half-concealed by a cloud of tobacco smoke. "Now then, Frith, you saturnine young Academician," the great novelist exclaimed, "why don't you sing us a song?" Then a little later, when he beheld the young painter rather puzzled and amazed at the company in which he found himself, Thackeray exclaimed, "Frith, you'd better go home. Your aunt is sitting up for you, with a big muffin."

When the young author goes up to London in these days he is apt to look around for just such a company as that into which the astonished Mr. Frith had luckily fallen. His first impulse is to go in search of the men who are "doing the work"; and generally he goes to the wrong places. Bohemia, as its best poet has observed, has—

A latitude rather peculiar,
A longitude certainly vague.

It is still, to some extent, as Thackeray described it : "A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco like Tyburnia or Belgravia ; not guarded by a large army of footmen ; not echoing with noble chariots ; not replete with chintz drawing-rooms and neat tea-tables ; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco ; a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, supper-rooms, oysters ; a land of song ; a land where soda-water flows freely in the morning ; a land of tin dish-covers from taverns, and frothing porter ; a land of lotus-eating (with lots of cayenne pepper) ; . . . a land where men call each other by their Christian names, where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more carefully and tenderly than other folks their youthful spirits."

This was said in the days of the taverns, and we live now in the days of the clubs. Thackeray, who had a faculty for commanding dislike as well as affection, was accused by some of those who knew him of being only a superficial Bohemian, and of longing greatly for the fleshpots of Belgravia and Mayfair. A distinguished man, an eminent politician, but a persistent Thackeray-hater, more than once assured me that the author of "The Newcomes" was in the habit of carrying about with him a green bag like that of a lawyer. "It contained his evening dress," he said, "for he was always hoping to be asked out to dinner." We know that this was untrue, of course, and how Thackeray would have described the man who so described him ; but it is common enough for the Bohemian to be similarly misunderstood and misrepresented. Thackeray wrote much at his club, one

of the most stately and the most exclusive of the institutions of Pall Mall, and the green bag, in fact, contained his materials and his manuscript.

In those times in which artists and journalists and men of letters who desired each other's company met in taverns, as men of the days of Dryden and of Pope met in coffee-houses, such clubs as the Savage, the Savile, and the Yorick, to mention three which are widely different in character but have some points of resemblance, were still a long way off. Bohemian society was necessarily a very "mixed lot," for it could exclude nobody who could not be got rid of by a frown or a jest, or, on the last resort, a rudeness. And the taverns were like—like what? Here is a description by one who knew them and their frequenters well: "Of course, some of the haunts were better than others; but even then they were, as a rule, wretched-looking dens. The walls and ceilings were almost as black as the inside of the chimneys; the rough old oak floors were now and then smothered with sand to hide the stains and grease-spots of generations of diners. The seats were of the old, high-backed, settle kind. The rough old deal tables were sometimes covered with much-stained, limp tablecloths. The knives, forks, and spoons were of a very primitive make. The old two and three tined prongs made it very tempting to eat peas with your knife. The handles of the table cutlery were, as a rule, well laden at the hilts with a kind of black grease, compounded of Bath-brick dust and the fat of yesterday's dinners. The drinking mugs for malt liquors were, as a rule, grimy old stone jugs and battered pewter pots, and the glasses for grog were



THE CLUB VESTIBULE, WITH GEORGE GROSSMITH'S BUST.

not always very transparent. The waiters wore very greasy, shiny, old dress-coats, and their hair was always well oiled. In fact, in many of the old haunts it was quite possible to eat the peck of dirt we are all supposed to swallow before we die. But, as a rule, the food was good, even though roughly served. The drinks were, perhaps, more healthy than in these days."

Such, as one remembers it, with certain modifications as to cleanliness and good serving, was the old Cock Tavern, to which Tennyson did "most resort," there dreaming his dream as Will Waterproof. Douglas Jerrold was a frequenter of the "Cock," in connection with which there is a story about him. A clever barmaid, whom he had offended, made him wait somewhat unduly whilst she attended to the wants of other customers. "A brandy and hot water, with a little lemon, please, miss," shouted Jerrold. But the order had to be repeated until he grew angry. At length, however, the barmaid set his hot water and brandy before him, observing, "There, you noisy little man; there is your hot water and brandy; and mind that you don't fall into it and drown yourself."

"Quartz abounds in Bohemia," observes one of the geography books; to which remark some humourist added, "And pints and half-pints too." I remember how, more than twenty years ago, a friend of mine published a novel in which he described a certain literary resort in the Strand. *The Athenæum*, in reviewing his book, reproached him for having pictured a state of things which had ceased to exist before he was born. Yet, as a matter of fact, he was one of those young authors who may be said to live

from hand to mouth as regards their material for fiction, and he had drawn with almost photographic accuracy a company in which he might have found himself any Saturday night of the year. The little assemblage has broken up now; but the room in which it met had been, on one day of the week, set apart for artists, and actors, and men of letters, at least from the days of William Maginn. This room was sacred to many memories. There was a seat in the corner which had been more than once occupied by Charles Dickens; and, oddly enough, there was a window upstairs through which Jack Sheppard was said to have made his escape to the London housetops.

That house in the Strand, now swept away, was a real Aladdin's palace to many of us in days gone by—a house of dreams over which memories hovered and from which young ambitions took flight.

The "Back Smoke," as we called it, was for six days of the week a public room; but it was understood that on Saturday nights only those should enter who were of the guild. Strangers have been known to intrude, and to make themselves at home for a minute or two, but they were usually frozen out without delay. There was no regular programme of proceedings, but no merrier company was to be found between Mile End Road in the East and Paddington Green in the West, and no company in which better conversation was to be heard, or in which all the members were bound by closer ties of friendship, or had a kindlier toleration for the weaknesses and peculiarities of each other, or had more talent, for that matter; for out of the "Back Smoke" in the

Strand tavern there issued at midnight some of those who have since made widespread reputations.

Among the regular frequenters of this little Bohemian circle in its later days some wrote for a livelihood and some wrote for renown; some exhibited at the Academy, and others drew for the comic papers or the magazines. There were actors of reputation, and young men who had just taken to the stage. One never inquired of the other what he was doing, or measured his potentialities by what he had already done. In the case of those who as yet could by no stretch of politeness be called famous, it was taken for granted that they would be famous some day, or that they might be famous if they would. The recognised chief of the circle was a fine, dark, handsome fellow, with broad shoulders and a biting tongue. His title to supremacy was a good twenty years of Bohemian life. He had come up to London as a young man full of hope and promise, and thrown himself into journalism with a determination which would have won him greater success but for his errant habits and intolerance of restraint. Sometimes he was an editor, sometimes a contributor only. He had also found leisure to write two capital novels, large numbers of short stories, sheaves of "minor" poems, and some admirable songs. His wit was of the readiest, but was, perhaps, too apt to bite severely. When he intervened in the conversations of these rude symposia it was usually to set the table in a roar; and so he was chief by acclamation, and most popular of all when he would sing one of his own vigorous and spirited lyrics.

"Where have they gone, the old familiar faces?"

One of the number, who was then known only as the author of an indifferent volume of poems, has since become distinguished as a novelist of the realistic school ; one has retired from literature in despair of success ; one has been murdered abroad ; some have died in ways more customary ; and others have marched on to fame and prosperity, as we predicted they would. There was a tall, loud-speaking soldier of fortune, who boasted of having held military commands on every continent. He is now commander-in-chief to some South American Republic. There was a mild, grave-eyed poet, with a high forehead and a soft, caressing voice, who, as the night advanced, loved much to discourse on the courage of the Highlandmen, and the beauties of the Catholic faith, to which he was a recent convert. There was the most humorous of all special correspondents, with keen eyes twinkling through spectacles, and with a witticism always on his lips ; and there was a popular and venerable actor, with a vivid memory of forty years' successes. These, and some dozen others, made a little Bohemia of their own, keeping up the old customs after the manner of men who were proud of them. But that, as I said, is more than a score of years ago ; and many things have happened since then. The one thing that was fatal to the little gathering in the back room in the Strand was an attempt to turn it into a club. From that moment its doom was sealed. The long celebrity of the " Back Smoke " fell into decay ; the little informal society was broken to pieces ; and the last truly old-style Bohemian resort was abandoned to the ordinary frequenters of bar parlours.

In Bohemia nowadays there is less affectation of

rough living than erstwhile, and immeasurably more likelihood of living beyond one's means. But there are also those who linger round the cakes and ale because they believe that Bohemianism is the true mark of intellectual eminence. A young man of letters who was of exceptionally steady habits until he made a success or two, came up to London, and was so persuaded that it was necessary to imitate the brave doings of some of the literary men of a former generation that he was seldom to be encountered in a condition of sobriety. When he did keep sober for long together he produced some work of genius, widely read and praised. Another powerful author, whose books are known to all readers of light literature, was saved from similar habits of life by something like a miracle. A sensible old man, with a system that he desired to experiment with, allowed him a small sum of money each day, kept a room for him to sleep in, and placed him upon his honour. The young author took to working hard under this encouragement, forsook Falstaff and his merry companions, and in the course of a twelvemonth produced a book which placed him permanently amongst our successful writers of fiction.

What is the great, the commanding rule of life in Bohemia? It is to be "a man and a brother." The Bohemians are said to labour very industriously in the friendly occupation of "log-rolling." The charge is seldom well-founded; but there might be charges of a more serious character, even if it were true. The review written by one's friend is likely to be more impartial than that which is written by one's enemy. That young author is fortunate who

knows a reviewer friendly enough to call early attention to his book. The early notice is the good notice. A book may lie waiting for review until the edition is among the "remainders." To prevent such a catastrophe, the writers of an earlier generation did not object to review themselves. Sir Walter Scott reviewed his own work sometimes, if I mistake not; so did Wilson, so did Lockhart, so did Charles Lamb. They did no injury to the public, for they merely approved of what they felt well-assured was worthy of all the notice that it was likely to get; and they would have been glad enough, no doubt, if there had been, for instance, a Savile Club to spare them the trouble of saying good things about their own performances.

In the Savage Club, it must be admitted, there is as little mutual admiration—or, at any rate, as little inclination to express it—as is to be found among any assembly of mortal men. Rudenesses, based on real friendship, and such as only a very real friendship can tolerate, are much more common than compliments. Instead of log-rolling, the Savages are somewhat given to baiting their brethren. It is all done in the way of good-fellowship, but with a frank understanding that it is not good Bohemian form to be thin-skinned.

There is probably less indulgence of high spirits now than in former days. The Savages were wont to meet in smoky little rooms, and occasionally to cook their own chops over their own fireplace. They have now moved to a house with Flaxman ceilings and a large staff of servants and waiters. Everything has changed but that disposition which first

brought them together. The talk is of the easiest and most comfortable kind. No good Savage saves up his jests for his books or his plays. He pours them out for the entertainment of his friends. Afterwards, perhaps, they will make "copy," dressed up in their society manners, and bearing the same relation to the original witticism as Johnson's letters from Scotland bore to his "Tour in the Hebrides." "The Lotus Club," said Chauncey Depew, speaking of a great American institution which has been to some large extent modelled on the Savage, and which has close associations with it, "stands unique among all organisations for club life in the United States. It has no creed ; it has no dogma ; it has no politics. It stands simply for the hospitality of good-fellowship and the catholicity of brains." And so may we say of the Savage Club, whilst modestly disclaiming any superiority of brains over any other club whatsoever.

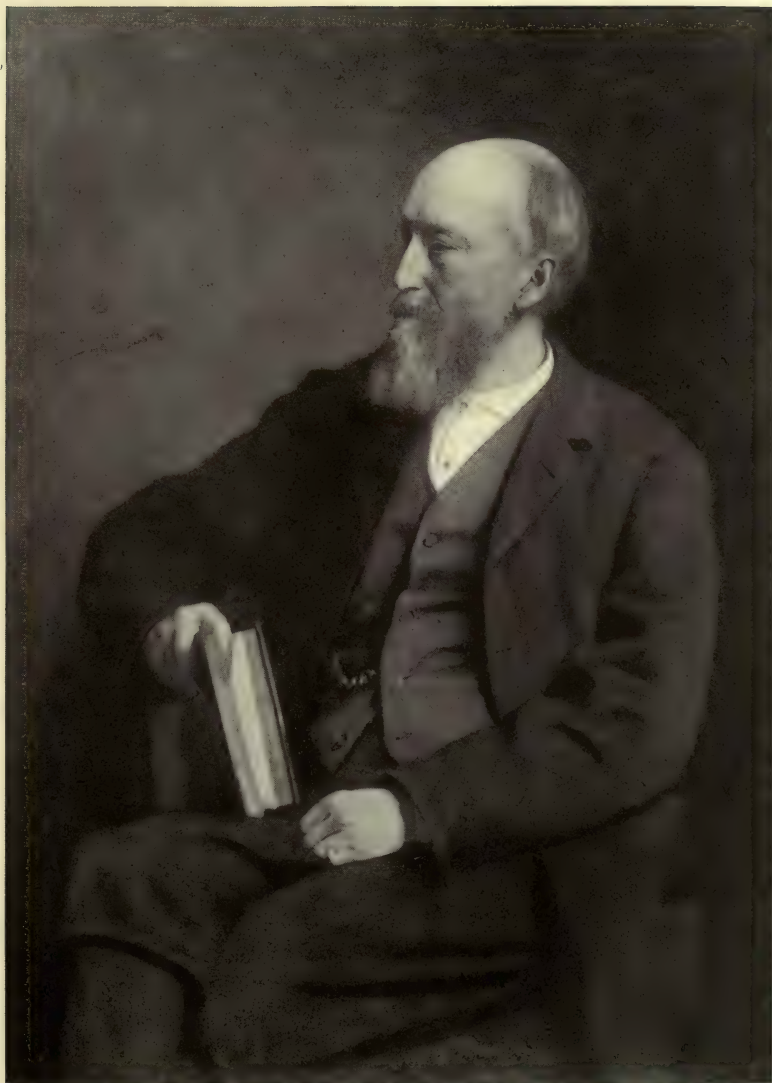
Life in Bohemia—in any section of Bohemia—is not the whole of life, but only a small part of it. An interval, a diversion, a few hours' recreation at most, "a moment's taste," as Omar says, "of sweetness at the Well beside the Waste." And it is not all cakes and ale, even at such times. The true Bohemian, it is to be feared, is often merry without whilst he is sad enough within.

For those who read aright are well aware
That Jacques, sighing in the forest green,
Oft in his heart felt less the load of care
Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE CLUB CAME INTO BEING

IT is just fifty years, in this present year 1907, since the foundation of the Savage Club ; yet to inquire into its origin and the true meaning of its name is like entering the region of myth. The late George Francis Train impudently claimed to be the originator of the Club. He had, of course, no more to do with it than William the Conqueror, or Francis I., or Charles V. Only two of the original members have ever been known to agree on the subject of the Club's beginnings, and these are not the two original members who at present survive. As to the naming of the Club, Andrew Halliday might reasonably be considered to have told the authentic story. His name is in the first list of members, and though he was not one of those who proceeded to Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, to engage the first club-room, the late Dr. G. L. M. Strauss held his proxy on that occasion. None of the early members of the Club was more frequent in his attendance. There is in existence a large fragment of a weather-worn book in which members inscribed their names on entering the club-room. It is the first of a long and deeply interesting series. Halliday's



W. B. TEGETMEIER.

[From a painting by E. G. Girardot, in the Club.]

signature sprawls over page after page, in huge letters, with long sweeps and flourishes—a Gargantuan signature, suggesting untameable high spirits. Now, in 1867, when the Club had existed for only ten years, Halliday—whose surname was not Halliday, but Duff, which he dropped because, as he said, “They would call me a duffer”—edited the first collection of “Savage Club Papers,” of which there will be more to be said in a subsequent chapter. He wrote a graceful and touching preface to that volume, which was, in effect, a modest explanation of why the Club came before the public, the reason being that it desired to raise funds for the assistance of the families of two of its deceased members. Incidentally, the writer of the preface gave his account of the foundation and the naming of the Club. He said:—

The Savage Club was founded to supply the want which Dr. Samuel Johnson and his friends experienced when they founded the Literary Club. A little band of authors, journalists, and artists felt the need of a place of reunion where, in their hours of leisure, they might gather together and enjoy each other’s society, apart from the publicity of that which was known in Johnson’s time as the “coffee house,” and equally apart from the chilling splendour of the modern club. When about a dozen of the original members were assembled in the place selected for their meetings, it became a question what the Club should be called. Every one in the room suggested a title. One said the “Addison,” another the “Johnson,” a third the “Goldsmith,” and so forth; and at last, after we had run the whole gamut of famous literary names of the modern period, a modest member in the corner suggested the “Shakespeare.” This was too much for the gravity of one of the company (the late Robert Brough), whose keen sense of humour enabled him, in the midst of our enthusiasm, to perceive that we were bent on making ourselves ridiculous. “Who are we,” he said, “that

we should take these great names in vain? Don't let us be pretentious. If we must have a name, let it be a modest one—one that signifies as little as possible." Hereupon a member called out, in a pure spirit of wantonness, "The Savage!" That keen sense of humour was again tickled. "The very thing!" he exclaimed. "No one can say there is anything pretentious in assuming that name. If we accept Richard Savage as our godfather, it shows that there is no pride about us; if we mean that we are *Savi*, why, then it will be a pleasant surprise for those who may join us to find the wigwam a *lucus a non lucendo*." And so, in a frolicsome humour, our little society was christened the "Savage Club."

But though this is the truth in a way, it seems to be the truth only so far as it corresponded with Halliday's recollection. Dr. Strauss, "The Old Bohemian," an extraordinary man, of whom Halliday has left us a whimsical description in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," where he figures simply as "'The Doctor,' as if there were no other," considers himself to have had a claim to have originated the name of the Club, for he says, in his delightful book of reminiscences:—

I remember distinctly that in one of my heart-effusions in the midst of the small knot of authors, journalists, and artists, who used to meet some twenty-six or twenty-seven years since at the White Hart Tavern, I said, looking around me: "I see Otways before me who have not yet felt the want of a penny loaf; Chattertons guiltless of literary forgeries and suicidal thoughts; Savages—a great many Savages—who have not yet seen the inside of a gaol." . . . It was Robert Brough who, at a later period, when we contemplated forming ourselves into a club, suggested (not, as Halliday states, adopted) Richard Savage as our godfather. And it was John Deffett Francis who suggested the alternative meaning of the name . . . Francis, who presented the new "reunion" incontinently with a choice assortment of tomahawks, boomerangs, assegais, and other weapons of savage warfare.

In the first number of a short-lived magazine called *The Train* there is a conversational article, somewhat in the style of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," from the pen of Robert Brough, and there Dr. Strauss is made to repeat his saying about "Savages, a great many Savages," which is clear proof that it had lodged itself firmly enough in Brough's mind, and that his subsequent suggestion of a name for the Club was not the mere accident that it has been supposed to be. The evidence of Mr. Lionel Brough coincides with that of Dr. Strauss. This, in fact, is the single instance in which two of the original members agree in the same story. "Lal" Brough says: "After many suggestions as to the name, my brother Robert suggested 'Savage Club,' as we were all Bohemians, and assembled in the precincts where Richard Savage, the prince of Bohemians, died. 'Besides,' said my brother, 'we can call ourselves Savages because we are outside the pale of civilisation.' And so it was decided. In a few hours we were twenty or more. W. B. Tegetmeier, George Augustus Sala, Flinders, Leicester Buckingham, Bill Hale, and J. Deffett Francis were among us."

It has been objected that Lionel Brough was not himself an original member, and that he was only a boy at the time. Even the Year-book of the Club, which records the fact that the life-membership was conferred upon him in 1902, gives the date of his election as 1860. That, however, is certainly a mistake. In 1857, when he was connected with the Press, Lionel Brough was rather young for club life; but he was already a "boy" of twenty-one, and the first "minutes" of the Club, which are dated

January 22, 1858, include his name in the list of members. There were four Brouchs, in fact—William, Robert, J. C., and Lionel. On the other hand, Lionel Brough is inaccurate in his recollection of some of those who were then "among us." The names of W. B. Tegetmeier, of Flinders, of Leicester Buckingham, and of Deffett Francis do not appear, although these were undoubtedly among the very early members. Here again, however, there must have been another error, for E. A. Flinders, who died in 1905, was undoubtedly, according to all other testimony, among the nine adventurous men, since called founders, who set out from the "White Hart," in Catherine Street, to engage the first club-room from one Lawson, whose hostelry was in Vinegar Yard, close by, and opposite to the pit-entrance of Drury Lane Theatre.

From the first recorded list of members there may have been some omissions through carelessness, but here it is as it stands: Robert W. Brough, William McConnell, Julian Portch, E. Landells, W. H. Tilbury, W. Filmer, G. A. Sala, William Brough, J. Lidderdale, H. Tooby, R. Romer, Andrew Halliday, J. Wyndham, J. C. Brough, W. H. Angell, James Hannay, G. L. M. Strauss, Dr. Franke, F. Lawrence, James Lowe, Lionel Brough, Charles Bennett, W. Dillon, W. Hale, Edward Draper, E. F. Roberts, Grillan Cook, Charles Young, W. H. Purvis, C. H. Browne, Godfrey Turner, Henry J. Byron. Some of these are the names of forgotten men, but a list which includes Sala, and James Hannay, and C. H. Browne, and H. J. Byron, and the founder of *Punch*, and Andrew Halliday, and the Brouchs,

remains sufficiently remarkable, whatever deductions may be made.

Many years afterwards, through *The Illustrated London News*, George Augustus Sala gave his version of the naming of the Club, in the course of a controversy on the subject with Henri Van Laun, the translator of Taine, Molière, and Brillat Savarin. He spoke, with his customary positiveness, after this fashion :—

The name originally given to that pleasant and now prosperous symposium had nothing whatever to with the pseudoson of the Countess of Macclesfield. . . . We dubbed ourselves Savages for mere fun ; just as the convivial club, which is an offshoot from one of the learned societies, calls itself the "Roaring Lion." Somebody who had travelled in savage regions made us a present of some old tomahawks and mocassins, spear-heads and wampum-belts, and something resembling a circular disc cut from a horsehair-bottomed chair, but which was understood to be a human scalp ; and these trophies were duly displayed on the walls of our wigwam—that is to say, a room on the first floor of the Crown Tavern, Vinegar Yard, over against the gallery entrance of Drury Lane Theatre, on the occasion of our first anniversary dinner. More than this, to keep up our character of "Savages," we sedulously practised a shrill shriek or war-whoop, which was given in unison at stated intervals.

But though Sala's memory was one of the marvels of his time, there were some matters concerning which it was far from being quite trustworthy. In his "Life and Adventures," written when he was old and ill, he says, with a pathetic departure from his old cocksureness :—"I know that I was one of the half-dozen founders of the Club ; but why we called ourselves the Savages I cannot say. The first annual banquet of the society was at the Crown Tavern, Vinegar Yard,

a hostelry which has a history, since according to tradition, the room where we dined had been used for harmonic meetings at which Edmund Kean often took the chair and, in later years, the early members of the *Punch* staff, together with Henning, and Hine, the artist, and Ebenezer Landells, the engraver, often met in social converse at the 'Crown.' " All this is rather badly remembered, as is not surprising, considering the lapse of time. "Memory," wrote Dr. Strauss, when engaged on his own reminiscences, "is a capricious faculty, and apt to prove treacherous and delusive."

An interesting theory of the origin of the Club is that which is set forth by Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier. On November 4, 1905, this venerable member was entertained to dinner as a founder of the Club, and "to congratulate him on entering his 90th year that day." But he repudiated the idea that any one was entitled to be called a founder. Speaking with as much clearness, ease, and gaiety of spirit as he can have possessed fifty years earlier, when he was furnishing Darwin with material bearing upon the origin of species—"The very material I required," said Darwin—he pushed the date of the foundation of the Club further back in this way :—

I thought that I might perhaps interest you by mentioning the circumstances under which the Club was founded. It had no founders. If anything deserves the name of being the founder of the Club it is a book which you have in your library, and if I relate the history of this book to you, you will see at once in what respect it became and is the founder of the Club. In the year 1855 a number of Bohemians, of whom I was one, for I left civilised society to go into Bohemia, started

a magazine. We were all, in Bohemia, as often without money as with it, always borrowing from one another and always repaying ; for I am proud to say that we were honourable men, or strove to be. Well, we thought, amongst other things, that we might found a magazine which should be a republican magazine, having no proprietor, appointing our own editor, and being our own business men, spending our money in the establishment of this magazine, which was published by Groombridge. It was called *The Train : a First-Class Magazine*, and the first number was published in January, 1856. I need not tell you that if the first number was published in 1856 it must have been written and composed in 1855, which is the date of the foundation of the Savage Club ; so that you are celebrating to-day not only the antiquity of the oldest member, but the anniversary, the jubilee, of the Club itself. It used to meet—at a public-house, of course—at the corner of Exeter Street and Catherine Street. Within this last few weeks that house has been taken down. Why we did not stop there was very evident. We used to be in a parlour, and strangers came in there. We could not have a little quiet talk even in our own box, and we thought we would have a room of our own, and we found one in Vinegar Yard. The house we assembled in was next door to *Punch's* celebrated “whistling oyster” ; for *Punch* had a whistling oyster which followed him about like a dog. We remained there a few weeks only. It was too inconvenient, the room was too small, and we migrated to the Lyceum Tavern.

I venture no explanation of the peripatetic oyster with the whistling habit, further than to say that Edward Draper suggests an oyster in a Drury Lane pantomime as the probable origin of this wonder. The mention of *The Train*, however, is a temptation to become discursive. Sala remarks in his autobiography :—“Edmund Yates was never, to my knowledge, a member of the Savage Club ; but he was president of a little society which had no settled place of meeting, but was convened from week to week in a

coffee-room at some hotel or other. Its name was appropriate enough, being "The Trainband," and its members were nearly all of them writers or artists, who were engaged on *The Illustrated Times*, or had been connected with the short-lived *Comic Times*. From this society emanated *The Train*, of which Edmund Yates was editor. The story of its career is amusingly told in that author's 'Reminiscences.'" The magazine in question was in many ways an excellent publication, of the sort that is usually described as "too good for this world." It reeked of Thackeray and Dickens. The trail of their influence was over it all. But in one respect Robert Brough might justly have put forward the claim that he had anticipated Thackeray himself. The new magazine starts off with a novel of his entitled, "Marston Lynch: His Life and Times; His Friends and Enemies; His Victories and Defeats; His Kicks and Halfpence." Thackeray, one surmises, must have read *The Train* before deciding what precise form the title of "The Adventures of Philip on His Way through the World" should take.

If "The Trainband" had developed into the Savage Club, the author of "Alice in Wonderland" would have been among the first members, for he figures in *The Train* as a poet of the serious and sentimental kind. Here, in some verses on "Solitude," is a taste of his quality:—

I love the stillness of the wood,
I love the music of the rill,
I love to couch in pensive mood
Upon some silent hill.



THE HALL OF THE SAVAGE CLUB, ADELPHI TERRACE.

Far off, beneath yon arching trees,
 The silver-crested ripples pass,
 And, like a mimic brook, the breeze
 Whispers among the grass.

Ye golden hours of life's young spring,
 Of innocence, of love and truth,
 Bright beyond all imagining,
 Thou fairy dream of youth.

I'd give all wealth that toil hath piled,
 The bitter fruit of life's decay,
 To be once more a little child
 For one short sunny day.

James Payn, under the conditions supposed, would have been another of the early members of the Club; for he also was trying his 'prentice hand in *The Train*. But, indeed, we may altogether put aside the idea that the group which gathered round Edmund Yates was the Savage Club. Some of its members, at a later day, desiring more privacy than was to be obtained in the public room of a public-house, formed themselves into a club, to which the name "Savage" was given, under the circumstances described by Andrew Halliday. Edmund Yates himself, as Sala says, was not a member. "I hear," he said, "that there is a new club just started—the Savages. What is the subscription?" "Just whatever the members choose to owe," was the reply.

CHAPTER III

THE CLUB IN ITS EARLY DAYS

THE circumstances in which such clubs as the Savage originate are, as has, perhaps, already been remarked, almost always the same. The author of a rollicking history of the "Bohemian Club" of San Francisco says of his own set:—"These men, writers, painters, musicians and actors, drawn together by a similarity of tastes, met, as occasion served, at each other's rooms, or studios, or, as was most frequently the case, in subterranean places where beer was sold at 'a bit' the glass, and the drinking of it enlivened by an orchestra and vocalists." Music was not introduced into the Savage Club until many years after its foundation. There were occasional songs, no doubt, and impromptu recitations or readings, but what the members really sought when engaging a room of their own was companionship, conversation, and seclusion from "the outsider." The first piano was not introduced until 1871. It was a hired piano, and was considered by some of the members to be a most undesirable innovation. "Hang your piano, Hargitt," said Halliday to the first exclusively musical member, "it's ruining the Club."

The qualification for membership was that the candidate should be "a working man in literature or art." This was afterwards found to be somewhat too restricted ; but while it was maintained in these terms it was insisted upon with severity. Anderson, the famous " Wizard of the North," at that time in the full tide of his prosperity, took a friendly and helpful part in the engagement of the first club-room ; but his name was never inscribed on the membership list ; nor, if a story told by Dr. Strauss is to be accepted without qualification, could the " Professor " have been admitted without immediate danger of shipwreck to the Club. Anderson had an astonishing gift for language of the sort that may be heard among the market porters of Covent Garden. Once, before the Club was formed, and whilst the meeting-place of many of those who became its first members was still the " White Hart," in Catherine Street, he backed himself for a match against a person who was believed to possess equal and corresponding accomplishments. There was an adjournment to a private room, and referees were appointed. The few spectators of this singular entertainment left the room after the first bout, unable to bear any more of it. The two referees followed them at brief intervals, and the question of the championship in this undesirable form of " sport " was thus left undecided.

Bohemian habits, even in those days, were not necessarily accompanied by excellence in the quality that the " Wizard of the North " seems to have professed in his private hours. The Savages were, from the first, Bohemians of the decorous variety. There were " wit combats " in plenty ; but the use of uncon-

finer language in the Club has always been strongly discouraged, and has on some occasions been followed by the penalty of expulsion.

When the Club entered its first home at the "Crown," in Vinegar Yard, there was no limitation to the number of members. The question had not been considered, probably because there seemed no likelihood that it would arise. The idea was that as the coterie was to be select it would continue to be small. About eighty invitations to join were sent out to artists and men of letters. Some of the invited came in at once, and were ranked as original members. Others came in gradually, eagerness for admission by candidates fully qualified for membership so far surpassing expectation that the accommodation at the "Crown" soon became too limited for the comfort of the Club, which remained there for a few months only. Lawson, the landlord, who was proud of associating such a body of men with his premises, appears to have been willing to do whatever was possible to make the members feel really at home. The late Edward Draper, who is credited, along with others, it must be said, with having advised the formation of the Club, and with having drawn up the first rules and regulations, said, in writing to *The New York Herald*, in 1891:—"For the exclusive use of the room we were supposed to pay a yearly subscription of five shillings each. This was really in order that we should not be compelled to drink for the good of the house. The room was whitewashed, not papered, although Lawson offered to cover the walls. But our artist friends, Charles H. Bennett, William McConnell, and Robert Brough, soon decorated the place with chalk drawings

at least infinitely more funny than a few yards of paper-hangings. Lawson liked his new customers so well that we were never asked for subscriptions, and he went to the expense of having a set of glasses engraved with the name of the Club."

Edward Draper's letter was called forth by an excursion which *The New York Herald* made into the Club history. After saying that the Savage Club is "the club of clubs of its kind in the English-speaking world," it went on to observe concerning the first members that, "They rented a disused parlour in a public-house. . . . The original members were not satisfied with the average coffee-house, and the atmosphere of the ordinary club was too frigid." The first dinner, *The New York Herald* went on to say, consisted of bread and cheese, 2d.; half-pint of porter, 1d.; one screw of tobacco, 1d. In all, 4d. Edward Draper hastened to explain that this Spartan diet was not invariable. "We did not confine ourselves to the meagre fare mentioned by your correspondent," he says. "We had our Saturday dinners at two shillings, the same sum for which the South Middlesex dined weekly for many years, with Lord Ranelagh in the chair, at Beaufort House, Fulham. The standing dish was steak, with oyster sauce made from real oysters. Canned mussels had not then come into use as an hotel substitute." Later on, when the Club had more accommodation at command, "the dinners," says W. B. Tegetmeier, "consisted of a joint and a pie of some sort, the price being eightpence. I think these two things constituted our dinner. Our refreshment was beer, and our table was always set out with beer and pipes. As to the luxury we see

now, we knew nothing at all about it." "Our Saturday dinners," says Dr. Strauss, speaking of a time when the subscription was nominally at ten shillings, "ranged from two shillings to half a crown; our annual dinners from three-and-six to five shillings."

Mr. Tegetmeier's memory failed him when he said that the Club removed from Vinegar Yard to the Lyceum Tavern. This was only the fourth of its habitations. The first removal was to the Nell Gwynne Tavern, which still exists in a court off the Strand. To prevent any future mistake on the subject it will be as well to quote from the first book of minutes. This opens by recording a meeting of the Committee "held at the rooms of the Club on Friday, January 22, 1858, Robert B. Brough in the chair." This meeting and the first annual meeting were held at Vinegar Yard; but in April of the same year there was a meeting at the "Nell Gwynne," at which it was resolved "to remove the Club from its old quarters at the 'Crown' in Vinegar Yard to the Nell Gwynne Tavern." There it was to have the sole and exclusive use of a room for the sum of £20 a year, "this sum to defray all expenses of gas and firing." A verbal agreement was made pending the preparation of a more formal document, and the Club changed its quarters without delay, for on May 1st there was a meeting at the "Nell Gwynne" at which a batch of six members was elected, the most notable of the new-comers being Percy B. St. John and Charles Lamb Kenney. The Club was now for the first time paying rent in a regular way.

The members of the Committee elected at the first

annual meeting, which was held on the 4th of February, 1858, were: J. C. Brough, George Augustus Sala (lately returned from his "journey due North"), James Lowe (who was the editor of *The Critic*, at that time a paper of considerable literary importance and a rival to *The Athenæum*), Edward Draper (the first honorary solicitor of the Club), W. P. Hale, W. Dalton, Dr. Strauss, William Brough, E. F. Roberts, Robert B. Brough, Julian Portch, and H. Tooby. Halliday and Tooby were elected as joint honorary secretaries. By that time important questions had arisen. First, as to the payment of subscriptions. The payment of subscriptions by the early Savages has usually been treated as a joke of the *lucus a non lucendo* character, as Halliday says of the name of the Club itself. As we have seen, one of the members told Edmund Yates that the subscription was "just whatever the members choose to owe." This appears to be borne out by the fact that there was no treasurer until 1864, when the position was accepted by the late H. B. Chatterton, that manager of Drury Lane who averred that Shakespeare spelled ruin. W. B. Tegetmeier says of a previous time, when he was joint honorary secretary: "I was secretary of the Club for a long time with Andrew Halliday, but I do not remember ever having received a subscription." On this subject a good story is told by Dr. Strauss who says: "When my dear old chum Tegetmeier joined the Club the treasurership was entrusted to him, which simply meant that he was authorised to pay the rent of the club-room, and other incidental expenses, out of his own pocket, and try to get his outlay back again as best he might. When, after five or six years, he ceded his truly honorary

office to Charles Millward, we presented him with a microscope in acknowledgment of his most excellent and most thoroughly disinterested services to the Club. Yet such was our Savage perversity that when Charles Quin proposed 'that this testimonial be presented to W. B. Tegetmeier for having for years past embezzled the funds of the Club,' the worse than ungrateful resolution was carried by acclamation." The story is quite true, except as regards Charles Millward, who followed Chatterton as honorary treasurer, and not Tegetmeier, who became sole honorary secretary when Halliday died in 1859. The distinguished naturalist was no doubt a good deal out of pocket as an office-holder of the Club; but he says somewhere that he received about £40 in two years, so that some of the members must have paid their subscriptions after all.

But if the Committee was not insistent on subscriptions, it certainly made a great pretence of being so. Whilst the Club was in Vinegar Yard, and there was no fixed rent to pay, resolutions were being passed in these terms: "That the Secretary do request those members who have not paid their subscriptions to do so forthwith." A resolution of a similar character was carried at almost every general and every committee meeting. In May, 1858, a special letter was sent out on the subject, and in June of the same year the Committee posted up a notice in these words: "No gentleman to be allowed to use the Club until he shall have paid his subscription for half a year, together with the entrance fee." The election was to be considered null and void after four weeks if the subscription was not paid. This is the first reference to an

entrance fee. The mention of it may possibly have been part of an elaborate and industriously sustained jest. On the other hand, it may not. It may have expressed an earnest expectation of the Committee.

The burning question of these early days was the qualification for membership. "The qualification for our Club," wrote Halliday, "is to be a working man in literature or art, and a good fellow. If a candidate answer these requirements he will be cordially received, come whence he may." He was to be received, however, only to the number of one hundred; for a resolution thus to limit the membership was adopted by the special general meeting which sanctioned the proposed removal to the Nell Gwynne Tavern. The subject of the qualification had been raised at the first annual meeting, held in the previous February, when, "It was proposed by Mr. William Brough, and seconded by Mr. Ottley, that the intention of this Club in describing the qualification of members as 'working men in literature and art' be considered and more clearly defined." The general meeting took the matter into consideration accordingly, Mr. Ottley moving a resolution as follows: "That the description, 'Working men in literature and art,' is intended to mean men who, as a profession, produce works in literature or art, and who, although even if not habitually and professionally engaged therein, have produced such works of acknowledged merit." This was clearly intended to guard against admission to the Club on mere grounds of good-fellowship, whilst also leaving an open door to non-professional distinction, and it was carried unanimously. At the next general meeting the meaning of the concluding

portion of Mr. Ottley's motion was still further extended, for, "It was resolved to extend the basis of the Club so as to admit gentlemen who have hitherto been excluded on certain technical objections as to profession."

There is much evidence which goes to show that in its salad days the Club was not a very businesslike body. One is frequently reminded of *The Train*, which was to have no proprietor, and which was to be controlled by an editor who was in turn to be elected or deposed by his contributors. Such was the loose, democratic, impracticable, hopeful spirit that prevailed in the Bohemia of those days. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that the first minutes of the Club have a severely businesslike look. They have the brevity and precision that might reasonably be looked for in the minutes of a City company. One imagines the Secretary complimenting himself on his intuitional knowledge of how the thing should be done. Even the phraseology has the due formal character. Nothing, of its kind, could be more correct. Then, the rules were drawn up with such a cast-iron air of exactitude! One in five—black balls, it is to be presumed—was to exclude, and five were to exclude whatever the number of members voting. Yet there do not seem to have been any black balls, and we have it on the authority of one of the original members that the voting as to new admissions, which then took place in general meeting, not, as now, in Committee, was loosely carried on by means of slips of paper. There was, by the way, a Draconian rule as to the attendance at Committees. It was framed in these words: "Members of Committee not being present, and not having given notice of absence within twelve

hours, shall be fined a shilling, to go to the funds of the Club. Accounts to be audited half-yearly." It is just within the bounds of possibility that the fining of members of the Committee may have been more profitable than the badgering of unofficial members for subscriptions.

At the Nell Gwynne Tavern Sunday evening was the favourite time of meeting. It was at this famous old tavern that J. L. Toole, Benjamin Webster, George Honey, Edmund Falconer, George Belmore, John Billington, George Grossmith, sen., "Bill" Romer, and many other notable men became members. The Brouchs and Halliday wrote "The Area Belle" and one or two other Adelphi farces in the "Nell Gwynne."

Of Romer, W. B. Tegetmeier relates that he was always to be found at the "Nell Gwynne" in the morning. "I asked him why. He said, 'It's so convenient. If I have twopence to begin the day's operations here I am safe. Somebody comes in and says, "What will you take?" "Oh, I'll take a pot of beer and a pork pie," and before I have finished that some one else comes and says, "What will you have?" and I say, "A little beer." And by alternating beer and victuals in this way I get through the day.'" This was humorous exaggeration, of course, and the proceedings must be understood to have taken place in the tavern, not in the Club. "He was a thorough Bohemian," adds Mr. Tegetmeier, "one of the finest men who ever lived, most honourable and courteous, and a universal favourite." Romer, by the way, who had been a student at the Royal Academy, was the brother of Mrs. R. B. Brough and

of Miss Elizabeth Romer, a famous singer of those days. Frank Romer, another member of the family, had a son who became senior wrangler, and, after much varied legal experience, a distinguished judge and member of the House of Lords.

From the Nell Gwynne Tavern the Club moved to premises in Catherine Street, the site of which is now covered by the Waldorf Theatre. There was an earlier theatre on the spot, in the very building in which the Club was lodged, and there John Ryder made his first appearance on the stage. It survived until a few years past as the composing-room of *The Echo* newspaper ; but now *Echo* and everything else has gone, and Catherine Street, so pregnant of club memories, can now hardly be said to any longer exist. It was but a short stay that was made in the new quarters, for Monsieur St. Maine kept a dancing academy on the same floor, and this by no means proved conducive to the enjoyment of members of the Savage Club. However, there were some notable additions to the membership list during the occupation of the premises in Catherine Street. It was here that the late T. W. Robertson, E. A. Sothorn, Henry S. Leigh, Arthur Sketchley, Tom Hood, "Jeff" Prowse, Jonas Levy, Frank Vizetelly, H. J. Montague, and many others, joined the joyous fellowship. Of Tom Hood's nomination paper some interesting particulars are given by W. B. Tegetmeier, among whose possessions it remained. The proposers were Lionel Brough, Mr. Tegetmeier himself, Charles Bennett, "a clever artist who was about making his fortune on *Punch*, but died early," the three other Broughs, George Rose (Arthur Sketchley), Andrew Halliday, W. J.

Prowse, himself a new member, "one of the cleverest men who ever existed," and T. W. Robertson. "When I knew him first," says Mr. Tegetmeier of Robertson, "he was earning thirty shillings a week as an actor."

It was from Catherine Street that the Club removed to the Lyceum Tavern, not exactly "over the way," but in the adjoining street. There, as Mr. Tegetmeier has remarked, was organised that famous Savage Club entertainment which is described elsewhere in this volume, and which attracted the late Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and some of the royal children. The Lyceum continued to be the Club rendezvous for three years, and there those "Saturday evenings," the fame of which has since gone over the world, began to develop themselves. The germ was a Saturday evening supper, over which Andrew Halliday presided, Charles Millward being in the vice-chair. There was some singing and recitation, and what not. Amongst those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Arthur Sketchley, who gave his first recitation of "Mrs. Brown at the Play," Henry S. Leigh, George Grossmith, sen., Lionel and John Brough, W. S. Woodin, J. L. Toole, Paul Bedford and German Reed, who "obliged" on the piano. There were no further suppers; but the Saturday dinners thenceforward became an institution, with results that have become memorable.

In 1863, the Club, grown much stronger, again changed its quarters. It seems to have grown into a habit of casting its shell once in three years. This time it went to the Gordon Hotel, in Covent Garden, a hostelry which occupied the site of the later Bedford Hotel. It remained in this place for three years also,

acquiring fame and enlarging its membership. There was no longer a limitation to one hundred members. In fact, the prescribed number nearly doubled. Among candidates elected at the Gordon Hotel were the Earl of Dunraven (then Viscount Adair), Mr. Woodall, M.P., Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Kendal, and a number of distinguished Americans. There was a good deal of fuss in the Press about the election of Viscount Adair. It was assumed that the Savage Club was trying to obtain entrance to what would nowadays be called "The Smart Set," the truth being that it was Viscount Adair who tried to obtain entrance to the Savage Club, and that he succeeded because he had a quite adequate qualification. His title and his position in Society had nothing at all to do with the matter. There was much satirical writing about the Club as a consequence of his election; but the simple truth is that he was brought in, not as Viscount Adair and next Earl of Dunraven, but as war correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* and author of a most excellent book. That tuft-hunting which Thackeray so much detested, was, of course, really detestable; but there is something else quite as bad, which is to describe as tuft-hunting that which is a recognition of merit. Lord Adair, afterwards Dunraven, was as much entitled to come into the Savage Club as if—the qualification being taken into account—he had been born in Houndsditch. Stephen Fiske claims to have carried the election successfully through. "If I," he said, "a citizen of the United States, am ready to welcome Viscount Adair, why should you not be ready to welcome him also?"

CHAPTER IV

THE SAVAGE CLUB ON THE STAGE

THE Savage Club first became known outside Bohemia when it determined, for good philanthropic reasons, to make an appearance on the stage. The decision was taken when, as stated, it was occupying premises at the Lyceum Tavern. There were widows to be helped and some orphans to be provided for. How was it to be done? The Club contained excellent amateur actors, and quite a large group of writers for the stage. Why not write a piece—a funny, rollicking piece—a piece written in collaboration, and perform that, and one of the old comedies to boot? And so it was agreed. In its issue of the 4th of February, 1860, *The Illustrated London News* had a paragraph to this effect: "There is a little club in London which deserves to be better known. It flourishes almost without subscriptions; but lives on wit and wine, on fun and Barclay and Perkins. It is called 'The Savages'—not from the Savage made immortal by Johnson. It is not a little Garrick; but it includes within its walls many men well-known to letters and art. These men are to give us a play that will not dwindle to a farce, and to give it to us before

many months are over." This was the first sign of the breaking out of an epidemic of paragraph-writing about the Savage Club. As Halliday said, "To our great surprise, there proved to be magic in the name." All the paragraphs were kindly. *The Sunday Times* described the Club as "an assembly of literary men, artists, and musicians, including many of the most successful dramatic authors of the day." *The Daily News*, of which Charles Dickens was the first editor, spoke of the Club as "a society combining literature, art, and conviviality, named after the illustrious Richard, it is presumed, and not after the ferocious character of its frequenters." The idea of conviviality—a conviviality like that of Mr. Micawber—seems to have been uppermost in the mind of the writers of most of these notices. According to *The Daily Telegraph* the Savages were "a convivial society of gentlemen connected with the literary profession." The Club, like Byron on a certain day, woke to find itself famous.

The piece written with the benevolent object that has been indicated had no less than nine authors, eight of whom appeared in the production itself. Dr. Strauss writes: "In March, 1860, the Savage Club gave its great performance of Sheridan's 'School for Scandal,' followed by an entirely new version of 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,' the joint production of Planché, Byron, Leicester Buckingham, Frank Talfourd, William and Robert Brough, and, in some trifling measure, at least, Fred Laurence." This list of authors is not quite complete. There have to be added the names of Edward Draper and Andrew Halliday.



JULIAN PORTCH, IN "THE FORTY THIEVES."
[From a drawing by himself.]

The performance took place at the Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday, March 4, 1860. It was, said the programme, "a performance supported by members of the Savage Club, and other gentlemen connected with literature and art," for "the benefit of the widows and families of two literary gentlemen recently deceased."

The Court Circular of March 8th had this interesting entry: "The Queen and Prince Consort, accompanied by Princess Alice and Prince Alfred, honoured the performance at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening with their presence. In attendance were the Countess of Caledon, Viscount Torrington, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel the Hon. A. Hardinge."

The first item on the programme was the "School for Scandal." The Sir Peter Teazle was Francis Talfourd. Robert Brough was Sir Benjamin Backbite. The other characters were: Joseph Surface, Crawford Wilson; Crabtree, Deffett Francis; Rowley, E. Draper; Moses, Dr. Strauss; Sir Oliver, William Brough; Sir Harry Bumber, Charles Furtado; Charles Surface, Henry J. Byron; Careless, Andrew Halliday; Snake, J. C. Brough; Trip, Sydney French; Joseph Surface's servant, J. Fraser; Visitors, Flinders and Colquhoun. The female parts were sustained by ladies who were actresses of distinction in their day. Miss Amy Sedgwick was Lady Teazle, with Mrs. Weston as Mrs. Candour, and Miss E. Romer as Maria. Crawford Wilson had a fine Irish brogue, rich and succulent, that remained with him unimpaired until the day of his death, which took place a few years since at an advanced age. It followed, of course, that there were wicked queries

as to how he and Henry J. Byron came to be of the same family. "Why," it was asked, "should one have the accent of Cockaigne and the other of Cork?"

Between the "School for Scandal" and the production of the burlesque Mrs. Howard Paul sang Lover's ballad, "Rory O'More."

In the "Forty Thieves" there was a larger assortment of parts than in the comedy by which it was preceded. Leicester Buckingham, John Hollingshead, Moy Thomas, Julian Portch, Tom Archer, Ebenezer Landells, and Frank Vizetelly, the daring war correspondent who was afterwards swallowed up in the Soudan with Hicks Pacha's force, appeared in the cast. There was a remainder of twenty-six thieves, among whom were Walter Thornbury, Godfrey Turner, Harrison Weir, Horace St. John (who was a brilliant journalist, associated with *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Echo*), and William Romer. There was an interval in which "A Stranger" appeared. He was described on the programme as "a great anachronism, yet very much at home in any place." This was no other than Albert Smith. "The Forty Thieves," said one of the newspapers of the day, "capture a caravan, and out of it they take this gentleman, who appears *in propria persona*, and terms himself a 'showman.' He is called upon by the brigands to give them a taste of his quality, and he at once consents, asking whether they have a piano among their spoil. An instrument is immediately brought on, and fortunately Mr. George Loder is discovered among the prisoners, having been captured in evening costume. Mr. Smith then sang his celebrated 'Overland Route,' with all its latest additions."

The music of the burlesque had been specially composed by J. Barnard. The stage manager was Edmund Falconer, and the acting manager was William Brough. Admission to the stalls could only be obtained by means of vouchers issued by the Committee. These vouchers cost a guinea each, and the demand much exceeded the supply. It had been found possible to double the prices that were originally to have been charged. The entertainment wound up with an epilogue from Planché's versatile pen, in which that experienced writer of burlesque thus addressed the audience, through the mouth of Leicester Buckingham :—

In this desp'rate speculation
 We did not seek the "bubble reputation,"
 Nor our own nests to feather do we aim ;
 To succour others is our "little game" ;
 And, should we find we've played it well to-night,
 We can but be transported—with delight.
 Atrocious punsters ! villainous jest-breakers !
 We laugh the dull old Dictionary maker's
 Abuse to scorn. Admit the fact, and mock it.
 The men who made these puns would pick your pocket,
 And don't mind getting two months with hard labour
 Like this again, to help a needy neighbour.
 Boldly we say, friends, countrymen, and lovers !
 Lend us your hands. Though pledged to Gallic gloves,
 You'll grant, we're sure, as patriotism bids,
 Some small protection to poor English kids.
 The charity which smooths misfortune's pillow
 We hope will cover every peccadillo,
 And save the thieves who shall, in crambo verses,
 Cry "Open Sesamé" to cram-full purses.
 When we can screen one shorn lamb from sharp weather,
 Then hang us if we don't all hang together !

"The recent performance of the Savage Club merits remembrance," said *The Illustrated Times*, which gave a half-page picture of the Cave scene. "The burlesque," it went on to remark, "stood upon its own merit, and triumphed on its strength alone. It may therefore be reasonably expected that on its repetition, which is probable, with regular actors and proper accessories, the new and original burlesque by eight of our cleverest writers, will prove one of the greatest triumphs of the sort ever witnessed on the stage." *The Times* was more critical. It spoke of the moral courage of the Club in selecting "The School for Scandal," and said: "The intelligence displayed by the actors exceeded their power of execution. The only character that was really played in professional style was the Moses of Dr. Strauss, and loud laughter rewarded his exceptional humour." Of the burlesque the same paper said: "It was much more lively than the comedy, and the gentlemen who appeared somewhat encumbered while they gave utterance to the prose of Sheridan, moved about free as air when they delivered their own rhymes." *The Times* then went on to say: "The dialogue of the burlesque has been written with so much care, and so greatly abounds with puns, that we may expect some day to see it repeated under less exceptional circumstances."

All the leading newspapers gave long, and generally favourable, reviews of the performance. *The Critic* said: "Being the work of so many different hands, it follows of necessity that the work could not be of level merit. In one quality, however, all parts were equal—the unflagging vivacity of the dialogue, the constant stream of wit that flowed through the piece from the

SAVAGE CLUB HOUSE DINNER.

APRIL 25. 1906

H. GREVILLE MONTGOMERY M.P.

IN THE CHAIR.

MENU

SOUPS
JARDINIER
MOCK TURTLE
FISH.
SALMON TROTTER SAUCE
CUCUMBER.
ENTREE
SWEETBREADS
A L'A MACEDOINE
JOINT.
FORE QUARTER LAMB
MINT SAUCE
SWEETS.
RHUBARB TART
VANILLA CREAMS
PARMESAN STRAWS
BISCUITS

THE FIRST SAVAGE CLUB DINNER.

BRACE CLUTY
IS FILLER

"BEHIND TIME."

"WHERE DO I
COME IN?"

THE BAR

"GENTLEMEN,
YOU MAY SMOKE!"

AMUSEMENT
CLUB

A PREHISTORIC SAVAGE CLUB DINNER—BY LAWSON WOOD.

To face, page 44.

beginning to the end. Less fettered by set forms and conventionalities than in the comedy, the actors here gave way to the bent of their own native talents, and the result was a quality of burlesque acting that might fairly bear comparison with the very best of the same sort on the professional stage. Indeed, we make bold to say that a more exquisite piece of buffoonery than the trio between Ali Baba, Cogia, and Morgiana was never seen since burlesque has been invented."

Here is an amusing note following on a long account of the performance in *The Daily Director and Entr'acte*, evidently in reply to a correspondent: "What our critic meant to say, as he tells us, is that Mr. Draper, as Rowley, seemed to be looking down on the stage all the evening as though he had lost or expected to find a fourpenny bit. Then, his delivery was melancholy more than sad, and dolorous more than melancholy. Then, again, we are told his black silk stockings were constantly coming down and bagging at the lower extremity. Having a decent leg, this was the more to be surprised at. Our critic, however, adds that the like peculiarity was conspicuous in others as regards the looseness of hose. The legs of the Savages as a body did not come out with remarkable effect. Mr. Talfourd's could not have been all his own. He must have borrowed the calves of Mr. Francis, who when he shaved to act could have turned his beard to good purpose by mending his 'wires' with it, if but for one night only. The best legs exhibited were, we are informed, those of Mr. Wilson. How is it that Irishmen are generally so much more favoured in that respect than Englishmen? Mr. William Brough must have imagined, our

critic goes on to observe, that in the burlesque nobody would look at his feet. Peacocks labour under a similar delusion. Those buff leather boots of Mr. W. B. would have fitted the biggest man of the company, and did not harmonise with the fabric of his delicate, but not spotless, trowserloons."

The Era was not favourable. It said: "The puns are for the most part atrociously bad, many of them founded on the peculiarities of Cockney dialect, such as omitting the h's, and so on; and others upon eccentricities which one really hears anywhere. The vulgar, meaningless expression 'pickles,' for example, is introduced. A donkey is called a 'moke,' although afterwards, for the sake of a pun, the same poor brute is designated as a 'colt.' Shillings are spoken of as 'bobs,' and altogether there is a marvellous acquaintance displayed with the language peculiar to costermongers and persons of that class. Smart, in a certain sense, it might be; but not, we venture to submit, either witty or amusing."

As to the financial results of the performance, and some attendant circumstances, the following note, from one of the weekly papers, is of interest:—

The paragraph which has appeared to the effect that the net proceeds of the amateur performance of the Savage Club amount to £400 is slightly erroneous. The accounts are not yet quite completed; but it is clearly ascertained that the sum to be actually divided between the families in whose aid the performance was instituted will exceed £300. It is very much to be regretted, upon more accounts than one, that Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the theatre, did not follow the usual custom in such cases, by yielding up the use of his private box for the evening; because not only was the sum which might have been obtained for it lost to the charity, but had it fallen to the

disposal of the Committee an occupant might have been procured for it more worthy of the occasion, and more suited to the fact that it was the box exactly opposite to that occupied by her Majesty and the Court. It is very much to the credit of the committee of management that they have kept the expenses within the narrowest limits possible, the only piece of extravagance committed being the outlay of a considerable sum in preparing the royal box for the reception of her Majesty. As it has been alleged that Mme. Celeste generously gave up the house to the Club without fee or reward, it is right to say that £75 were charged and paid by the Club for the bare use of the theatre.

Not long after the Savage Club made its first appearance on the stage Robert Brough died, leaving his family with scant means. The Club amateurs thereupon went down to Manchester and Liverpool, and played in each of those cities for the benefit of the widow and children, realising a sum of over £1,000.

The Liverpool *Porcupine*, of October 6, 1860, had a long set of "Ingoldsby" verses on the subject, making mention of a second performance, as this brief extract will show :—

These "savages" came,
In friendship's fair name,
A tribute of local remembrance to claim,
And to enforce if it needs be, it greatly grieves
Me to add, they brought with them "The Forty Thieves."
Two score of fierce robbers,
Marauding black jobbers,
A terrible conclave of one-for-your-nobbers.
By a cunning device,
They contrived to entice
To their den a large host whom they fleeced in a trice,

And in Robin Hood style
 Gaily bagged all the spoil,
 Their victims quite willing and happy the while.
 So well was it done,
 And uproarious the fun
 That the silly folks wanted
 (They sure were enchanted)
 The grim band of robbers to "do it again."
 And the thieves, honest fellows, agreed to a man,
 For they fancied the joke and approved of the plan.
 Their first expedition having left what folks call,
 Being practised in such things, "a very fair haul,"
 So kindly accepting the tendered encore,
 Once more came from London the famous two score,
 And again they ensnared by the same old deceit
 A crowd of sightseers to their Thespian retreat.

The claim to "local remembrance" was, of course, the connection of the Brouchs with Liverpool.

After a brief interval, there followed the long agony of the cotton famine, and the Savages again visited Manchester and Liverpool and raised £1,500 in relief of public suffering. They took a new piece of their own with them, previously produced with success in London. Of this, one of the weeklies of the time said: "The Savage Club version of 'Valentine and Orson' is thickly studded with striking examples of the verbal fun which is the strong point of the prevailing school of burlesque writers; but at the same time it also abounds in specimens of that higher kind of humour and pointed observation which belong to the category of true wit."

The programme, which is dated September 23, 1862, and is headed, "Theatre Royal, Liverpool. Performance in Relief of the Lancashire Unemployed Operatives," says: "It having been intimated to the



THE SAVAGE CLUB AMATEURS

Savage Club that a strong desire was felt to have the opportunity of again witnessing their performance in Lancashire, its members have most liberally offered, at their own expense, to play in Manchester and Liverpool for the benefit of the fund for the relief of the unemployed cotton operatives. The Committee confidently appeal to their fellow-townsmen to make the generous efforts of the Savage Club, so far as the financial result is concerned, a complete success." The performance commenced with a comic drama by Planché. An address, written for the occasion by Shirley Brooks, was delivered by Mrs. Stirling. Then followed "Valentine and Orson; or, the Cub and the Sorcerer," written by Planché, Talfourd, Byron, Buckingham, Halliday, Falconer, and William Brough, "and performed by them for charitable purposes at the Royal Lyceum Theatre and the Crystal Palace."

There is in existence a photograph of the performers—curiously illustrative of the style of male dress then prevalent—reproduced in these pages. Besides the authors of the burlesque, the cast included Lionel Brough and his brother John, William Romer, W. B. Tegetmeier, under an assumed name, J. Barnard, Charles Furtado, Edward Draper, Charles Millward, who was a Liverpool man, Jeffery Prowse, and "the Old Bohemian." The aid which the Savage Club amateurs were able to give to the distressed cotton-workers is still remembered with great gratitude in Lancashire.

Robert Brough's death was followed in London by a notable night at Drury Lane. There has seldom been a more remarkable programme. The papers

complained that the performance was prolonged far beyond midnight—after the time, that is to say, when the critics had to go to the offices of their various newspapers to say what they thought about it. The performance was organised by “a Committee of gentlemen connected with Literature and Art.” The first name on the list was that of Charles Dickens. Then followed the names of Wilkie Collins, Planché, Sala, Blanchard Jerrold, Thornton Hunt, Morgan O’Connell, Palgrave Simpson, Walter Thornbury, A. Arcedeckne, Mark Lemon, James Hannay, Shirley Brooks, Harrison Weir, Herbert Ingram, M.P., George Cruikshank, Henry Mayhew, Dante Rossetti, and many others. All the managers of the principal London theatres gave their assistance. First of all there was a performance by the Princess’s Company, in which Mr. A. Harris, the father of Sir Augustus Harris, and the three sisters Leclerque, appeared. Leicester Buckingham recited Brough’s poem, “Godiva.” The Strand Company played a small comedy, and then George Augustus Sala delivered “An Occasional Address,” written by himself. As so little is known of Sala’s knack of verse-writing the address is inserted here, alike on his account and that of the brave young man of letters of whom it speaks :—

In triumph comes the Hero of the Day—
Strong in the council, stronger in the fray ;
See in his car the conqueror—not the slave ;
See o’er his head the silken banners wave ;
Hear the loud trumpet’s clanging blast proclaim
The grandeur of his exploits and his name.
He comes ! He comes ! his brow with laurel crown’d ;
Behind his chariot captive kings are bound.

The town his advent surges forth to greet,
 Maidens strew flowers 'neath his horse's feet :
 The rev'rend senator and holy priest
 Are proud to sit beneath him at the feast ;
 The peasant leaves the plough, the dame her bower,
 To hail with shouts the Cæsar of the hour.
 Yes ; Fame and Fortune now are in his hands.
 Who help'd to win them ? Yonder strong limb'd bands,
 The well-bronz'd legions tramping slowly by,
 Who march'd with him to conquer or to die—
 Some have returned, unconquered, now, to share
 In ev'ry gift our gratitude can spare.
 At such proud moments darts there through one head
 One transient thought of yon poor conscript, dead ?
 Of yonder pale-fac'd, well-nigh beardless boy,
 Whom Nature seem'd to rear but to destroy ?
 He fought and bled. His valour help'd to swell
 The glorious triumphs Cæsar bears so well.
 Now his cold corse in some dank trench is laid,
 Or sleeps beneath some hedg'row's pitying shade.
 Too weak to cope in conflicts rude and rough.
 So thousands die, and so died Robert Brough.
 He was our conscript : fought the fight for years—
 Fought it in sickness, poverty, and tears ;
 Till Heaven was pleas'd his spirit to release,
 And hush those troubled waters into peace—
 To still that heart and sheathe that dinted sword,
 To "break the bowl" and "loose the silver cord."
 He was our conscript : fearless in the strife,
 And patient in that long disease—his life.
 He drew the glaive for justice, honour, truth ;
 He fell a vet'ran, though in years a youth.
 He mov'd your mirth—nay, sometimes, too, your tears ;
 He wore your harness, bore your shield, for years.
 His wit and fancy brought him nought but bread.
 Your soldier yet deserves a mite though dead.
 The conscript's widow weeps, his children mourn ;
 'Tis yours to help the feeble, the forlorn.
 He never sought a mean or base reward ;
 He never crav'd the bounty of my lord,

We crave it now. For alms we humbly sue ;
We hinge the knee, we bow the head to you.
We ask for charity. Not for ourselves—
He needs it not who sternly digs and delves.
But can those babies work? Can yon poor girl
Battle with life, its warfare and its whirl?
Ladies and gentles, we are in your hand,
Upon your pitying hearts we take our stand.
Grant us your sympathy, your voices too.
Bear with us kindly. Think that all we do
To win your praise, to deprecate your blame,
Is humbly done in friendship's sacred name.

After the delivery of Sala's address the Adelphi Company gave the milkmaid scene from "The Willow Copse," by Boucicault and Kenney, the characters being J. L. Toole, Paul Bedford, and Mrs. Mellon. The Haymarket Company then appeared in one of Maddison Morton's farces, Buckstone and Farren being among the performers. There followed a burlesque written by the brothers Brough, "The Enchanted Isle," with a prologue by Shirley Brooks, spoken by Mrs. Stirling. "The late hour at which the performance terminated," said *The Daily Telegraph*, "is our apology for noticing the concluding piece in very brief terms. We can only say that the members of the Savage Club fully sustained the histrionic reputation they had acquired by their representation at the Lyceum." George Cruikshank played one of the characters in the burlesque, and almost all the members of the Savage Club were on the stage. Tegetmeier appeared as "W. B. Tegget," and John Hollingshead's character was that of "Smuttifacio, a Neapolitan stoker very badly off in the commodity of Naples soap."

CHAPTER V

MIGRATORY

THE Club remained, as usual, at the Gordon Hotel for three years. Then, in the fashion of the lobster, it cast its shell once more. This time it removed to Ashley's Hotel, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. There has never been any rule as to what may be called the Club radius. It has always, however, been understood that the Savage Club can only exist in the atmosphere which is to be breathed between Temple Bar in the east and Charing Cross in the west. To speak truly, it has always kept well within these assigned limits. It has, in fact, never covered much more than half the space in either direction. To speak of a radius would be absurd. The Club may be said to have been bounded, during the whole of its existence, by Long Acre on the north, by the River Thames on the south, and by Catherine Street and the Nell Gwynne Tavern on the east and west. That is to say that, without plan, but by instinct, it has kept steadfastly to the centre of Bohemian London—to the London of the theatres, to some extent to the London of the newspapers, but to the London of the theatres in particular.

At Ashley's Hotel the "Savages" remained between two and three years, at an annual rental of £40. Amongst the new members were Artemus Ward (who died that same year), William Brunton, E. C. Barnes, Stephen Fiske, Clement Scott, John Brougham, Charles Lever, F. W. Topham, Gilbert and Arthur à Beckett, and Messrs. Hare, Wyndham, Chatterton, and Henry Irving. The "Savage Club Papers" originated from Ashley's Hotel. It has been stated that all the articles and illustrations were contributed by members. That, however, is not quite true. There were men who had been guests of the Savage Club who were glad to contribute, Gustave Doré among them. Ashley, the landlord of the hotel, was the uncle of Henry S. Leigh, who had all sorts of incongruous family relationships, one of his cousins being Charles Matthews. Ashley was a man of business. It did not suit him at all to give up one of his principal rooms to a clique of friends, however eminent, from whom he never got any rent. Charles Millward was the honorary treasurer at that time, so from Charles Millward Ashley demanded his money. A whip-round amongst the delinquent members produced the requisite amount; but when a notice intimating that "the following members have paid their subscriptions" was posted in the club-room, there was some indignant expostulation. One irate old member warmly exclaimed, "What! pay our subscriptions and be posted for it! What next, I wonder?"

It appears that when the Club left Ashley's, rather under the usual three years, there was trouble of a comic character. Some of the pictorial decorations

were left behind, as of no further service, and what took place in regard to these was recorded in *The Times* in August, 1872. Mr. Ashley applied to Mr. Flowers at Bow Street for a summons against several members of a club known as "The Scribblers," for the purpose of compelling them to deliver up four rough water-colours which were fixed upon a cross-beam in one of his rooms. He stated that the room was formerly occupied by the Savages, and the frescoes were put up by them. When they ceased to occupy the room they left the pictures behind. After an interval of some months the place was occupied by the Scribblers' Club, which continued in possession until a few months preceding this application at Bow Street. Mr. Ashley heard nothing more of "The Scribblers," after their departure, until a few days before his application was made. Then, however, on the night of Saturday, the 10th of August, 1872, several members of the Scribblers' Club went to his hotel shortly before midnight, and asked permission to be shown into the club-room. The gas was accordingly lighted by the waiter, who discovered after they had gone that they had taken away the four drawings. A member of the Club was in court, and informed Mr. Flowers that he believed the Savage Club had given the pictures to the Scribblers, together with a number of books which they also left behind. Mr. Flowers asked the applicant if he had requested the Scribblers to give up the pictures. The reply was that he had; but they refused on the ground that they were entitled to them. Mr. Flowers said it appeared to him that the Scribblers claimed a right to the pictures, and he had, therefore, no power

to deal with such a case. If applicant thought it necessary to pursue the case further, his remedy would be found in the County Court. It does not appear that any County Court proceedings followed; and what became of the pictures and of the Scribblers' Club is, like the birth of Mr. Charles Jeames Yellowplush, "wropped in mistry."

The incident made good copy for the leader-writers of the day. An article in *The Standard* was not only genuinely facetious, but was, as one surmises, written from the inside. "Covent Garden and its neighbourhood," it was remarked, "have long been known as a favourite resort of men of parts about town. Button's Coffee House was the headquarters of the Whig *literati*, as Wills had been that of their rivals; Boswell was introduced to Dr. Johnson in the locality; close by Dryden took a cudgelling and Voltaire took the air; and in the churchyard of St. Paul's, at hand, lie the mortal remains of Butler, Wycherly, Arne, Macklin, Peter Pindar, and a host of other celebrities. The spot teems with literary anecdotes, associations, and tombstones. An enthusiastic antiquary, one Mr. Smith, writing of the district, declares that within its small area all the wits since the days of Charles were accustomed to meet, and that it would take a huge volume to recount the various reminiscences of all the taverns around. It is pleasing to learn, as we do by a recent proceeding at the Bow Street Police Court, that the taverns around are still frequented by wits, and are adding to their store of various reminiscences."

In what follows one learns a little more of the character and of the authorship of the "water-colour drawings"—probably drawings in distemper—which

had been the occasion of the unsatisfactory proceedings at Bow Street. Says the writer in *The Standard*.—

In Henrietta Street, where once resided the saucy actress Mistress Kitty Clive, stands Ashley's Hotel, and in Ashley's Hotel, until recently, sat in council the sachems of the Savage Club. Wits they were, and their queer name they took from the poet, and not because of a sneaking sympathy with the habits of the redmen. For reasons of their own, divers and sundry, the "Savages" lifted their wigwams one morning and sought camping-grounds elsewhere; but before they quitted Ashley's two artistic members of the tribe, the chieftains Barnes and Brunton, executed a set of comic cartoons, which they nailed to the crossbeams of the principal room. To the "Savages" succeeded on the premises a genial band of brothers, the "Scribblers." These cartoons were there before them, like a gipsy patteran. Alas for the mutability of human affections! The "Scribblers" in turn felt nomad, and migrated to fresh fields; but after they had left, Mr. Ashley asserts that several of the deserters came into his hotel, visited the former club-room by permission of his servants, and then and there cut down and removed the cartoons clandestinely. Mr. Ashley alleges that the pictures were his property. The "Scribblers" claim that they were theirs. That is a matter for the lawyers; but granting that the "Scribblers" were presented with the pictures by their predecessors, clearly they did not go about the task of reclaiming them in the proper manner. It is pleaded for the "Scribblers" that the pictures were valueless except for their associations; but may not Mr. Ashley have set a high price on them for precisely that reason? The *café* in the Palais Royal, on the ceiling of which Vernet had dashed off a sketch, drew no mean profit from the throng of visitors who pressed to look at the artist's freak; and that curious haunt—in which Alfred de Musset drank absinthe and dreamed of Namouna, and Henri Murger lived and wrote the greater part of his "*Vie de Bohème*"—owed its very existence and the patronage of such men as those and of the youths of the schools to the daubs on its walls, made at one moment of frolic or another by art students who afterwards rose

to eminence. Who can foretell what myriads of customers in the far future Ashley's Hotel may have lost through the removal of those cartoons? In our mind's eye we can see a group of tourists from Unyanyembe pausing bewildered before the masterpieces of Barnes, while a dilettante from Japan strikes an attitude in front of the companion sketches and ejaculates, "Great Buddha! Who was Brunton?" Macaulay's New Zealander would be sure to drop in, and might be conceived turning to his neighbours and apostrophising them thus: "These relics of the bygone have their story. Beneath them Henry J. Byron, the humourist, may have made his puns; Edmund Falconer, the poet, may have been visited with inspiration; the immortal Halliday may have conceived some of his most magnificent dramatic triumphs."

"With all our respect for people with a keen sense of the value of things for the sake of association," *The Standard* concluded, "we have a greater respect for people who look for their property in the noonday as if they felt confident it belonged to them." And that, indeed, seems to be the moral most appropriate to the circumstances.

The Club must have been at Ashley's in the days of which Stephen Fiske writes, in some reminiscences contributed to a New York newspaper. This bright American journalist, who is still living, and who sends a message to the Club from New York at least once a year, was the editor of a not very long-lived London weekly called *The Hornet*. He joined the Club in 1867, as will be seen. "I remember," he says, "how, when it was proposed that every member should have a pewter mug from which to drink his beer, Andrew Halliday, our President, cannily substituted 'tin cups,' as being more within our means, and the motion was dropped. Dear Charlie Millward, then our treasurer, used to hurry in about twenty minutes before post

time to write his weekly letter for the Liverpool *Porcupine*, which had the reputation of publishing the best London letter of all the provincial papers. No wonder! Tom Robertson would write one paragraph, H. J. Byron another, Andrew Halliday another, Frank Vizitelly another, and so on. Thus the letter was patch-worked, and Millward pressed down the seams and dashed off with it to catch the mail."

"Such nights of wit and wisdom, of song and story! The best men of London present, and every man at his best. Shall I ever forget those good old times and those dear old comrades?" exclaims the ex-editor of *The Hornet*, getting into dithyrambic strain.

The Savage Club has been a success "from the start"; but it has nevertheless been in danger of extinction, sometimes because of internal differences, sometimes because members resigned in anticipation of a "whip round." Few men will stand by a club when it seems near to bankruptcy. Many members, at different periods, retired on the ground of an unnecessary scare, originating, perhaps, in some careless talk in the smoking-room. The Club got into difficulties whilst it was at Ashley's. It seems, indeed, to have retired for that reason, going back to its old quarters at the Gordon Hotel. It was then struggling for bare existence, as most clubs do at some time in their career, but it picked itself up, and by and by found itself well established at Evans's, in Covent Garden.

On April 13, 1875, *The Liverpool Mail* said: "This little society of literary men, artists, musicians, actors, one of the least presumptuous, yet one of the

most exclusive in London, is again about to shift its quarters. True to its Bohemian character, it has moved about from place to place some half a dozen times, for it has never had a house of its own, but has always taken rooms at hotels somewhere or other near the Strand. For the last two years it has been putting up at Evans's, in Covent Garden, and visitors to that hostelry may have noticed inscribed on two doors on the left-hand side as they went in the mystic words, 'Savage Club. Private.'"

The financial affairs of the Club were then tending towards improvement, and new members who had names of importance attached to them were coming in. Among these were Carl Rosa, Shirley Brooks, the editor of *Punch* at that time, Evelyn Jerrold, a brilliant grandson of Douglas of that name, Henri Van Laun, our best translator of Molière, and Alfred Cellier, whose comic opera, "The Sultan of Mocha," would not have been altogether unworthy of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

A long burlesque programme was issued in connection with the opening of the new premises, printed on the scale, and after the fashion, of the huge playbills of those days. The author was C. V. Boys, a jovial and yet serious-minded member who lived to follow the Club into its later habitations. There was also an inauguration ode by "H. Leigh, Esq., Poet Laureate."

In the new quarters the accommodation for members was better than anything previously known in the Club's history. There was not only the usual club-room, but much extra space at the disposal of members, the food being supplied from the hotel, the

Savage not yet having ventured on kitchen arrangements of his own. The Club was very comfortable at Evans's. Several members who had made trouble had "cleared out." There were no longer any factions. There was also a great increase of membership, which had before this fallen below the original limitation of one hundred. Among the new men elected were several eminent Americans, the chief of these being Mark Twain, Augustin Daly, W. J. Florence, and William John McCulloch, the two last being very eminent actors in their day.

The Club remained at Evans's for the customary three years. Then it went to Haxell's Hotel in the Strand. It was out of its element if it was many yards away from that great thoroughfare. "Here," says *Piccadilly*, an unhappily extinct publication, "the restless Bohemians spent three very happy years, and the Club prospered exceedingly. Mr. Haxell proved himself an excellent host, and as he was a man of considerable literary ability, he devoted himself assiduously to the comfort of his 'Savage' friends, and was evidently proud to have the Club under his roof. General regret was expressed when another move became necessary, this time to the Caledonian Hotel, on the Adelphi Terrace, where the wanderers spent three years in tolerable comfort. It was after one of the Saturday evening gatherings at the "Caledonian" that Mr. George Grossmith, the popular lecturer, and father of the present clever and entertaining gentleman of the same name, had an apoplectic fit, and was carried home a corpse."

Of that tragic incident something more remains to be said later on. As to the sojourn at the Caledonian

Hotel, there is first of all to be recorded the fact that the Club grew prosperous financially, and that individual members lost credit at the bar, which was not the bar of the Club, but of the hotel. I regret to record, on the faith of my friend J. E. Muddock, that the order went forth not to let any member of the Savage Club have anything "on tick." Mr. Muddock must himself bear the responsibility of the story I am about to relate. His own credit was exhausted, and so were his funds. He waited about disconsolately until some other members came in whose circumstances exactly resembled his own. One of them remembered that it was the birthday of "Johnny Toole," who was then acting in Edinburgh. Why not send a telegram to "Johnny," congratulating him on his birthday and offering to drink his health? Telegrams cost a shilling in those days; but here the landlord was placable, foreseeing pecuniary possibilities, and he sent off a telegram, the result of which was a delighted reply from Toole, the business portion of which was a request that "the boys" would drink his health. They did. Other distressed Savages dropped in; and at least five big jorums of punch had been consumed before anybody felt that the margin of Toole's invitation had been trespassed upon.

After three years at the Caledonian Hotel there was money in hand—ever so much money. There was for the first time a possibility of running the club "on its own," and the consequence was the taking of independent premises in the Savoy.

CHAPTER VI

FOREIGN VISITORS—AND SOME CLUB TRAGEDIES

THE 14th of June, 1862, is a memorable date in the history of the Savage Club. It was then that a large group of representatives of the foreign Press was entertained at St. James's Hall. In the preceding month the International Exhibition had been opened by the Duke of Cambridge, at South Kensington. So many foreign journalists had never before visited this country at one time as were then, and for some weeks longer, present in London. Most of them were men of distinction. They came from the United States, as well as from the chief cities of the Continent of Europe, and the Savage Club, which at that time kept house at the Lyceum Tavern, determined to invite them all to a grand banquet, enlarging the scope of its hospitalities to a scale which was up to then unprecedented. A Committee, of which James Lowe was chairman, with F. G. Tomlins and George Cruikshank as vice-chairmen was appointed to carry out the arrangements. The invitations of the Club were accepted with enthusiasm, and about a hundred persons, Savages and guests sat down to dinner at St. James's Hall. The most

eminent of the visitors was G. C. Villemessant, the founder and editor of the Paris *Figaro*. Among the newspapers represented were all the other leading journals of Paris, including *Galvani* and *The Revue Scientifique*. Representatives of *The New York World*, *The Journal* of St. Petersburg, the Danish *Athenæum*, *The Leipsic Gazette*, and *The Independance Belge* were also present.

According to Dr. Strauss there was a preliminary feast of an impromptu and surprising character at the Club. He tells us in his reminiscences that, "A few days before the momentous event a number of Savages were gathered in the club-room. It was a very hot day. Upon the motion of Edward Draper, seconded by Andrew Halliday, it was unanimously resolved to have a feast of cold viands, flanked by a huge cucumber salad. Draper, W. Romer, Tom Robertson, Harry Angel, and myself proceeded to Covent Garden, where we laid in a dozen or so of large cucumbers, a sufficient supply of onions, tarragon and chevril, vinegar, and best Lucca oil. Upon our return to the Club we had dishes, knives, spoons, forks, bowls, plates, and tureens brought up, took off our coats, tucked up our shirt-sleeves, and set to work with a will, peeling and slicing cucumbers, cutting onions, and preparing otherwise for the great Bohemian feast. *Au bon milieu*—which means in the very midst of our labour of love—William, the old waiter, suddenly made his appearance in the open door, in a state of absolute flabbergastedness, ushering in a Foreign Press Deputation, who followed close on his heels, and who were down upon us before we could say 'Jack Robinson.' *Figaro* Villemessant was at

the head of the deputation, who were all of them rigged out in full fig, displaying extensive gold watch-chains, gemmous studs, and diamond sleeve-links. And we, well, we were in full undress; the worst of the matter—or, perhaps, the best of it—being that, having our sleeves tucked up, *our* diamond links were necessarily out of sight. Tableau! I really cannot say which of the two parties felt the more disconcerted. I have a notion, however, that the visitors did. The first moment of stunned surprise over, Halliday, Draper, Robertson, and the rest of the Savages, dropped knives, cucumbers, and onions, and made desperate grabs and clutches at their coats, whilst I stood nobly forth to sacrifice myself upon the altar of Bohemia. Constituting myself spokesman for the party, I addressed a few confused, apologetic words to Villemessant and the other members of the deputation. *What* I said I do not exactly remember, except in so far that Henri Murger figured in my short address, and something about *la vie de Bohême*, and that there was no nonsense or false pretence about us Savages. Villemessant replied somewhat drily, it struck me, ‘Je m’en aperçois.’”

In the course of a rather long account of the proceedings in St. James’s Hall, *The Observer* said:—

“As might be expected on such an occasion, those toasts which were essentially of a national or class character were avoided, and sentiments only were expressed which were in accordance with the friendly and cosmopolitan nature of the assembly. The health of our Queen was one which was drunk with every demonstration of respect by the company, and this was followed by the toast of ‘The Guests,’ prefaced

with a few very neat and befitting remarks by the Chairman. It was responded to by Mr. Bairal, of the *Opinione Nationale*; by Dr. Dralle, the distinguished philologist, who addressed the company in German; by Mr. Headland, who spoke in Swedish, German, English, and French; by Signor Don Manuel Martinez de Morentin, who delivered an eloquent address in Spanish; by Mr. Jacobsen, who spoke in Danish and English; and finally by Mr. Hale, of the Boston (U.S.) *Advertiser*, who, in a very humorous speech, acknowledged the compliment on behalf of the American Press. Various other toasts were proposed in the course of the evening, among others 'The Republic of Letters,' by Mr. Tomlins, responded to by the editor of *The Figaro*; 'The Arts,' by Mr. Cruikshank; 'The Comity of Nations,' by Mr. Leicester Buckingham; and 'The Savage Club,' responded to by Mr. Halliday and Mr. Tegetmeier, its secretaries. Mr. Henry Russell sang several songs, and Mr. Kiallmark gave some brilliant performances on the pianoforte. The most cordial and friendly sentiments were exchanged by the various speakers, and hopes expressed that the result of the meeting would tend to unite more closely the bonds of literature among all civilised nations, and that such union might tend to the promotion of the best interests of humanity in all parts of the world."

There was then in London as correspondent of the *Patrie*, a M. Busquet, of whom the Paris correspondent of *The Times* made much fun. M. Busquet gave an account of a "grand banquet given at the Savage Club—an international banquet given by the English Press to the different representatives

of the journals of Europe." This banquet was the *agapæ* of universal journalism, he said, where the guests gave each other the lamourette kiss on both cheeks. M. Busquet added : " We were all touched by the sympathetic and cordial reception we got." M. Busquet seems to have met with some very remarkable characters. He wrote : " The chairman was Mr. Love, Esq., the esteemed editor of *The Critic*. The vice-presidents were Messrs. Tomeling and Cruisckang, this last a very celebrated caricaturist, the European glory. The service was splendid, the cheer delicate, and the most exquisite wines flowed in rivers ; but all this luxury touched us less than the sympathetic reception we met with, and the compliments paid to our absent brethren. It was chiefly to the French Press that these gracious attentions were addressed, though we were the minority. They drank a great deal, laughed and toasted a great deal in the English fashion, that is to say with Hip, hip, hip and hoorah. The first toast was for the Queen, the second to the Foreign Press. In our name one of our countrymen made a droll speech in all languages, which greatly pleased the auditory." *The Times* correspondent thinks that M. Busquet's mind grew somewhat misty towards the close of the banquet, for he went on to say : " About midnight the members of the Arundel Club drew us on to their *cercle*, which gives on the Thames, and from that point we saw early day rising over St. Paul's, while the night still darkened with its shadows the proud palace of the Parliament, which, as becomes the seat of the maritime nation *par excellence*, bathes its feet in the water, its element and its power." How M. Busquet got home from the

cercle which "gives on the Thames" he did not record.

Reynolds's Newspaper, which was not represented, made fun of the affair. Its "facetious reporter" gave a burlesque version of the speeches, introduced in the following fashion: "Many of our readers are probably ignorant of the circumstance that there exists in London a society of literary men rejoicing in the name of Bosjesmen. Such an association, however, flourishes somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Strand, and having laudably determined on displaying its hospitality to the representatives of the Foreign Press now in England, invited them to a grand banquet. The parlour of the public in which the society usually holds its meetings not being large enough for the occasion, St. Luke's Hall (not Hospital) was engaged. The repast was of the most elegant description, and the table literally groaned under a profusion of tripe, sausages, and other succulent dainties."

There were others besides M. Busquet of the *Figaro* who must have been capable of seeing more than was altogether in sight before they finally retired to their homes. Concerning the grave George Cruikshank, whose beverage on this as on all other occasions was tea, it is on record that he betook himself to saltatory exercises, so excited did he become. "When in reply to a question addressed to me by G. C. Villemessant," says Dr. Strauss, "I told that noble Figarist that this was the indisputable chief, the *facile princeps* of total abstainers in Great Britain, he gave me a shrug, and a wink of his left eye." The spirit of conviviality led to the appearance of Jeffery Prowse in a police court. He had the misfortune to encounter

a policeman who had no sense of humour. "Can you give me a light, Bobbie?" he inquired, in a quite friendly spirit, and was incontinently "run in." It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the case was laughed out of court the next morning.

In the autumn of 1905 there was another notable gathering of foreign journalists round the table of the Savage Club. The occasion was one which is associated in the minds of all who were present with one of the saddest of memories. It was an ordinary Savage Club Saturday dinner, to which Mr. S. S. Campion, who was in the chair, had brought a number of foreign Press representatives who were then attending a Journalistic Congress in London, chief among whom was Herr Wilhelm Singer, the editor of the *Vienna Tagblatt*. In the course of the evening, when the tables had been cleared and the usual Saturday night entertainment was in progress, Charles Arnold, one of the most popular members of the Club, who had made himself a stage favourite all round the world as "Hans the Boatman," was called upon to sing. He responded with great goodwill, but with less readiness when there was an insistent demand for an *encore*. He would sing again later on, he said, but his audience would not excuse him, and again rising and standing in front of the piano, he sung his well-known polyglot song, "We take off our hats to the King." The first three or four verses were given with no perceptible diminution of his customary spirit and vigour, but then, in the middle of the chorus—

We take off our hats to the King ;
We take off our hats to the King—

the colour suddenly left his features, and he fell with a thud to the floor. There was no measurable interval between his last note and the sound of his fall; yet a medical man who was present, a member of the Club, declared that he must have been dead before he reached the ground. The gout, from which he had long been a sufferer, had touched his heart.

A similarly melancholy termination to what had up to that point been a joyous evening is brought back to the memory of old Savages by the bust of George Grossmith, senior, which confronts the visitor as he enters the Club. The elder Grossmith was presiding over one of the Saturday night dinners when those cheerful symposia were still held at the Caledonian Hotel. He himself contributed to the evening's entertainment by reciting a long poem by Andrew Halliday. Later on, he gave a reminiscence of Judge Talfourd, the friend and biographer of Charles Lamb. He prefaced this by stating that the circumstance he was about to relate had occurred thirty-five years before, to the very day on which he was speaking. Talfourd, who was retained in support of a railway project, not having carefully looked at his brief, spoke against the cause of his clients. The mystification of the listeners, the admonition to Talfourd that he was on the wrong track, and the cleverness with which he pulled himself together, were all points which the entertainer gave with his usual quiet humour. Soon after the recital a member directed the attention of Mr. Weedon Grossmith to the apparent illness of his father. However, Mr. Grossmith arose and announced the next item in the programme, speaking huskily, and shortly afterwards left his seat. It was observed

that his gait was unsteady, and he was supported to an adjoining room, where he became unconscious. He had been stricken with apoplexy, and died about eleven o'clock that night, surrounded by the chief members of his family. His son George, who has become George Grossmith, senior, in his own turn, was playing in "The Pirates of Penzance" when he received news of his father's illness; but was happily able to be with him at the last.

Grossmith, as a young man, had been a reporter on *The Times*, first in the Law Courts and then in the Gallery of the House of Commons. He was subsequently special *Times* reporter at Bow Street, becoming also the recognised Bow Street reporter, and getting the whole of the reporting at that court concentrated into his own hands. The business descended to his eldest son, who, securing a working partner, derived a far from despicable income from it for many years after his father's death, and when he had himself become one of the most conspicuous and popular figures on the stage.

It was in April, 1880, that the elder Grossmith died, in just the same manner as the distinguished judge, one of whose experiences he had just been relating to the Club. He had then been for a long time known throughout the country as one of the most acceptable of public entertainers, having made his first appearance in that character in 1847. Some good stories of his lecturing adventures are related in the second volume of the "Savage Club Papers," under the title of "A Visit to the President of the Early Rising Association." "Recently," he says, "an eccentric secretary, inviting me to lecture for

his society, obligingly told me that he was *not at all particular as to time*, and added, 'but please to avoid Advent, Lent, and Passion Week, and we *must* have a market-day and a moonlight night.'" Then there was a clergyman who objected to his giving "readings from 'Pickwick' in the parish schoolroom, to the Working Men's Institute on a Saturday night, on the ground that 'it was too near Sunday.'" "Once," he says, "the president of a society, sitting just by my side, kept up a running commentary upon my lecture, thus: 'Ah, just so!' 'Well, very possible.' 'No, really, you must excuse me *there*. That won't do down here. You'd better try that somewhere else.' 'Very good—ha, ha!' 'I've heard that before.' And when, at the close of the lecture, I asked how that sort of thing was tolerated *down there*, I was told, with undisguised contempt at my metropolitan audacity, that the eccentric gentleman was a deputy-lieutenant of the county, and gave the Institute twenty pounds a year."

Charles Arnold, I may here record, was appearing with his company at the Johannesburg Theatre at the time of the Jameson Raid, and was rather a severe sufferer from that ill-conceived and ill-managed piece of filibustering. His relation of the story, with all its tragi-comic detail, was supremely amusing. It was impossible to run the theatre when the news of the Raid reached the place. The property men, the scene-shifters, and the stage assistants generally, started off "up town" to get a rifle and a pound a day. There were rifles and a pound a day for whoever offered himself. The ability to shoot does



DINNER TICKET.--BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

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not seem to have been stipulated for. "Some of the men," said Arnold, "sold their rifles and then went for more." He himself remained at the theatre, and was there when a body of men came to take away his electric light apparatus. The intention was to place it on some high building and use it as a searchlight, so that Jameson's force might be seen whilst it was still a long way off. "But Jameson," he said, with a merry twinkle of his rarely expressive eyes, "was then in Pretoria Gaol."





CHAPTER VII

THE "SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS"

THE earlier volumes of the "Savage Club Papers" have become difficult to procure. They are ranked among scarce books. Volume I. was issued in 1867, and was published by Tinsley Brothers, whose publishing house was in Catherine Street, now changed into unrecognisableness. William Tinsley was "the firm," and a quaint sort of firm he was. He

must have done very well out of the "Savage Club Papers," but he only mentions them quite casually in his rambling and inconsequent but not wholly uninteresting "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher." The book was brought out with much diffidence, and evidently with some fear that its title might prove to be a bar to its success. "The meaning of the somewhat strange title," said Andrew Halliday, in his preface,



FRONTISPIECE TO THE "SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS"

ought to be explained as "a matter of courtesy due to the public." "To our great surprise," he said, in reference to the first performance at the Lyceum, "there proved to be magic in the name of the Savage Club." But it was an institution which did not crave for public notice. "We may be pardoned," he observed, "for mentioning the circumstances which induced us to emerge from the privacy which was the original object of our association. Widows and orphans appealed, silently, to our savage breasts. We felt that they were left to our care. What could we do for them? There were some amongst us who had distinguished themselves as amateur actors, there were others who were known to the public as dramatists. We resolved to combine our forces—write a piece and act it ourselves. In carrying out this scheme we used the name of the Club—diffidently, doubtfully." This, it will be seen, refers to that first appearance in public of which an account has already been given. But there were reasons why that greatly successful experiment could not be repeated. It was impossible to think of another performance in a theatre, said Halliday. Gaps had been made in the ranks. "It was an additional sadness to our hearts to think how many we had lost. . . . There was nothing left for us but to exercise the arts which we professed as authors and artists. Hence this book." The purpose of the first "Savage Club Papers" was to help "a young widow who wept in the anguish of sudden bereavement." There was another widow on the hands of the Club before the Papers were issued. Fortunately, there was again "magic in the name." The publication "caught on," as the

slang phrase has it. More than one edition was called for, and the proceeds far more than answered expectation.

There were some distinguished contributors who were not members of the Club. "In the purest spirit of benevolence," says Halliday, "they rendered essential service to this work, without (in some cases) even the hope of glory." One of these was W. S. Gilbert, then in the full flush of his "Bab Ballads" fame. He wrote, and illustrated for these Papers, and with this charitable purpose, a delightfully whimsical fairy story, in the best Gilbertesque vein, entitled, "The Triumph of Vice," to which this "moral" was appended: "Thus, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, vice is sometimes triumphant. Cunning, malice, and imposture may not flourish immediately they are practised; but depend upon it, my dear children, that they will assert their own in the end."

Gustave Doré was another of the outside contributors. His was the tail-piece—an open sack of wheat, with rats devouring the corn, and a cat slyly watching for its opportunity. Artemus Ward, who was to die in this very year 1867, and who had spent most of his leisure in England within the Club rooms, then at Ashley's Hotel, also contributed a story with a moral, probably the last thing that he wrote for publication. He told the tale of a converted nigger, who was more hungry than pious, and more dishonest than hungry, concluding thus: "I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said, 'Farewell, my coloured fren'; I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be

like him, and soar. But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummick yearns for vittles."

It was the great day of wood-engraving, and the illustrations of the volume were in all respects admirable. The first of these, excepting the frontispiece, in which Dr. Strauss, dressed in savage garb, his profuse hair flowing wild, makes a centre for other conspicuous Savages of the day, all in war-paint, was by George du Maurier, illustrating a poem by J. R. Planché, who took the lead among the literary contributors. Planché, then in his old age, had been immensely successful in his day, though, from the financial point of view, not as success is now reckoned. He was the parent of the fairy extravaganza, and a burlesque writer who was then without rival. For the larger part of his life he was stock author for one of the theatres, but he was also a distinguished antiquary, and filled the office of Somerset Herald up to the time of his death. Never, surely, were a man's occupations more incongruous. He had an almost miraculous facility for writing light verse; but his contribution to the "Savage Club Papers" was not conspicuously above the common magazine rhyming of the period. However, Du Maurier's drawing made up for that. It was not in his later free and individual style, a thing of few lines; but was rather in Millais' careful manner, and, like much of that great artist's work in the magazines, it is a reminiscence of the crinoline period—pathetic withal, with a sweet, anxious little woman in black.

James Hannay's contribution was "A Leaf from the Log of H.M. *Sprout*," founded, like his novels, on his early seafaring experiences. There was abun-

dant verse in the book, some of it good, some of it indifferent, to say the least. H. J. Byron rhymed ingeniously, as did Walter Thornbury, though not without perpetrating a gross Cockneyism. There was a pleasant little poem from Tom Hood, and Henry S. Leigh was as felicitous as usual. His most happy contribution was obviously written as a pendant to a picture by Houghton, of a wilful child tearing its toys to pieces. The lines are perhaps worth quoting :—

Whenever tiny girls or tiny boys
Grow tired of life, though scarce within its portals ;
Whenever kisses, picture-books, and toys
Begin to pall on these capricious mortals,
It proves (to put it in a form concise),
This earth of ours is in the wrong, or may be ;
Because the whole wide world will not suffice
To satisfy one little naughty baby.

Among other contributors of more or less note in that day were Henry Rose, better known to the public as Arthur Sketchley, who told how Mrs. Brown backed the favourite ; John Oxenford of *The Times*, who, as might be expected, gave a verse translation from the German ; Edmund Falconer, then one of the most popular of playwrights ; and Andrew Halliday, whose contribution was a delightful old-fashioned essay on sweethearting. There was, besides, a whimsical story by T. W. Robertson, in that humorous, subdued, middle-class manner which he had acquired from Thackeray ; an original piece of music by Furtado ; and a fine, tragic drawing by J. D. Watson, then among the best of our illustrators, though in his later years his work became astonishingly weak and common-

place. But the most notable contribution of all was "The Morality of the Turf: An Autobiographical Fragment," by J. R. Prowse. This brilliant and variously endowed writer had created in one of the comic papers a character whom he called "Nicholas," a richly quaint and humorous being, drunken, ignorant, pretentious, swelling with pride in himself, "a sportive writer," a screaming caricature of the sporting prophets of the time. The fragment of autobiography was Nicholas on his favourite subject—himself. E. C. Barnes drew his portrait as an initial, with huge red nose, staring monocle, horse-shoe scarf-pin, and spotted scarf, the perfect presentation of a blackguard of the turf. Nicholas's style was even more bewildering, wandering, and involved than that of Mrs. Brown. "As a sportive writer," he says, "a racing correspondent, and a prophetic vaticinator, foretelling of future events to come, Nicholas has probably by this time raised himself from a comparatively lowly origin, though far more respectable than that of my detractors, to a pinnacle of celebrity than which it might appear invidious to affirm, as none similar can be honestly said to be the case with any of my rivals, than whom, perhaps, a more delusive lot, though a little conceited." And there the sentence ends. The old man wanders on in this manner for page after page, eventually arriving at the subject of his essay in a footnote to his last paragraph. "I have reached the limits that were assigned to me," he observes; "and in compliance with my promise I will now give you the opinion of Nicholas on the Morality of the Turf. The opinion of Nicholas on the Morality of the Turf is—that there ain't much of it."

The youngest of the contributors to the Papers was Mr. Arthur William à Beckett, who has recorded the fact in his entertaining book, "London at the End of the Century." "I was looking at the volume only the other day," he says, "and admiring the frontispiece. It contained any number of portraits. The Savages were grouped round the offspring of their brains. In the centre was that magnificent figure of an old Bohemian, Dr. Strauss. Round about him were crowded Halliday, Jeff Prowse, J. C. Brough, H. J. Byron, George Rose, Harry Leigh, Artemus Ward, Planché, Tom Robertson, Clement Scott, John Hollingshead, George Cruikshank, and Tegetmeier. Quite in the background were two writers who have since come well to the front. It was natural enough to see them side by side, for their fathers (both eminent men of letters) had been the staunchest of staunch friends. The first of these workers in the background was Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the other (to give him his French title) was 'Monsieur Chose.' I had the honour of contributing almost my first story to the 'Savage Club Papers.' It was simply beautiful. It contained a duel, a murder, an abduction, and all sorts of horrible incidents, and had the cheerful title of 'Found Drowned.' 'Is it to be illustrated?' I eagerly asked the editor. 'Yes, my dear fellow,' replied Andrew Halliday. 'I forget what the cut was about, but I know it fits in excellently. I am sure you will be charmed when you see it. Of course it was not drawn for the story, but it is most appropriate. Look out for a pleasant surprise.' I did; and on the publication of the Papers discovered that 'Found Drowned' had been illustrated with a sketch of an idiotic stork



Paul Gray del.

H. Orrin Smith sc.

PAUL GRAY'S LAST DRAWING

standing on one leg in a puddle in front of a feeble waterfall! When I complained to Andrew Halliday afterwards he said, in a sorrowful tone, 'So like you young authors; you are never satisfied! And I so considerate, too! If I had given it to you to be written up to it would have completely spoilt your story! You, with your duels and murders and the rest of it, didn't want a stork on one leg. Not you! The story was better without it!' I did not reply, but my heart (in its own fashion) consented. Thinking the matter over now, I am convinced that Andrew Halliday was a model editor. His motto seemed to be 'acts, and then (if necessary) apologies.'"

The stork on one leg was, I may add, a drawing by Ernest Griset, which had, of course, to be placed somewhere. There was no waterfall, feeble or otherwise. The stork stands on a rock in the centre of a pond, with a background of reeds. All the illustrations in the book were engraved free of charge by the best engravers of the day, among them being the father of Kate Greenaway.

In closing his preface Halliday said: "The last words which I have to utter in this place are burdened with a sadness which scarcely leaves me the power of expression. At page 154 there is a beautiful drawing signed 'Paul Gray.' When this work was undertaken, that clever young artist was foremost among us in offering his co-operation; for he whom we mourned, and whose legacy of sorrow we had accepted, was his dear friend. The shock which his system, already weakened by the saddest of all maladies, received by the sudden death of that friend, was more than his gentle spirit could sustain. He lived just long enough

to finish his drawing—and then he left us, to join the friend whom he loved in that land where there is no more parting, and where tears are dried for ever.”

The object of the first volume of “Savage Club Papers,” says the preface to the second, was fully attained. “Our publisher, Mr. Tinsley, being particularly well-satisfied, asked for a second series.” A similar sad necessity to that which had led to the publication of the first volume did not then exist. “We deemed it better, therefore,” writes Halliday, “to take the opportunity offered us of forming a fund, from which claimants might be assisted if occasions should arise, than to risk emergencies which might find us unprepared.” The intention was then formed to publish a volume of papers every year; but the work proved too heavy, and the project was not carried out. Most of the old contributors appear again in the second series, with the addition of Justin McCarthy, John Hollingshead, Wm. Sawyer, Westland Marston, George Manville Fenn, Mortimer Collins, and a few others. The illustrations were, on the whole, less good than in the first series, and there was, one fancies, some falling off in general excellence. No further “Savage Club Papers” were published until nearly thirty years later, and then for no specific purpose. At length, however, a third series was published, in 1897, by Hutchinson, under the editorship of Mr. J. E. Muddock, with Herbert Johnson as art editor. The illustrations were, in this instance, the best part of the book. Of the old contributors scarcely any were left, and death has since then sadly thinned the ranks of the new ones, among whom was the late George Henty. George Manville

Fenn appears both in the 1868 and the 1897 volumes, his contribution to the last being a poem of great excellence. A paper by Mr. E. E. Peacock, on "Some Press Reminiscences," recalls an historical incident of much interest. Mr. Peacock is writing of the days before Mr. Disraeli had won his great electoral victory of 1874. He had gone down to the annual flower show at the village of Hughenden. On these occasions the eminent Conservative statesman was accustomed to deliver a speech that was intended for a much larger audience than the villagers. What was looked for, indeed, was a political manifesto, Mr. Disraeli having a fancy for talking to the world through small meetings, farmers' ordinaries, and flower shows. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, as the late Sir William was then called, was one of the guests at Hughenden Manor, and was on the platform when the Conservative leader made his speech, a circumstance which was mainly responsible for the long-persistent rumour that he was contemplating a change of sides. Mr. Disraeli, who was in high good humour, gave instructions that half a dozen of champagne should be sent to the reporters' table; but some of the reporters were much more concerned about how to get the speech into the evening papers than about the great politician's hospitality. The difficulty there would be in doing this was intimated to the top table, and Mr. Disraeli sent back word that he would say all that he wished to say in giving the toast of the Queen. Here I will let Mr. Peacock continue the narrative:—

"The table cleared, the Conservative leader proposed the first toast, making it the peg whereon to

hang a vigorous attack upon the autocratic rule of Mr. Gladstone, which, he suggested, was only rendered possible by the fact that the sovereign was at that time said to be seriously ill—‘was physically and mentally incapable of performing the duties of a sovereign.’ When Mr. Disraeli had finished, one of my colleagues wrote down the words quoted, and sent them to the speaker with an inquiry whether he really meant what he had said. The reply came that as the words would probably be misinterpreted, he would be obliged if the reporters would omit them. We drove back to Wycombe, caught our train, and by the aid of a fast hansom I was able to get my report of the speech in that night’s *Globe*. Most of us complied with Mr. Disraeli’s request, but two Ministerial papers ignored it, and hence arose a pretty little controversy.”

It was a very pretty little controversy indeed, as I remember, involving denials that the Conservative leader had used the words attributed to him, and also, I believe, an explanation at Windsor.

To this last volume of “Savage Club Papers” Lord Charles Beresford was a contributor. He had been elected a member of the Club in 1894. His contribution was entitled, “How we Docked the *Safia* up the Nile in 1885.”

CHAPTER VIII

SOME ORIGINAL MEMBERS

THOSE whose names were included in the original list of members of the Savage Club were not merely the nine gentlemen who had set out, in the queer company of Professor Anderson, to engage the first club-room. There were also those who had responded favourably to an invitation to join the new Club. Afterwards members were only admitted by election, and there was then, nominally at least, an entrance fee. Edward Draper, as I have stated elsewhere, had the unquestioned reputation for years afterwards of having suggested the formation of the Club. He was a solicitor of distinction, with an office in Chancery Lane, and he was also a genuine humourist with pen and pencil. He made mirth-provoking drawings and wrote mirth-provoking songs, some of which, and especially one about a military bandsman who "blew out his viscera through the trombone," are still occasionally sung in the Club on Saturday nights. But in particular he was an antiquary and student of history and out-of-the-way matters of knowledge. Draper was one of the group of young authors who gathered round Robert Brough

when he started the brilliant but unfortunate *Welcome Guest*, which Sala helped to kill by his procrastination in sending in the chapters of one of his serials. Draper seldom entered the Club without a rather capacious black bag in his hand. It contained his lunch, which he was always accustomed to bring with him, but generally it contained as well a collection of oddities that he had picked up on bookstalls, or in the obscure shops of London byways. One day he made his appearance in a condition of almost uncontrollable delight, opened the bag as if it contained millions in freshly printed notes of the Bank of England, and withdrew therefrom a pile of those sheets of dramatic characters — pirates, admirals, distressed females, demons, and highwaymen—which, at the date of their production, were sold at “a penny plain, or twopence coloured.” He had a boy’s delight in these treasures, and he was full of the lore of the subject, pointing out which plate George Cruikshank had drawn, which had been coloured by his brother Robert, and which was the work of some vastly inferior artist. He knew their names and their histories—those forgotten men who delighted the children of the early Victorian Age. Those who lack instruction on this subject should, indeed, consult an article of his in the second volume of the “Savage Club Papers.”

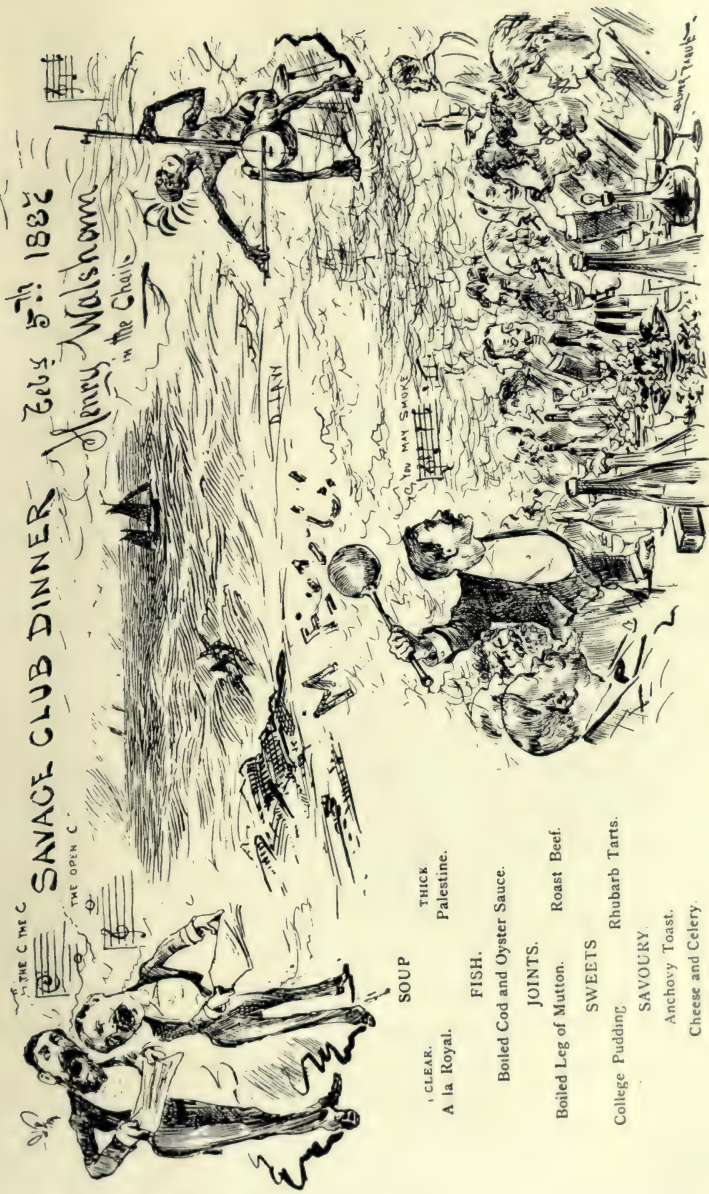
I call to mind a little chapter of unknown history that Mr. Draper related to me as we were seated together on a sofa in Lancaster House. Whoever is familiar with Westminster Abbey knows that in the pavement of one of the aisles there is a small, diamond-shaped stone bearing the famous inscription

"O Rare Ben Jonson!" One not knowing the history of the poet's burial wonders how he, so large a man, came to have so small a gravestone. The fact is that the stone rests just above the crown of his head, for the author of "Every Man in His Humour" was buried standing upright. That the head should now be under the pavement at Westminster is owing mainly, and I may say entirely, to Draper's reverence for the poet's memory. It came to his ears in Dean Buckland's time that the grave had been opened with a view of putting to a test the tradition as to the strange manner of Jonson's burial. Was it actually true that he was buried standing on his feet? The story was verified in every particular; but some of the resurrectionists were also relic-hunters, and one of them carried off Jonson's thigh-bone, and another his skull, which had still some of the poet's characteristic red hair adhering to it. Draper was then the contributor of a weekly article to *The Illustrated London News*, and hearing that a distinguished man of science and popular writer had the skull in his possession, and meant to keep it, he intimated pretty plainly to this gentleman that if the illustrious relic was not returned to its proper resting-place he would make a public exposure of the whole of the facts. It happened, in consequence, that Ben Jonson's grave was again opened, and that the renowned skull, with its red hair, was once more placed under the little diamond-shaped stone.

Dr. G. L. M. Strauss it has been necessary to mention and to quote very frequently throughout this volume. His entertaining book, written in advanced

age, "Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian," is, as regards a considerable portion of it, a scrappy sort of history of the Savage Club. It would be impossible now to write that history without becoming indebted to Dr. Strauss. Fortunately, he had a memory of a marvellous character, and though, as he complains, it was capricious, and sometimes delusive, it did on the whole, serve him well.

Dr. Strauss, says his friend and publisher, the late William Tinsley, had the misfortune to be able to make names in literature for other men, but not a great one for himself. That is to say, he frequently acted in the capacity of "ghost." Eventually, however, he did make a name for himself, though scarcely a great one, by contributing to *Tinsley's Magazine* a series of recollections which afterwards went through two or three editions in book form, and which restored him to his old haunt at the Savage Club, which, mainly on pecuniary grounds, he had for some years deserted. The "Reminiscences" make a delightful book, bright with the happy garrulity of a cheerful old age. But it was necessarily to a large extent an obituary. Strauss had outlived most of his contemporaries. It was frequently asserted, with a confidence inspired by his long memory and his undiminished vitality, that he would outlive all the younger generation of men. "How old is Dr. Strauss?" one of the fathers of the Club was asked. "How old?" was the reply. "Goodness knows! but he looked as old as he seems now when I first knew him thirty years since." The late George Cruikshank was wont to protest that Dr. Strauss was a venerable, white-haired old gentleman in the



DRAWING BY DAVID LAW AND W. H. PIKE

year of the first Reform Bill. Others have been heard to suggest that he was the Wandering Jew. That he was a Jew is, I think, undoubted; but he had a curiously mixed pedigree. He was born in Canada, and he was French on one side and German on the other. Once he was the chairman of the annual dinner. That was in 1863. Arthur Sketchley was in one of the vice-chairs, and Benjamin Webster in the other. George Cruikshank was there, "amusing himself with the Chinese shrub infusion," as Strauss remarks contemptuously, "and preaching total abstinence to all around him." The chairman spoke of the delight he had experienced when he first set eyes, in his early childhood, on the great George's illustrations to "Peter Schlemihl." The artist rose in his wrath. "He abused me like a pickpocket," says the Old Bohemian, "sneeringly insinuating that I was much older than he could ever hope to grow to."

In his "Reminiscences" Strauss speaks of being at Moscow when it was rising from its ashes. "I was then," he says, "eight years old." Doubt was cast on the story. That Dr. Strauss may have been young at some period of the world's history was admitted, but that his childhood was so recent as, say, the beginning of the last century, nobody would consent to believe. In his portrait in the first volume of the "Savage Club Papers" he looks just as old as he did up to a few weeks before his death. Really, one never noticed any change in him. He was a short, stout, hearty man, with a great mass of long white hair and a cloud-compelling beard. He would have made an admirable model for a bust of Homer

if the lines of his face had been only a trifle more severe. As it was, they were more apt to suggest the laugh of Democritus. In his time Dr. Strauss had been almost everything that it is possible for an educated man to become — medical practitioner, lecturer, war correspondent, London-letter writer, dramatist, novelist, and I know not what. A few years before his death he became an inmate of the Charterhouse, on Queen Victoria's nomination; but the life was too quiet for him, so he wrote his "Reminiscences," made a fresh literary reputation, came out into the world among a new order of men, was elected a life member of the Club, and spent most of the remainder of his days in the smoking-room, jesting as freely as of old, and spreading all round him an atmosphere of cheerfulness and a ripple of laughter.

Strauss, as "Doctor Goliath," was the subject of a delightful piece of portraiture by Andrew Halliday. It was one of the chapters in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," and was reprinted in the author's "Every Day Papers," which, like "Doctor Goliath," had for the most part made a first appearance in *All the Year Round*. "How the doctor found his way into our society," says Halliday, "none of us can tell. It did not occur to us to inquire into the matter at the time, and now the point is lost in the dim obscurity of the past. We only know that he appeared suddenly and mysteriously. It was shortly after we had formed our Mutual Admiration Society, in this very room in Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings."

The doctor broke suddenly into a conversation on the age of the world. "I beg your pardon," he said, "you are wrong. The age of the world is exactly

three millions, eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand, four hundred and twenty-five years, eight months, fourteen days, nine hours, thirty-five minutes, and seventeen seconds." "We saw at a glance," Halliday goes on to say, "that he was no mere meddling fool. He was considerably older than any of us there present ; his face beamed with intelligence, his eyes sparkled with humour, and his whole expression was that of a man confident of mental strength and superiority.

" 'I trust,' he said, 'I am not intruding upon your society ; but the subject of your discussion is one that I have studied deeply, and I was betrayed into a remark by—by my enthusiasm. I beg you will pardon me.' He said this so affably, and with so much dignified politeness of an elderly kind, that we were all disarmed, and protested, in a body, that there was no occasion for any apology. And it followed upon this, in some sort of insensible way, that the stranger came and took a seat amongst us, and spent the evening with us, proving a match for us in the airy gaiety of discussion, and more than a match for us in all kinds of knowledge. . . . After this, the doctor regularly frequented our society, and we took his coming as a matter of course. . . . It was no wonder that we came to look upon the doctor as a great personage. His fund of knowledge was inexhaustible. He seemed to know everything—not generally, and in a superficial manner—but particularly and minutely. . . . But there was nothing of the pedant about him. He treated his learning as bagatelle. He threw off his knowledge as other people throw off jokes. He was only serious when he mixed

a salad, brewed a bowl of punch, or played a game of piquet. . . . He was learned in the highest degree," Halliday continues, "yet he had all the reckless jollity of a schoolboy, and could talk nonsense and make sport of wisdom and philosophy better than any of us. He took our society by storm; he became an oracle; we quoted him as an authority, and spoke of him as 'The Doctor' as if there were no other doctor on the face of the earth."

Then followed an exposition of the doctor's philosophy:—

"If I were not possessed by the spirit of Thought, do you know what I would do? I would lie all day in the sun, and eat potato salad out of a trough."

"What, like a pig?"

"Yes, like a pig: I never see a pig lying on clean straw, with his snout poked into a delightful mess of barley-meal and cabbage leaves, but I become frightfully envious."

The remainder of Halliday's narrative exhibits the character of "Doctor Goliath" in an unexpectedly touching and gentle aspect, and his biographer concludes: "When the doctor tries to be fierce, he blushes at the feeble and foolish attempt he is making to conceal the tenderness of the kindest heart that ever beat."

In his latter days Dr. Strauss was seldom out of the Club except during the rather abbreviated portion of his life which he devoted to sleep. He was there from morning to night. It was delightful to him to renew in extreme old age the experiences and some of the friendships of earlier years. He had been joint Honorary Secretary in 1873, and he died, as life-member, in 1887, wonderfully full of years.

As there were two women among the original members of the Royal Academy, so there were two men with German names among the original members of the Savage Club. The other was Dr. Gustavus Franke. He was an Austrian, to be accurate, and might have risen to a great position in his own country but for his revolutionary opinions. Franke was an officer of the Austrian Army, but took part in the Vienna rising of 1848, and fled to England to save an endangered life. His brother—they were sons of a Vienna banker—became Austrian Minister of War, and it was he who, with General Benedek, planned the disastrous campaign of 1866. Meantime Dr. Gustavus Franke, whose degree was that of Doctor of Laws of the University of Padua, was amusing the Savages by his feats of legerdemain, in which he was so expert that Professor Anderson offered him a partnership in his business. He preferred, however, a less public manner of life, painting portraits on ivory and porcelain, and touching up and finishing photographs for an eminent firm in Regent Street. He wrote for the stage also, and had some pieces produced, with no very great amount of success, at the Haymarket and the Lyceum. In his later days he probably went back to his own country, for though his name appears in the "In Memoriam" list of the Club Year-book, it is unaccompanied by any date, and by brackets indicating uncertainty as to the time and place of his death.

There was a President of the Club, with two Vice-Presidents, in the early days; but these positions were abolished in 1877. The first and only President was Andrew Halliday, who was also Secretary for several

years, being associated in that office from 1859 onwards with W. B. Tegetmeier. He was a handsome young Scotsman in those days, one of the best-looking men in Bohemia. Whilst making his footing in London he wrote articles for *The Morning Advertiser*, *The Leader*, and *The Morning Chronicle*. He also wrote for several newspapers in the country, and was, in fact, a successful all-round journalist. But his best work, in the early days of the Savage Club, was done for *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. All of this magazine work bore republication, and had great popularity in the old two-shilling "yellow-backed" editions. In many of Halliday's articles the public professed to discern the hand of Charles Dickens; but the truth is that all the contributors to the Dickens' publications caught something—generally a good deal—of the style of "the chief." This was the case not only with Halliday, but even more conspicuously with Sala, John Hollingshead, and Washington Alston Collins, the brother of Wilkie. Dickens diffused his manner amongst his staff, as it were. They were all inspired by him and were learning from him.

Throughout the time that he was writing for the press Halliday was keeping his eye on the stage. His ambition was to become a dramatic author; and it was, in the long run, amply realised, for he became a prime favourite with the frequenters of Drury Lane. He ventured only on light pieces first of all, freely garnished with puns of the astonishing sort then in fashion. There was a piece in which Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth appeared. When the Queen had stepped over Raleigh's cloak she wished to know why

he was so anxious to get it back again. "Oh," said Raleigh, "I should like to have it, because if I wanted to pawn it I could say, 'I have had a *sovereign* on it.' " That is in the spirit of the time, and probably it would be successful as a new joke in a pantomime of the present day. "Say," says Halliday, in an "Address" spoken at the Royalty Theatre—

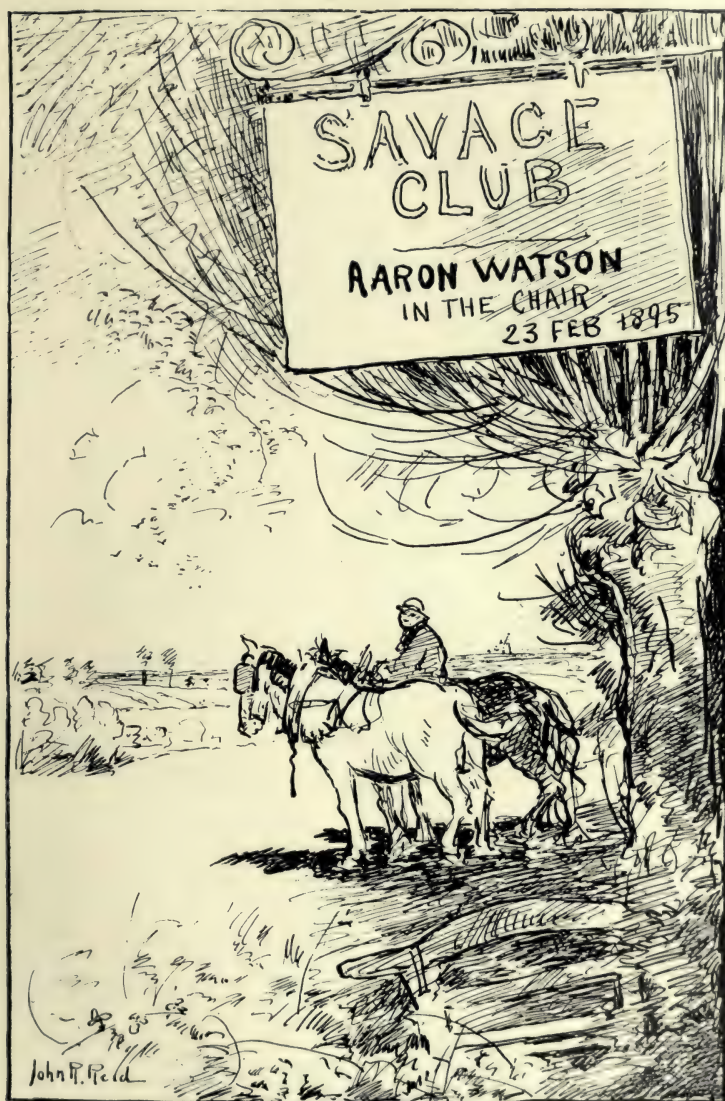
"Have we paid you a fair dividend
In mirthful Comedy and Honest Fun,
For every shilling paying you a pun?"

No pun seems to have been in those times too outrageous for laughter, or, at least, for toleration.

When Halliday came into his kingdom his success was strikingly great. He began his work for the stage by writing in conjunction with Robert and William Brough. They produced light pieces for the Adelphi and other theatres. But it was when he began to place versions of the novels of Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens on the stage that Halliday became a popular dramatist. His "Little Em'ly" is still something of a favourite in provincial theatres, and it was enormously successful in its day. Burlesque writing became only an occasional pastime when he had been set firmly on his feet by his serious pieces; but it is worth while to record the fact that Marie Wilton, now Lady Bancroft, appeared, with great popular approval, in one of his burlesques at the Strand Theatre. His relations with Charles Dickens were of the friendliest and tenderest kind. Remark-
ing on the fact that he was an excellent critic of art, William Tinsley records that he sent an essay about several prominent artists of the day to *All The Year*

Round. The article got into type; but Dickens returned the manuscript to him with a cheque, saying that what Halliday had written was very good and very true, but that its publication might hurt the feelings of several friends of his own who were mentioned in it.

William Tinsley, who was closely associated with Halliday, and published his books, tells gloomy stories of his later days. Halliday had for a wife "a little, stout, homely woman, by no means a bad wife, but much too jealous of her handsome husband for theirs to be a happy home." It told on him in a quite serious way at last. Halliday, says his publisher, not only made money, but saved it. The domestic unhappiness became complicated with financial losses, and the formerly bright and debonair author became moody and ill, and even somewhat unsettled in his mind. "I lost sight of him for some time," Tinsley says, "but heard from time to time he was at home, though not in very good health. However, one day Charles Millward called upon me, and asked me if I had seen Halliday lately. I said I had not, and added that I hoped he was getting into better health. Poor Millward was much concerned about him. However, he said, 'If you see him, don't seem to notice he does not look well,' and, strange to say, within two or three days the poor dear fellow walked into my office with a large bundle of manuscript plays, and he was little more than a skeleton of his former self, certainly not in a fit state to be about alone, but with no knowledge of that fact himself. He asked me to put the manuscripts into my safe, and not deliver them to any one without his order. I think he came a second



*Wishing you a happy
New Year 1898*

DRAWING BY JOHN R. REID, R.I.

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time with some other manuscripts. He said he had been trying to find his way to my private house, but he had forgotten the way. The dear fellow had been there numerous times. However, happily the cruel disease soon sent him to his rest."

Of Halliday's delight in life whilst his health remained with him these verses, entitled "By the Wayside," will speak :—

I hear you say, "It is a weary world,
A wicked world, a very vale of tears,
A thorny path, along which human feet
Make bleeding pilgrimage to reach a goal
Of Happiness and Rest." This summer's day,
Under a cloudless sky, among the flow'rs,
Your words pass by me as an empty sound,
And wake no echo. In the sylvan song
Of ever joyous birds I hear no note
Of weariness or woe. The toiling bee
Beareth his burden with a merry hum,
And counts his labour grateful as his rest.
'Tis not a wail that issues from the woods,
And sweeps upon the bosom of the breeze,
But Nature's sweetest music ; songs of joy,
Low murmur'd, softly, like a tale of love.
The flow'rs, upsprung from earth, like souls ta'en flight
From gross companionship of common clay,
Breathe not of foul corruption nor of dust,
But rise, spontaneous witnesses of joys
Which Heaven lends unto the meanest things.
While I can rest but for a single hour
Upon this little oasis of Peace,
And bathe my way-worn limbs, and dry my tears,
I will not say it is a weary world.

Halliday died on April 10, 1877, and was buried at Highgate, his funeral being made the subject of

pictures in the illustrated papers. Many journalistic tributes were paid to him. One of these said: "Whatever were the faults of Halliday's work, it was never other than sweet and wholesome, and was invariably artistic in the sense that is best appreciated on the manager's side of the footlights. Whether writing farces in conjunction with the late William Brough, or burlesques with the late Frederic Laurence, or adapting—in the worthiest sense of that unarbitrary word—Dickens, Scott, or Victor Hugo, Halliday's work was always thorough. . . . To see an adaptation by Halliday is to witness in many of the essentials of dramatic representation an original work."

Charles Millward, a man of no particular talent, but of great resource and much adventurousness of spirit, contrived to become quite one of the most conspicuous of the early Savages. I remember him, indeed, as a notable member in the early eighties. He must have been brought in by the Broughs. He wrote for the stage in Liverpool, and was one of the men who ran the Liverpool *Porcupine*, a weekly journal of quite exceptional merit. It was Millward who kept the Club so much to the front in the Liverpool newspapers. In London he started a sort of tombstone factory, somewhere near Highgate Cemetery, and is said to have lost money by it. He was one of those men who, most disadvantageously for themselves, combine literature with trade when their real bent is toward littérature.

CHAPTER IX

THE AUTHOR OF "CASTE"

T. M. ROBERTSON—"Tom Robertson" to his friends, and, indeed, to the world—joined the Savages in 1861. He, Halliday, H. J. Byron, Robert Brough, and Jeffery Prowse became the chief literary figures of the Club. He was less boisterous than the others, less given to pranks and practical jokes, less inclined to moods of abandonment, but as good a Savage as any of the rest, a man with good looks and gentle manners, with the power of winning everybody's affection, with a copious, quiet talent for doing many things more than well. His son, named after himself, a great frequenter of the Club which his father loved, wrote from the Lancaster House environment a preface to his father's dramatic works, in which he made this touching observation: "The gathering of facts and incidents has been a task of pleasure rather than of difficulty. There are no idle scandals to contradict, no actions to explain away, and the opening up of the hitherto unturned pages of 'Tom Robertson's' life more clearly reveals it to have been one of incessant hard work and perseverance, without taint

or blemish." A tribute to a father's memory could hardly have been more modestly or feelingly expressed.

It seems strange, on looking back, and remembering the place he held on the stage, how brief was the period of Robertson's success. It extended over only six years in all. He said, when somebody was speaking of "palmy days": "Those were the days when I had one meal a day, and three parts a night to play. Now I have three meals a day and no part to play, and for this relief Providence has my heartfelt thanks." What Providence had in store for him it was still keeping in reserve when he joined the Savage Club. The day of prosperity had not yet dawned. He was thirty-six years of age at that time, having been born at Newark in 1829. He came of entirely theatrical parentage, for both his father and his grandfather had been what were called "lessees of provincial circuits"—that is to say, they had toured with their companions round certain acknowledged areas, as the famous Tate Wilkinson did through the York circuit. Robertson, like his incomparable sister Madge, went on the stage quite early in life, but he had, nevertheless, opportunities of acquiring a good education at Spalding, in Lincolnshire, and afterwards, in Holland, he greatly improved the opportunities afforded him, and laid the basis of an extensive knowledge of English and foreign literature, which he afterwards turned to excellent account. His bent towards the literature of the stage was never in doubt. At twenty-four he had written a two-act drama, which was produced at no less important a theatre than the Olympic, in

August, 1851. William Farren was the lessee who discovered this early talent, and "A Night's Adventure ; or, Highways and Byways," was the title of the piece, which turned on an imaginary incident in Claude du Val's life, the renowned highwayman robbing the Lord Chief Justice, and then assuming the character of Count Chambord, an agent to Charles Edward, mixed up in a Pretender plot. There were no long runs in those days, but the run of "A Night's Adventure" was shorter than usual, for it extended over only a few nights.

Between 1851 and Robertson's next production there were hard experiences to be gone through. His son relates this story of the early friendship between his father and Byron:—

Once, during a long vacation, they were in London together, and mournfully wondering what was to happen next. There was a room in a "Gallery of Illustration" to let. They had written and played an entertainment with varying success. It was so constructed that whilst Byron was on the stage in the first part, Robertson was money-taker, and during Robertson's performance, and prior to their appearance in a dialogue, which wound up the bill of fare, Byron took his place in the pay-box, a proceeding he stated to be "wholly unnecessary, for quite obvious reasons." Robertson's idea was to take this room and establish their entertainment as a permanent thing. Byron gave his assent with a sickly smile of doubt, and after much worry and trouble an arrangement was made that they could hire the room, a kind friend paying a week's rent in advance, and helping with the printing and all the expenses incurred. When the eventful opening night arrived they hadn't a farthing in the world. The performance was advertised to begin at eight o'clock. At ten minutes to the time not a soul had arrived. At last a gentleman tendered a sovereign for a front seat. The hall was empty. Byron had been peeping through

the curtains, anxious and nervous, and when he saw the apparition in the stalls he sent for Robertson, who had changed the sovereign, and bought Byron some stout to nerve him for the task.

BYRON.—Where are the critics ?

ROBERTSON.—Oh, they're always late.

BYRON (*dubiously*)—Oh.

BYRON.—Tom, I think this is going to be a failure.

Robertson retired to the pay-box.

The pianist having finished the overture the curtain rang up. Byron entered, dressed in the evening dress which he had to share with Robertson, and began to explain "The Origin of Man," looking fixedly at the wretched individual in the front seats.

"In the beginning there was only one man——" Here Byron paused.

"Yes," said the front seat, "and I'm the damned fool," and hurrying out to Robertson demanded his money back, saying he had come to see "The Chinese." Robertson assured the infuriated one that Byron was a Chinaman, but to no purpose, and finally had to return 1s. 8d., having spent 4d. of the 2s. in stout for Byron, remarking that "they only charged 4d. on such occasions."

There were years over which "Tom Robertson" had to be satisfied with earning mere "subsistence wages," partly by acting, partly by journalism, and partly by writing short stories, for which he had a really delightful talent. In 1861, the year in which he joined the Savage Club, a little better fortune came to him! A farce of his, "The Cantab," was produced at the Strand Theatre, and had a fairly encouraging run. He had still, however, three years to wait before he made a real success, and then it was another Savage who helped him on the way. He made for Sothorn the excellent adaptation known as "David Garrick," which still keeps its place on

the stage, though it is only occasionally produced. The piece was performed at the Haymarket Theatre, with Sothorn himself as the hero, in 1864, and was such a notable success that Robertson now came prominently before the public as a playwright. The following year carried him into actual fame. In November, 1865, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre the comedy of "Society," which at once established his reputation as a shrewd, observant writer, of strongly marked originality. Then followed on the same boards, in September, 1866, a play which delighted all London by the novelty and neatness of its story, and afterwards entranced the country at large. This was "Ours." Then followed "Caste" (April, 1867), so excellently written and so admirably acted, securing admiration by the freshness of the theme and the boldness of the treatment; "Play" (February, 1868), a work of a more romantic kind, rendered memorable by a charming love scene; and "School" (January, 1869), the most popular of the series, obtaining a consecutive run of 381 nights. In April, 1870, was produced "M.P.," the sixth of the series, only withdrawn at the close of November, 1871, to make way for a revival of "Ours." When Robertson had made a success he went on making nothing else. The "little theatre in Tottenham Court Road," with Marie Litton and Squire Bancroft as his interpreters, brought him all that he desired—fame, fortune, the unlimited admiration of his friends, and much more than mere comfort for his family. There was something beautiful in his simple delight in his good fortune. "Teg," he said to his brother Savage, Tegetmeier, concerning

the theatre at which his pieces were produced, "this is my farm, and I have found it a lucrative one."

Then comes the abhorred Fury with the shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

Robertson died on the 3rd of February, 1871. He had promised a new comedy for the Prince of Wales's; but on the night of that very day his last contribution to the stage, "War," was withdrawn from the boards of the St. James's Theatre.

The Daily Telegraph said of him:—

Although the long and severe illness which had for some time past excited the gravest apprehension must have prepared Mr. Robertson's immediate friends to hear at any moment of a fatal issue to his malady, the melancholy announcement we had regretfully to make on Saturday morning caused a general feeling of painful surprise. In the prime of manhood, it was fondly hoped that Mr. Robertson would successfully combat the disorder which had assailed his constitution, and that he would yet be spared some years to brighten the social circle by his presence, and to increase the distinctive reputation he had already gained. Unhappily, alike for those who prized his friendship and who enjoyed the fruitful product of his literary labours, these sanguine anticipations were not destined to be realised. About three weeks since Mr. Robertson returned home from Torquay with a frame visibly enfeebled by the journey he had undertaken for the benefit of his health; and on Friday evening he peaceably surrendered his last breath in the presence of his family, at his house, Eton Road, Haverstock Hill. The loss sustained by his relatives and friends will be fully shared by the public, who have been indebted to him for a series of fresh and sparkling comedies, which opened a new source of dramatic enjoyment, and which promised to lead to still more valuable results. In the short space of five years Mr. Robertson had achieved a most distinguished position as a dramatist, and there seemed in store for him a long enjoyment of its emoluments. For the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with



SIR HENRY IRVING AS MEPHISTOPHELES.
(A "lightning sketch" by PHIL MAY.)

which his successes had been so peculiarly identified, he had promised a new comedy, which there is good reason to believe would have fully justified the sanguine expectations cherished by the management; and other works were in contemplation on which he had resolved to expend his utmost powers. At a time when these powers were at their maturity, and his prospects were at the brightest, the brilliant writer, the witty conversationalist, the staunch friend, and the affectionate husband, has been snatched away from our midst. There can be no question, brief though has been the career of the dramatist, that Mr. Robertson has exercised a strong influence over our dramatic literature, and has left an enduring mark upon the stage. In his graphic pictures of existing society, in his pleasant cynicism, his poetical love passages, and in the chivalrous sentiments vindicating the honour of modern knighthood, he has shown that the theatre can do more than reproduce worn-out types, and that something better than oft-echoed platitudes may be heard within its walls. In the fresh track that he took, already may be found the footsteps of followers; but it must not be forgotten that Mr. Robertson was the first to venture out of the beaten path. By the clearance he effected of the old conventionalities which had overspread the stage, he has let in an amount of light and air which has since enabled the playgoing public to breathe a much purer atmosphere, and if for no greater service than this, the claims of the departed dramatist to a grateful remembrance will not be lightly estimated.

William Tinsley makes an extraordinary remark in his "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher." It is of a phenomenally random character, for Tinsley says: "It might have been that Robert Brough and Tom Robertson would have done excellent dramatic work together had it been fated that they should have met for that purpose." They were, as a matter of fact, meeting every day at the Savage Club. What the Old Publisher says about the production of "David Garrick" is perhaps more to be relied on.

He says that Sothern paid a very small price for the play, and that he was expected to give the author some sort of bonus on its success ; but as nothing was done in that way, "Andrew Halliday and two or three other of Robertson's friends sent paragraphs rather freely to some of the best London and country papers, to the effect that Mr. Sothern had, owing to the great success of 'David Garrick,' sent Mr. Tom Robertson a cheque for five hundred pounds." Sothern seems to have been wounded, but not to the extent of "bleeding," in the slang sense of that word.

Howard Paul describes Robertson as "an amusing conversationalist, but acidulous and aggressive." William Tinsley says of the production of "Caste" at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre : "We shouted for our hero until we were hoarse, and applauded him until our hands were sore ; but our once Bohemian companion sat very silently in his private box with his young wife, and our cheers did not seem to rouse him well out of his melancholy mood ; his smile was by no means a laugh, nor his manner in any way boisterous. Many of us present on that memorable evening had known Robertson long before he had dreamed of the well-earned success in life he had then gained, and we had seen him ten times more pleased at earning a five-pound note than he was that night at stamping his reputation as a dramatic author, able to command any sum in reason for his dramatic work." But Robertson knew even then that his hard life was being brightened not very long before its end.

He inaugurated the period of long runs. Marie Litton, now Lady Bancroft, tells how she met him.

Writing of 1866, she says : " On the Friday night I was taken by John Clarke to a supper-party at Charles Millward's house, where I met for the first time Tom Hood, Jeff Prowse, Arthur Sketchley, John Brough, Henry Leigh, George Grossmith (*père*), Andrew Halliday, Artemus Ward, and one who very soon was to influence my career—Thomas William Robertson. How bright and cheery he was that evening—although his life, at the time, was a hard one." Then of that meeting she goes on to say : " What memories of their wit, their charm, their humour, the mere mention of their names, even by so feeble a pen as mine, and even in this hurrying world where to die is so soon to be forgotten, will summon still to those of us who knew them ! "

How Robertson came into his connection with the Prince of Wales's Theatre is also told by Lady Bancroft, who says : " Mr. Byron called upon me one day to tell me that an old friend, Mr. Robertson, wished him to read a comedy of his to me, which had been recently acted with success in Liverpool ; he added that the play had been offered in turn to Sothorn, Alfred Wigan, and to nearly all the London managers, but they would have nothing to do with it. Mr. Buckstone wrote his opinion that it ' must fail wherever it was produced. ' They were chiefly afraid of it, Byron told me, on account of a scene which the journalistic world would take offence at, and the critics would, beyond all doubt, condemn, as it contained sketches of men well known to the author and in ' Bohemia. ' Mr. Byron also feared its chance of success himself, but as he had known Tom Robertson, who was at the time in very low water, for many

years, he was anxious to do his old friend a good turn ; he dwelt on the danger he saw in the play, and thought that, as young managers, we could not afford to risk offending the critics. I said danger was better than dulness. The next day, Byron read the comedy to me ; and, when he had finished it, he expressed himself more and more afraid of it. I at once offered to risk its production ; the whole piece seemed to me so clever and original that I felt sure of its success. Mr. Byron was astonished at my urging our acceptance of the play. At last he agreed that at all events it was worth the trial. This was my first acquaintance with Mr. Robertson, and I cannot describe the charm with which he read his comedy, which further developed the beauties of 'Society,' as his new play was called. I remember how he impressed me as being of a highly nervous temperament ; he had a great habit of biting his moustache and caressing his beard—indeed, his hands were rarely still. He was at that time thirty-six, somewhat above medium height, rather stoutly built. He had a pale skin and reddish beard, with small, piercing, red-brown eyes, which were ever restless. The rehearsals advanced, and I liked the play more and more. My views of acting so entirely agreed with Mr. Robertson's that we encountered no difficulties whatever, and everything went smoothly and merrily, although Byron, to the last, dreaded the effect of the 'Owl's Roost' scene. My faith remained unshaken, and acquaintance with the author soon ripened into friendship."

And everybody knows how it all ended, and how Robertson became a great man just before he died.

CHAPTER X

THE BROUGHS AND "JEFF" PROWSE

BUT for the Brougs there would, I imagine, have been no Savage Club. They were a remarkable band of brothers, three of whom died early, the fourth surviving to become one of the most picturesque figures on the stage of our own day. Robert B. Brough was the most variously endowed, though his brother William ran him hard as poet, dramatist, and wit, and was rewarded by a greater measure of prosperity. The theatres kept their stock dramatists in those days, and William Brough acted in that capacity for the Lyceum Theatre when it was in the hands of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews. Then, too, he and his brother Robert wrote much in conjunction for the Haymarket Theatre. "He was not only a clever dramatist," says William Tinsley, who knew him well, "but a really hard and steady worker, and not quite so Bohemian in his habits and hours as many of his clever companions. And so," he adds, "was his brother, John Brough, a most earnest and clever worker in literature and science." John, it should be added, was the librarian of the London Institution, and also the editor of a successful trade

newspaper. The family came from Liverpool to London, and in Liverpool William and Robert Brough commenced their work in journalism by writing for, and perhaps owning, a satirical weekly of the kind now common in provincial cities. Their father, Barnabas Brough, who had been an eager politician in the Chartist days, had preceded them to London, where he was engaged in the commercial department of *The Illustrated London News*, a fact which may account for Lionel Brough's early association with journalism. Robert contributed with both pen and pencil to *The Man in the Moon*, a competitor to *Punch*, edited by Albert Smith and Angus Reach. George Augustus Sala, then in those early days of poverty of which he has written with so much vividness and disgust, was another of the contributors.

Sala and Robert Brough were afterwards associated more intimately on *The Welcome Guest*, which, so far as regards its two first volumes, at any rate, was a phenomenon in the periodical literature of the time, and is still sought for by collectors. To this publication, which Robert Brough edited, Sala contributed his "Twice Round the Clock," illustrated by Walter McConnel, another of the Savages who died young, his "How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser," and a curious piece of writing which was never completed in the form contemplated, the author failing after a while to supply the necessary "copy," and the editor somewhat angrily and sadly intimating to his readers his inability to proceed with the story.

Only one of the Broughs was represented in the first volume of the "Savage Club Papers." This was John Cargill Brough, the librarian and man of

science, who contributed an admirably picturesque account of a visit to Naseby Field. Robert had died in 1860, seven years before the volume was issued. William died just ten years later at forty-four years of age. There is a song by him in the second volume of the Papers, set to music by German Reed. *The Daily Telegraph* said, in recording his death: "From many a circle, from many a place of pleasant memory, from many a little club, unostentatious yet characteristic, will be missed the genial, unassuming, and gentle presence of William Brough. We speak of him in his character as a contributor to the public amusement, and as having provided for thousands of children, old and young, pure and bright gaiety at Christmas and Easter time. But when this is said all is not said. He has been another victim to the hard-worked life of a peculiar class. These men, whose efforts seem so easy and are so arduous, labour little in reality for themselves. They fill the town in due season with frisk and fun; they seem to laugh, like clowns, through their scenic scraps, but, like harlequins, they wear a mask over half the face. William Brough earned a large and a merited popularity. He belonged to a parentage and to a family of literary toil. His untiring pen, even from his death-bed, issued its edicts of mirth. For the months of pleasure he rambled through all romance. He was a daring plagiarist, or, say, enchanter, converting St. George into Bobadil and Jupiter into Jim Crow; but through the long line of his productions nothing can be detected to offend or reprobate. William Brough fell a victim to simple exhaustion after prolonged night work and careless exposure."

One of the weekly newspapers of the day said that there was scarcely a theatre in the United Kingdom which had not had William Brough's pieces produced upon its boards.

Both the elder Broughs were poets of some note in their day. In 1855 Robert made a piquant sensation by publishing a little volume of verse entitled, "Songs of the 'Governing Classes,' and Other Lyrics. Written in a Seasonable Spirit of Vulgar Declamation." In his preface he said that he had been advised not to put his name to the book, inasmuch as he was known only as "a profane jester and satirist." However, he continued, "Seeing no reason to feel ashamed of my offspring, I cannot be brought to admit that my offspring should, as it were, blush for me." The modest but nevertheless defiant little work, which was republished a few years since, was dedicated to Edward M. Whitty, who was the author of a book called "The Governing Classes of Great Britain," and whose brilliant articles on the Parliamentary Session of 1852-3 have recently been republished in a handsome volume by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, under the title of "St. Stephen's in the Fifties," with a preface by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Whitty also wrote "Friends in Bohemia," which had a great success, and he was described under the name of "Ned Wexford" in an article on "Bohemia and Bohemianism," contributed to *The Cornhill Magazine* by his friend James Hannay. He died in the same year as Robert Brough, but in Melbourne, for he had emigrated to Australia in 1858.

Brough's songs were like pictures etched in vitriol. The poet spared neither side in politics. Members of



"THE MEDICINE MAN"—BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE

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the "governing classes" were all equally odious to him, to whichever party they belonged. Here is a portion of what he has to say about "a friend of the people":—

Sir Menenius Agrippa's a Radical stout,
With a rental of sixty-five thousand about,
Of opinions the lowest though lofty in grade,
A Sir Walter Fitz-Tyler, a Lord John de Cade.

You may call him a Leveller. Do, 'tis his pride ;
Nay, a stark-staring Democrat. True ! of the tide
He's a wave ; you may stem him, my Lord, if you can ;
Sir Menenius Agrippa's a popular man.

Reform ! Vote by ballot ! Short Parliaments—cry !
Down, down with each Bishop, church, pulpit, and steeple !
The Peerage ? Um ! Ha ! Well, we'll see by and by ?
Sir Menenius Agrippa's the friend of the people.

Here is something of a more humorous sort, but equally disdainful of all false pretences :—

Why is a cobbler ashamed of his last ?
Why should a tinker stand aghast
At mention of tongs or kettle ?
Why should the sight of a goose or shears
Blood to a tailor's forehead and ears
Bring, like the touch of a nettle ?

Why does a barber a razor spurn ?
Why does a stationer wrathful turn
When told that he sells lead pencil ?
Why is a shopman annoyed at "shop" ?
Why does the merchant of door-mat and mop
Turn from the vendor of heath-broom's crop ?
Why does the kettle hard names let drop
On the other domestic utensil ?

It must not be supposed, because of these examples of one of his moods, that Robert Brough can be

summed up merely as a fierce and disgruntled politician. He was in the main a man with a light touch, a master of brilliant dialogue, of entertaining persiflage. "I have certainly," he says, "made jokes for a livelihood, just as I should have made boots if I had been brought up to the business; believing that there is no harm or disgrace in either calling, so long as nobody's corns are unfairly pinched." He was, besides, a man greatly in earnest; he had much personal charm, as all his contemporaries bear witness; and he was a brave fighter against much hard luck. When he died on June 26, 1860, *The Daily Telegraph* said: "The intelligence of the death of this well-known writer, who breathed his last at Manchester on Tuesday night, will cause a feeling of deep regret in the large circle of literary friends by whom he was highly valued for his social qualities and versatile talents. He was on his way to Wales for the benefit of his health at the time of his decease. Mr. Brough was born in London in 1828, but passed his early years in Monmouthshire, and his school days at Newport, near which his father conducted a brewing establishment. Family reverses led to his being employed first on a publication at Liverpool, and afterwards, in conjunction with Mr. Angus B. Reach, on a comic periodical in London. He was subsequently the author of various dramatic pieces, which, if not of very lofty pretensions, were sufficiently successful to stamp his reputation with managers and ensure full employment for his pen. He, however, possessed a higher order of ability than mere dramatic cleverness and facility of punning. He contributed largely to various periodicals, and not infrequently gave evidence

of unquestionable poetic genius and facility of expression. His translations of the songs of Béranger, and many others, won him very favourable critical opinions, and a novel from his pen was recently published under the title of 'Which is Which?' affording proof of talent which, when ripened by experience, might have gained him deserved popularity in the field of romance."

Lionel Brough everybody knows. His jubilee as an actor was celebrated by his friends and admirers in October, 1904; but he did not permanently attach himself to the stage until 1863. Before that time, though he had done much as an entertainer, his daily work was connected with journalism. When John Timbs was editor of *The Illustrated London News*, he was clerk or assistant to that industrious antiquary. He is said to have published the first number of *The Daily Telegraph*, and to have organised the existing system of selling newspapers in the streets. Then he was for five years on *The Morning Star*. Of his excellence as a comedian, of his well-deserved popularity, of his wit and good nature, it is certainly not necessary for me to speak in this place. He is everybody's favourite. When he sent in his annual subscription to the Club in 1899 it was returned to him, and he was made a life-member.

Jeffery Prowse it has been found necessary to mention in these pages hardly less frequently than Robert Brough. Immense was the affection entertained for him by members of the Club. He was poet, humourist, facile writer of trenchant and eloquent prose; but it was his character much more than his work that endeared him to his friends. All accounts

of his brief life are equally unstinted in admiration and praise. "Little Jeff Prowse" he was called. He was, in a way, the J. M. Barrie of his time—a time in which no man had so many chances as now. "His ways were simple and unaffected in the extreme," says William Tinsley, "and his appearance gave no intimation of his being such a clever man. If you saw him coming towards you in the street you would notice his peculiar, nervous habit of dodging by the pedestrians, never seeming to be certain he was not going to be knocked down." I have not called him a poet without warrant. The contents of his little wallet of verses were all first rate, and his Bohemian anthem, much of it quoted elsewhere in these pages, with its chorus of—

Its latitude's rather peculiar,
 Its longitude's certainly vague ;
 But that person I pity who knows not the city,
 The beautiful city of Prague,

is without doubt the best thing of its kind.

Prowse made no pretence of being more than a journalist, or, at the most, a magazine writer ; but there was distinction, there was power, there was fine feeling and large grasp of mind in all that he did. He might have done much more but for his health, which through most of his working years was fragile. One of his most touching poems was almost his latest. It is entitled "My Lost Old Age," and the reading of it, if one knows his history, raises a lump in the throat. He died at Cannes on April 20, 1870, his latest piece of writing being a paper on "Smollett at Nice," in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Some friend on

SAVAGE CLUB

HOUSE DINNER

FEB 21, 1903
TO ENTERTAIN

SIGNOR MARCONI

J. HENRIER HEATON, M.P.

IN THE CHAIR

MENU

"ACROSS THE OCEAN."

TURBOT - SAUCE HOLLANDAISE -

ENTRÉE.

COMPOTS OF PIGEONS A LA REFORME -

SADDLE OF LAMB - POTATOES -

SEAKALE - REMOVES - SALAD

SOUPS

PÂTE D'ITALIEN -

DUCHESSE

SOILED CARPONS SAUCE MACEDOINE

CUMBERLAND HAM - WINTER GREENS

CUMBERLAND HAM - SWEETS

ORANGE SELLES

MAIDS OF HONOUR -

NEAPOLITAN ICES

QUEEN MESS Pudding -

MINIATURES -

CRÔUTES MARCONI.

MENU FOR THE MARCONI DINNER—BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I.

To face page 116

The Sunday Times wrote: "A large world has often laughed with him and wept with him; but his personal fame had no proportion to his literary attainments. Within a selecter and more sacred circle he will be remembered until the memories which are mortal are exchanged for the communion which is everlasting."

The Daily Telegraph, for which most of his work was done, said: "There are, we may safely say, hundreds of thousands in England who unconsciously owe their gratitude to the young and brilliant genius whose work is now at an end." "Some of his parodies of poets in *Fun*," observed *The Illustrated Times*, "were inimitably good—certainly not inferior to any parody in 'Rejected Addresses,' or to Thackeray's." To *Fun*, then in its best days, he had been an industrious contributor, and that publication never contained anything more original or mirthful—not even excluding "The Bab Ballads"—than the "sportive" prophecies which he attributed to the prophet Nicholas, "than whom," as Nicholas himself might say, there are few more delightfully portrayed characters in fiction.

Fun placed one of its pages in black borders on his death, and said: "Had he been able to adopt literature as his profession, there is ample evidence in his writings that he might have won himself a foremost place. . . . Unfortunately, journalism secured his services, and literature lost him. The excessive labour and unwholesome surroundings of newspaper work undoubtedly sowed the seeds of the disease to which he has succumbed. But he not only accepted, he took a pride in his chosen calling; and he was

loyal and devoted to the flag under which he had enlisted, though, of course, as an anonymous journalist he surrendered all share in the public repute won by his writings, which were often, indeed, attributed to others."

"Only a few hours before he died," said a telegram from Cannes, "he seized a pen while dictating a letter, and wrote, 'Love is stronger than death,' and then his work ceased for ever."



ARTEMUS WARD.
(Sketch from Life, by WALTER DUBISSON.)

To face page 119.

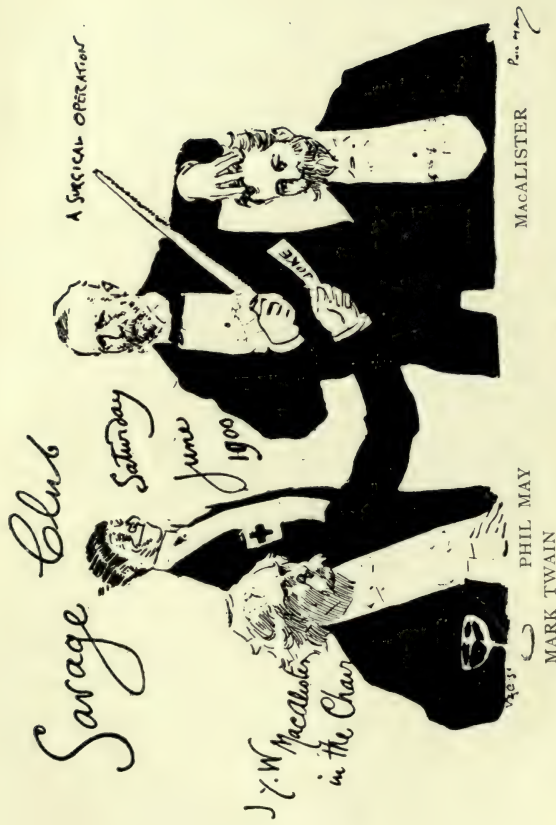
CHAPTER XI

ARTEMUS WARD AND MARK TWAIN

IN the Committee-room of the Club there hangs a fine portrait of Artemus Ward, otherwise E. C. F. Browne. The much-imitated, but really inimitable, American humourist, was quite unlike any picture of him that his writings would suggest. He had a keen, refined face, with yellowish hair, a nose of rather aquiline type, heavy moustache, and small, clean-shaven chin. In the middle sixties he came over to this country on a lecturing tour, and, notwithstanding the weak state of his health, had a prodigious success. He did pretty much as he liked with his audiences, taking entirely wild liberties sometimes. At Manchester he said he had heard of complaints that there was too much still life in the pictures of his panorama. He had determined to remedy that defect in one picture at least, he observed; and at this point a horse-tail, vigorously wagging, was protruded through the canvas then on view. This was a primitive kind of humour, such as might have been popular in the Stone Age, but it always convulsed the spectators, which, after all, was the object to be attained.

Into the Savage Club Artemus Ward introduced a

new variety of liveliness during those intervals in his lecturing engagements which he spent in London. He was then not far from his death, but he had the vivacity of a schoolboy, and he considered no jest too extravagant or absurd. Howard Paul has recorded some of his Savage Club jokes. They are of the sort that arise out of uncontrollable high spirits and random irresponsibility. One wonders still at a frivolity so intense. For instance, a knot of men was leaving the Club after one of the Saturday dinners, and at the door stood a good specimen of a weather-beaten, red-faced old London cabman, attired in one of those wonderful triple-caped overcoats that have now disappeared from the metropolitan ranks. Artemus was struck with the old fellow's garb, and as he mounted his box called out, "Cabby, hi! Come down, I want you." The cabman did as requested. "Cabby," continued Artemus, with a twinkle of the eye, "you are the very man I wish to see. I've been dining here with some literary and artistic swells, and they can't enlighten me, and I feel you can." The old Jarvey looked inquiringly. "Now, would you be good enough to tell me the difference between *convergence* and *di-vergence*?" The old man puckered up his lips, scratched his head, and with the broadest of grins, replied, "Well, sir, you're a stranger to me, but I should say there's a good deal to be said on both sides." "Good!" shouted Artemus. "That's what I call 'the retort cautious.' All right; now drive us." Three men entered the cab. "Any particular place?" the cabman asked. "Oh, ah!"—and pretending to confer for an instant, which he did with inimitable by-play—"drive to the boundless prairie." "Where is



AN IMPROMPTU BY PHIL MAY

that, sir?" "What! a London cabman, and don't know the boundless prairie?" "Is it a public-house?" "By the way," laughed Artemus, *sotto voce*, to his companions, "that wouldn't make a bad sign for a public-house. If ever I give up the quill and turn licensed victualler, that shall be the name of my establishment." Then, turning to the cabman, he resumed, "So you don't know the boundless prairie?" "No, sir." "Well, then, we'll alter our minds. Drive us to the Alhambra instead." And to the Alhambra they went, and passed an evening which was enlivened by similar incredible whimsicalities.

There was a game of what is now called "spoofing" between Artemus and Henry J. Byron, led up to by Tom Robertson, who introduced the two men in the Club dining-room. "The genial showman" began it. He said:—

"I fancy I have seen a face like yours before. Did you ever have a brother Alonzo?"

Robertson was behind Artemus, and winked at Byron.

"Alas! I had," replied the dramatist, instantly catching the situation.

"He was a mariner engaged on the deep."

"That's so."

"You haven't heard of him for five years?"

Byron affected to be lost in reflection, and deliberately replied:

"It's five years ago this very day. How curious you should mention it, sir."

"Well, sir," replied Artemus, taking out his handkerchief and affecting to wipe away a tear, "I sailed the salt sea with your brother. We were wrecked

together in the Gulf of Mexico, and before help came I killed and ate him! The moment I saw you I recognised the likeness. He was a good fellow, full of tender feeling——”

“I’m glad you found him tender,” interrupted Byron, also pulling out his handkerchief.

“But, sir, I’m awfully sorry I ate him,” pursued Artemus in the most imperturbable fashion. “Had I known I should ever meet his brother, I’m sure I’d gone without food some weeks longer. But I was driven to it, and you will forgive me, won’t you? I liked Alonzo,” and he offered his hand to Byron, which the latter shook with cordiality.

“Excuse my emotion, won’t you?” gasped Byron in his handkerchief. “He never wrote and told me what had become of him. I hope he agreed with you?”

“A slight indigestion afterwards. He was a little tough,” replied Artemus, “but we’ll not speak of that. We both suffered—he suffered most; but remember, sir, the law can’t touch me now. It was stern necessity, and necessity, as you may have heard, knows no law. But I’m willing to pay you damages for the loss.”

“Don’t mention it.”

“About what would you think a fair compensation?”

It was now Byron’s turn to pay Artemus off in his own coin.

“I think your name is Ward?”

“Yes.”

“Artemus Ward?”

“Quite so.”

“You had a father?”

"I had."

"He was a Yankee pedlar in his own country, was he not? Sold bug pizen and fine tooth-combs?"

"You've hit the comb—I mean the nail—on the head."

"He died in the black country of England, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, I killed him. I knew you were his son the moment I laid eyes on you. He was a nice old gentleman, and I made his acquaintance in Staffordshire. He wished to go down a deep coal-mine. So did I; and we went down together, had a good time, explored, lunched with the miners, drank more than was good for us, and proceeded to return to mother earth. After you've been down a mine you're fond of your mother, I can assure you. The prodigal son felt nothing to what I experienced. We entered the huge basket, and were being slowly drawn towards the mouth of the pit when I saw the old rope was about to snap under the strain. It was a perilous, a horrible, critical moment. The weight of two men was too great, and your father was a broad, bulky man. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. An instant more, and we were both lost. We seemed to be about fifty feet from the top. I hastily called your father's attention to something—implored him, in fact, to look down the mine. He did so, when I gently tipped him over, and he went whirling and crashing to the bottom. It was rough on him, but I saved myself. I ciphered it out on the instant like this: He is an old man, nearly bald, deaf in one ear, two teeth gone in front, with only a few years to

live. I am half his age, strong and healthy, the father of a young family, with a career before me, a comedy to finish for the Haymarket, and a burlesque accepted at the Strand. Now, I ask you, under the circumstances, did I not behave nobly?"

"You did, you did," sobbed Artemus. "I would have acted that way myself."

"I am glad to find you so intelligent. You ate my brother and found him tough, and I am the assassin of your dear old father," continued Byron, keeping up the farce of pretended emotion. "We are both avenged. Let us draw a veil over the past, and never allude to these heartrending incidents again."

"Agreed! We cry quits! Shake!" roared Artemus, extending both hands, and dramatically dashing a flood of imaginary tears from his eyes. Then he summoned a waiter, glasses round were speedily ordered, and everybody laughed at the ready manner in which the two men had conducted their extempore chaff. The dramatist and the genial Artemus were thenceforth devoted friends. But how strange it all seems in these more staid times!

Artemus Ward died at Southampton, during one of his tours, on February 6, 1867. It is pitiable to relate that there was an unseemly difference over his bedside, at a time when he could decide nothing for himself, and had not even enough physical power for protest. The incident was thus related, not with entire accuracy, in *The New York Evening Mail*: "A curious incident well nigh led to the shipwreck of the Club in its infancy. It was nothing less than the religion of poor Charles Browne, better known as Artemus Ward.

With my bundle on my shoulder
 Faith, there's no man could be bolder
 For I'm leaving good old England without warning
 I've lately got the notion
 For to cross the briny ocean
 And I'm off to see the
 Yanktees in the mornin's



Savage Club House Dinner

SATURDAY. DEC 17th 1904.
 A ALLISON IN THE CHAIR.

DINNER TO POUNDS.
 COURTICE

MENU.

REMOVES	
Sirloin of Beef.	Mince Pies
Horseradish Sauce	Xmas Plum Pudding
	Brandy Sauce
FISH	
Royal Hare.	Oatcake
	Stilton
	Cheese.
SOUPS	
Filletts of Sole a la Cardinal.	Ham.

Tom Browne

A number of Savages surrounded the death-bed of Artemus. Arthur Sketchley, the writer of Mrs. Brown's interminable gabble, Tom Hood, the editor of *Fun*, and others, knowing Ward to be a Catholic, insisted on a priest being sent for to administer the last rites to him. Charles Millward and E. P. Hingston, Ward's secretary, objected to troubling the dying man with Roman Catholic ministrations. Words ran high upon the subject, and the result was the secession of Sketchley, Hood, and other friends from the Savage Club, and the formation of another Club known as the Whitefriars."

The Whitefriars Club was not formed in the manner stated, or for those reasons. It came into existence more than a year after Artemus Ward's death, and many of its members were, and continued to be, Savages. No question of religion was associated with its establishment. As its Year-book says: "It was founded in 1868 by a band of journalists, actors, and artists, who met together in mutual regard and gracious fellowship to discuss the affairs of the universe over a tankard and a pipe. Its home was then, as now, within the sanctuary of Alsatia, a neighbourhood associated by tradition with the white-robed Carmelites who gave their name to that precinct adjoining the great highway of letters called Fleet Street. Among the early Friars were such men as Tom Hood, William Sawyer, Joseph Knight, Barry Sullivan, Thomas Archer, Ashby Sterry, Godfrey Turner, William Black, and Charles Gibbon. Very soon the Club attracted the attention of the best men in Fleet Street, and most of them became members or regular visitors." George Meredith and

Thomas Hardy accepted the membership in more recent years. It was founded because there was need of a Fleet Street Club something after the pattern of the Savage Club, whose natural habitat was the Strand.

Undoubtedly, however, there was a squabble about religion at the bedside of Artemus Ward. Two attempts were made to introduce a Catholic priest into the room, and were warded off by faithful friends, members of the Club, whose motive was not a religious difference with the priest, but a determination that a famous man already practically dead to the world should not be unnecessarily disturbed in his last moments. "When all was over," said one of the newspapers of the day, "the members of the Savage Club solicited and obtained the sad privilege of rendering funeral honours to their dead brother, and at Kensal Green, on Saturday week, in the presence of about a thousand mourners, our beautiful English burial-service was performed over the honoured dust of Artemus Ward. The funeral was only temporary, as the deceased gentleman had expressed a wish to be buried in the quiet Protestant churchyard of his native village, and that wish had become a sacred obligation." The native village in question was Waterford, Maine, U.S.A.

Mark Twain did not make himself so much at home in the Club as the earlier American humourist; but there are two nights on which he was present that are still very vividly remembered. On each occasion his presence was more the result of accident than of arrangement. It was a memorable Savage Night when, on June 9, 1899, the chairman of the evening, Mr. J. Y. W. MacAlister, brought with him, unheralded,

Savage Club Supper.

JUNE 9TH, 1899.

• • •

... MENU ...

Soup.

—
ASPARAGUS.

Fish.

—
MAYONNAISE OF SALMON.

Cold Joints.

—
ROAST LAMB. MINT SAUCE.
SALAD.
ROAST RIBS OF BEEF.
HORSERADISH SAUCE.

Sweets.

—
FRENCH FINGER PASTRY.
PINE APPLE CREAMS.
WINE JELLIES.
—
PARMESAN STRAWS.

Mark Twain
Phil May
G. Marconi

THREE NOTABLE SIGNATURES
(WRITTEN ON THE CARD OF J. W. IVIMEY)

this genial philosopher and humourist. It was a compliment to the spirit of the Club, for it was during that period of gloom in Clemens's life when domestic bereavement and financial disaster had driven him from the bright circle of which he was the centre, and forced him, and his dear ones, to "shut them from their kind" until their wounds should heal. To secure the privacy they craved, Clemens had concealed his address from all but one or two of his closest friends. It was about this time that one old friend in New York, after vain efforts to get his address, wrote to him, and addressed his letter:—

"Mark Twain,
 "God knows where!
 "Try London."

The letter found him, and Mark replied, expressing himself surprised and complimented that the Person who was credited with knowing his whereabouts should take so much interest in him. Had the letter been addressed to the care of the "other Party," he would naturally have expected to receive it without delay. His correspondent tried again:—

"Mark Twain,
 "The Devil knows where!
 "Try London."

This found him also, no less promptly.

He was recovering his old spirits, and MacAlister had been trying for some time to persuade him to "come out." At last, on condition that there was

to be no publicity and no speeches, he consented to come to the Club. He didn't feel fit for civilisation, he said, but might feel more at home among Savages. He afterwards told his host that it did him good, and that he didn't regret it.

The chairman said that as speeches were barred he would not make one ("To be honest, he couldn't"); but asked the members to drink their guest's health and assure him of the affectionate regard in which they held him. Mischievously proceeding, he said that as a Scotchman, and, therefore, a born expert, he thought Clemens had little or no claim to the title of humourist. Clemens tried to be funny, but failed. His true rôle in life was statistics. He was a master of statistics, and loved them for their own sake, and it would be the easiest task he ever undertook if he would honestly try to count all the real jokes he had ever made. But he deserved credit as a philosopher, and the pioneer of the movement (then just beginning to be successful) for bringing the English and Americans into closer sympathy.

The chairman's object was quickly recognised, and those watching Clemens saw those wonderful eyes begin to sparkle and his cheeks to flush. He was drawn! He jumped up and in his quaint, drawling manner delighted the Club with a characteristic speech. "Perhaps he wasn't a humourist, but he was a first-class fool—a simpleton; for till that moment he had believed MacAlister was a decent person, whom he could allow to mix with his friends and relations; but the exhibition he had just made of himself revealed him to be a scoundrel and knave of the deepest dye. He had been cruelly deceived, and

May it please your
Most Gracious Majesty
 to accept the congratulations of the



who heartily invoke the Great Creator
 to prolong your invaluable life, so
 that your Benevolent Reign for many
 years yet, may gladden the people
 of the great British Empire.

Signed on behalf of the members of The Club.
 Silhou Warren Greig

f. H. H. H.
 Chairman of Committee

AN ADDRESS TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

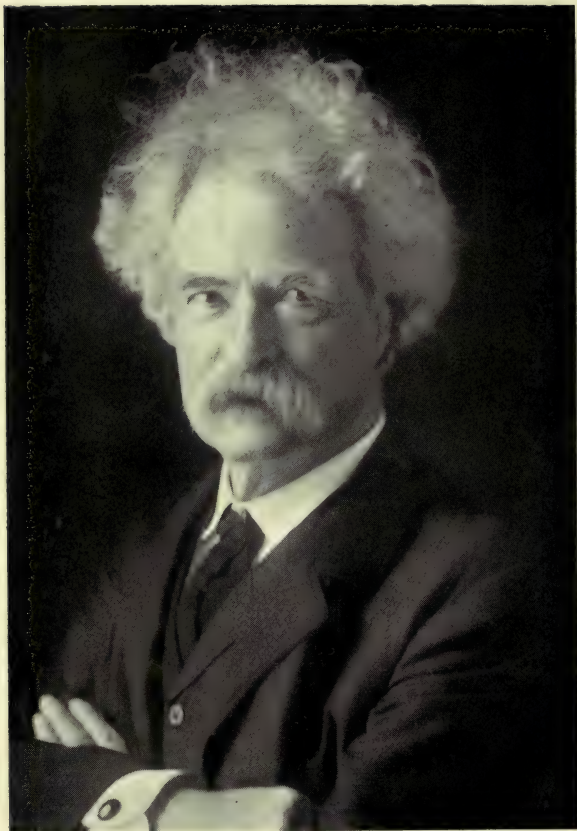
[Illuminated by Albert Warren.]

it served him right for trusting a Scotchman. Yes, he did understand figures, and could count. He had counted the words in MacAlister's drivel (he couldn't call it a speech). There were exactly 3,439, and he had carefully counted the lies—there were exactly 3,439. Then he diverged to wider topics, and incidentally to the fate of great authors. They had a sad habit of dying off. Chaucer was dead, Spenser was dead. So were Milton and Shakespeare; "and I am not myself feeling very well," he plaintively added. The brief speech proved to be one of his best and quaintest, and the manner of it was such as cannot be represented in print.

The ice being broken, Clemens remained to enjoy an exceptionally good entertainment, for the presence of such an artist seemed to act as a stimulus to every performer, and each vied with the rest to do the best thing of the evening, "and," as one member said, "*they all succeeded.*" Curiously enough, a majority of the Committee was present, and MacAlister, noticing this, prepared a formal nomination, and quietly passed it round for signature. When it was completed he got up and, amid a burst of cheers, proposed that Mark Twain should there and then be elected an Honorary Life Member. The motion was triumphantly and unanimously carried, literally by acclamation, and the chairman formally welcomed him as the youngest Brother Savage. Clemens seemed to appreciate deeply the spontaneous compliment thus paid to him, and thanked the Club very heartily. Before he left he yielded to the solicitations of his new brethren and promised to take the chair before long. Among other guests on the occasion of this visit

was, as will be seen from the menu printed herewith, Signor Marconi.

More than a year had elapsed before Mark Twain was able to redeem his promise to preside over a Savage feast, and again his presence was in the character of a surprise. The Saturday night dinners come to an end in July, and the attendance had been thinning down for some weeks past. It was a question of whether another dinner could be held if it were not possible to secure a greatly popular chairman. Colonel Rogers, who had visited Hartford, Mark Twain's home, some years before, only to find that its most famous inhabitant had just left for Europe, suggested that as Clemens was then in London he should be asked to take the chair. It was then Friday morning, and communication was made by telephone. Yes, he would come ; he would be delighted. Word was sent round at once, and on July 7, 1900, there was the biggest and the most jovial dinner of the year, with Mark Twain enjoying himself to the top of his bent, and diffusing around him an atmosphere of high exhilaration. He knew that it was against the rule to make speeches, he remarked ; but he was in the chair, and a chairman was monarch of all he surveyed. He should therefore make as many speeches as he liked ; and he did, in fact, make two, each of them distinguished by wit, raillery, and that power of story-telling of which he is the supreme master. He was on several other occasions at the Club, calling there for letters, and to see friends ; but was not again present on a Saturday night.



MARK TWAIN

CHAPTER XII.

MARK TWAIN'S OWN ACCOUNT

THROUGH MacAlister, Mark Twain has been good enough to supply me with an account of a much earlier visit to the Club than any of those just named. He says:—

“About thirty-five years ago (1872) I took a sudden notion to go to England and get materials for a book about that not-sufficiently known country. It was my purpose to spy out the land in a very private way, and complete my visit without making any acquaintances. I had never been in England, I was eager to see it, and I promised myself an interesting time. The interesting time began at once, in the London train from Liverpool. It lasted an hour—an hour of delight, rapture, ecstasy. These are the best words I can find, but they are not adequate, they are not strong enough to convey the feeling which this first vision of rural England brought to me. Then the interest changed and took another form: I began to wonder why the Englishman in the other end of the compartment never looked up from his book. It seemed to me that I had not before seen a man who could read a whole hour in a train and never once

take his eyes off his book. I wondered what kind of a book it might be that could so absorb a person. Little by little my curiosity grew, until at last it divided my interest in the scenery ; and then went on growing until it abolished it. I felt that I must satisfy this curiosity before I could get back to my scenery, so I loitered over to that man's end of the carriage and stole a furtive glance at the book ; it was the English edition of my 'Innocents Abroad!' Then I loitered back to my end of the compartment, nervous, uncomfortable, and sorry I had found out : for I remembered that up to this time I had never seen that absorbed reader smile. I could not look out at the scenery any more, I could not take my eyes from the reader and his book. I tried to get a sort of comfort out of the fact that he was evidently deeply interested in the book and manifestly never skipped a line, but the comfort was only moderate and was quite unsatisfying. I hoped he would smile once—only just once—and I kept on hoping and hoping, but it never happened. By and by I perceived that he was getting close to the end ; then I was glad, for my misery would soon be over. The train made only one stop in its journey of five hours and twenty minutes ; the stop was at Crewe. The gentleman finished the book just as we were slowing down for the stop. When the train came to a standstill he put the book in the rack and jumped out. I shall always remember what a wave of gratitude and happiness swept through me when he turned the last page of that book. I felt as a condemned man must feel who is pardoned upon the scaffold with the noose hanging over him. I said to myself that I would now resume the scenery and be twice as happy

in it as I had been before. But this was premature, for as soon as the gentleman returned he reached into his hand-bag and got out the second volume! He and that volume constituted the only scenery that fell under my eyes during the rest of the journey. From Crewe to London he read in that same old absorbed way, but he never smiled. Neither did I.

"It was a bad beginning, and affected me dismally. It gave me a longing for friendly companionship and sympathy. Next morning this feeling was still upon me. It was a dreary morning, dim, vague, shadowy, with not a cheery ray of sunshine visible anywhere. By half-past nine the desire to see somebody, know somebody, shake hands with somebody, and see somebody smile had conquered my purpose to remain a stranger in London, and I drove to my publisher's place and introduced myself. The Routledges were about to sit down at a meal in a private room upstairs in the publishing house, for they had not had a bite to eat since breakfast. I helped them eat the meal; at eleven I helped them eat another one; at one o'clock I superintended while they took luncheon; during the afternoon I assisted inactively at some more meals. These exercises had a strong and most pleasant interest for me, but they were not a novelty because, only five years before, I was present in the Sandwich Islands when fifteen men of the shipwrecked *Hornet's* crew arrived, a pathetic little group who hadn't had anything to eat for forty-five days.

"In the evening Edmund Routledge took me to the Savage Club, and there we had something to eat again; also something to drink; also lively speeches, lively anecdotes, late hours, and a very hospitable and

friendly and contenting and delightful good time. It is a vivid and pleasant memory with me yet. About midnight the company left the table and presently crystallised itself into little groups of three or four persons, and the anecdoting was resumed. The last group I sat with that night was composed of Tom Hood, Harry Leigh, and another good man—Frank Buckland, I think. We broke up at two in the morning; then I missed my money—five five-pound notes, new and white and crisp, after the cleanly fashion that prevails there. Everybody hunted for the money, but failed to find it. How it could have gotten out of my trousers-pocket was a mystery. I called it a mystery; they called it a mystery; by unanimous consent it was a mystery, but that was as far as we got. We dropped the matter there, and found things of higher interest to talk about. After I had gone to bed at the Langham Hotel I found that a single pair of candles did not furnish enough light to read by in comfort, and so I rang, in order that I might order thirty-five more, for I was in a prodigal frame of mind on account of the evening's felicities. The servant filled my order, then he proposed to carry away my clothes and polish them with his brush. He emptied all the pockets, and among other things he fetched out those five five-pound notes. Here was another mystery! and I inquired of this magician how he had accomplished that trick—the very thing a hundred of us, equipped with the finest intelligence, had tried to accomplish during half an hour and had failed. He said it was very simple; he got them out of the tail-coat pocket of my dress suit! I must have put them there myself and forgotten it. Yet I do not

see how that could be, for as far as I could remember we had had nothing wet at the Savage Club but water. As far as I could remember.

“In those days—and perhaps still—membership in the Lotus Club in New York carried with it the privileges of membership in the Savage, and the Savages enjoyed Lotus privileges when in New York. I was a member of the Lotus. Ten or eleven years ago I was made an honorary member of the Lotus, and released from dues; and seven or eight years ago I was made an honorary member of the Savage. At that time the honorary list included the Prince of Wales—now his Majesty the King—and Nansen the explorer, and another—Stanley, I think.”

Nansen, it may be added, was elected to the honorary life-membership in 1897, and Mark Twain in 1899. “Samuel L. Clemens, LL.D.” was the last name on the honorary life-membership list until the recent addition of that of the Duke of Connaught.

CHAPTER XIII

AN ABSURD INCIDENT

IN the late sixties a publication called *The Tomahawk* startled the proprietries. It had obviously been brought into existence with that intention. It was a "Society" paper more after the fashion of the old *Scourge* than of that of the Society paper of to-day. It was rude and crude, and in tone defiant of what its promoters considered to be conventionalities. Attention was attracted to it by its cartoons, which were the work of a caricaturist of genius, evidently trained under French and American influences. Matt Morgan has since exercised his gifts as a comic artist in the United States, with an English interval in which he did not succeed in reviving his former notoriety. *The Tomahawk* cartoons were original in style and new in method of production. They were clearly meant, too, like the other contents of the paper, to lean a little to the side of the outrageous. In August or September, 1867, much indignation was aroused by a couple of cartoons which were considered to be of a character intentionally offensive to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. There was a protest, unfortunately more violent than

scathing, in *The Court Circular* of September 14, 1867. The editor of that usually staid publication leapt to the conclusion that a paper with such a name as *The Tomahawk* must emanate from the Savage Club. He therefore set himself to lash the Club before proceeding to trounce the offending paper. An article, to which the prominence of leaded type was given, commenced in these terms:—

“ In the world of English periodical literature there is a small clique of writers who have somehow or other contracted the idea that they are terrific satirists. It is borne in upon them that their wit is scathing, their raillery annihilating. They conceive that their pens are dipped in fire and tipped with poison; that he whom they but touch is slain on the spot; that they have but to speak and the best of us shall sink in their rebuke. They do not play with their victims, but rush upon them with the yell of a Choctaw, and in a moment of overmastering wrath the offender lies flayed, scalped, and dead. That is their own estimate of their prowess; and, desiring that the world should know it and tremble, they have banded themselves into a Club, and they call themselves ‘The Savages.’ Nor is this all. Lest society should fail to recognise and respect their powers, they have started what they would call a comic paper, and given to it the appallingly significant name of *The Tomahawk*. It is a sort of intimation to all and singular that ‘We are the Savages—’ware the scalping-knife and the tomahawk.’ ”

There was much more of the same kind. A less accurate description of the Club and its members, and of the estimation in which they held themselves, the

most bungling of writers could scarcely have stumbled upon. Worse than ludicrous was the so readily assumed connection between the Club and *The Tomahawk*. The astonishing blunder would under ordinary circumstances have provoked only amazed laughter; but the circumstances were not ordinary. The Savage Club had on the occasion of its first appearance in public received a singularly gratifying mark of royal favour, and here was *The Court Circular* accusing it in round terms not only of extreme bad taste, but of rank disloyalty. It was necessary to meet so unexpected and astounding an attack with great seriousness, and the character of the letter that was sent from the Club to *The Court Circular* may be surmised from the terms of the apology which appeared in the issue of a week later. The editor then said:—

“We have received a letter from Mr. Andrew Halliday, the Secretary of the Savage Club, couched in gentlemanly language, in which he requests us to make amends for the statement in our leading columns of last week to the effect that the notorious *Tomahawk* emanates from the above-mentioned Club. The disclaimer of Mr. Halliday on the part of that body of gentlemen is so decisive that we have no hesitation in withdrawing that portion of our remarks which had reference to the Savage Club, and also in expressing our extreme regret that we permitted the common rumour of the town to influence us in attacking a body of gentlemen so respected in the world of letters.”

The editor of *The Court Circular* was evidently surprised at the receipt from the Savage Club of a letter “couched in gentlemanly language.” Language of an opposite character might certainly have been

excused in such a case. Halliday wrote many other letters to the newspapers "couched" in similar terms. There were individual Savages who took up the quarrel on their own account. One of these wrote to *Echoes from the Clubs*: "*The Court Circular* of last Saturday devotes one of its principal pages to a leading article of virtuous indignation reprehending the Savage Club for its assumed connection with a scurrilous periodical in which have lately appeared one or two disgraceful cartoons levelled at Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales. The indignation of *The Court Circular* might have been better, or, at least, not so ill bestowed, had the writer only taken the pains to ascertain facts before imputing slander, disloyalty, and ingratitude to a body of gentlemen. The Savage Club is not and never has been in any way connected with the disreputable periodical in question."

This was true and to the point, and it roused *The Tomahawk* people to a sort of dull fury. Matt Morgan wrote to *The Court Circular*: "As the 'Clever Scene-Painter' alluded to in your fearfully scathing article upon 'Aboriginal Journalism,' I beg to inform you that I have never been a member of the Savage Club, and, what is more, have not the smallest intention of ever allowing my name to be put up for membership of that happy abode of all that is literary and respectable."

Here is Pride. Then follows Effrontery. The editor of *The Tomahawk* wrote concerning Halliday's denial of any connection between the Club and the paper: "As this extraordinary and uncalled-for denial seems merely to have been made to insult the body of gentlemen forming the staff of the journal

under my control, I must tax your well-known courtesy by asking a personal favour on my own behalf. Will you kindly permit the staff of the paper in question, through me, to declare that nothing would be more distasteful to their feelings than the circulation of a report in any way associating them with the members of the Savage Club?"

This letter appeared in *The Evening Star*, a famous newspaper of that period, associated with the names of such journalists as John Morley, Justin McCarthy, Sir Edward Russell, and Richard Whiteing. The editor appended a dryly humorous footnote. He said: "The public were, we believe, anxious to know whether *The Tomahawk* was wielded by the members of the Savage Club. That point is now settled, and we do not know that anybody cared to learn what the staff of *The Tomahawk* think about the members of the Savage Club."

The whole affair was a great advertisement for *The Tomahawk*, which, of course, prolonged it to the utmost extent possible. Journalists both in London and the country got a quite satisfactory amount of "copy" out of the incident. One of the flâneurs of *The Evening Star* made the following remarks, among others:—

"He is a wise man who mixes not in quarrels; but he is not a brave man who sees injustice done and says no word. Hence, although 'some galled goose of Winchester may hiss,' let me speak my mind as to the row between *The Tomahawk* and the Savage Club. Satire is one thing, untruth and blackguardism another. If a costermonger did not swear he might be chaffed out of countenance by a schoolboy. But his power lies in his oaths. When he opens his mouth a gentle-

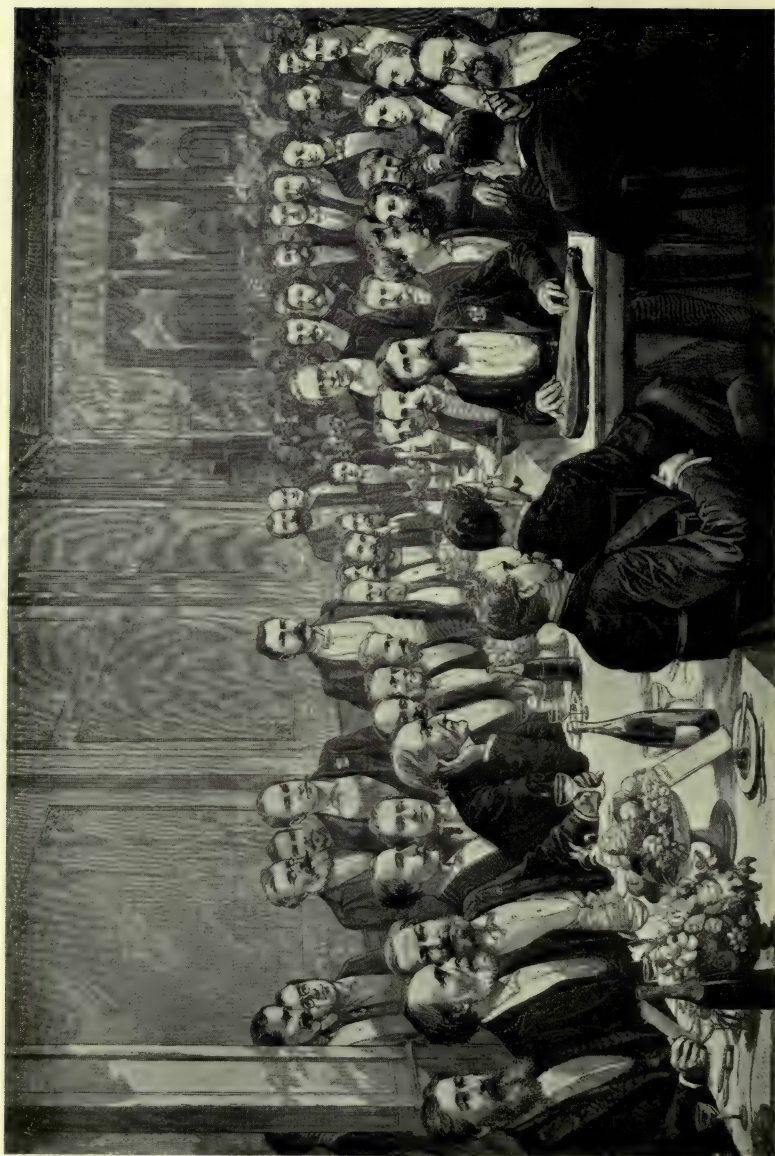
man shuts his. The self-styled satirist has been imitating the costermonger, and endeavouring to expose the Club because, forsooth, in these cream-laid, hot-pressed, frangipani days, literary men dare to meet in the parlour of a tavern to smoke long pipes and drink gin-and-water. And if they do, did not Parr, Porson, Coleridge, and others, do so? Yes; my Lord Byron was partial to gin-and-water, and the gentle Thackeray often beamed behind a yard of clay."

"Has any one," asked *The Tomahawk*, "with the exception of royalty, ever heard of the Savage Club?" The question was followed by an insulting compliment to Halliday. "In conclusion," it was remarked, "we have no wish to quarrel with Mr. Andrew Halliday, the Secretary of the Club. On the contrary, we respect him much, as we consider him, after the just claims to superiority of Messrs. Best and Bellingham have been but once allowed, nearly the best of our modern burlesque writers." Has anybody, one may ask in these days, ever heard of Best and Bellingham? The only Bellingham who is now remembered is he who shot Spencer Percival in the Lobby of the House of Commons. There is, by the way, a piece of his skin—a little, dark patch of human epidermis—in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard.

But as to that question of whether anybody had ever heard of the Savage Club, thereby hangs a tale. When the editor of *The Tomahawk* was writing to the papers to say that the idea of association with the Savage Club was distasteful to the members of his staff, he was also writing to the Club Secretary in these terms: "I have purposely omitted to pay my

subscription this year, as for the last four months I have not considered myself a member of the Savage Club. If my name is still on your books, kindly remove it. If I'm in any way indebted to the Club, please let me know the amount." He anticipated his expulsion by the length of one day. The amount of his indebtedness to the Club was, of course, the amount of the subscription in respect to which he was a defaulter.

One may, in connection with this burlesque incident, recall the fact that there once *was* a publication which might be said to "emanate" from the Savage Club. Copies of it would now, I fancy, be difficult to procure. It was a penny monthly of thirty-two pages, called *Colman's Magazine*. Why *Colman's* I have not been able to determine; but the title had nothing to do with the much-advertised mustard. The magazine was "started in the belief that in the present state of the periodical press there is room for a good penny weekly magazine. That room it is sought to occupy by a journal of original literature which shall distance 'sensation' writing not merely by avoiding it, but by passing far above and beyond it." Most of the contributors were members of the Club; but there were some "outsiders," one of them being William Brighty Rands, known also as Matthew Browne, Henry Holbeach, and under other names, a delightful writer, of quite wonderful versatility—the Andrew Lang of his day. Other writers for the magazine concealed themselves under an assortment of designations. Prowse was "Guy Necker," Halliday was "Andrew Plainstones," Tom Robertson was "Charles Windle," and J. C. Brough was "Francis Midgeperry."



THE GLADSTONE NIGHT
(FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT JOHNSON, IN "THE GRAPHIC.")

CHAPTER XIV

A GLADSTONE NIGHT

THERE hangs in one of the rooms in Adelphi Terrace a drawing by Herbert Johnson, made for *The Graphic* in 1879, and reproduced, by permission, in these pages. It represents an assemblage of Savages and their guests at what was, perhaps, the most remarkable of the annual dinners of the Club. Lord Dunraven is in the chair. Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., is playing a zither in the foreground. At the dinner-table Mr. Gladstone is the most prominent figure. He has put his hand up to his ear and leans over the walnuts and the wine in order the better to drink in every tremulous spasm of sound. To right and to left of him are seated M. Edmond About, Sir Theodore Martin, and Sir Julius Benedict, M. Got, the *doyen*, at that time, of the Comédie Française, and William Powell Frith, R.A. The late H. J. Byron stands up with his left hand on his chair and that air or aristocratic ease which he was wont to assume when playing certain characters in his own comedies. The background is crowded with Savages in evening dress, many of them long since gone "to where beyond these voices there is peace." In the crowd, seated or

standing, one many discern Bronson Howard, the American dramatist whose "Saratoga" made a great English success as "Brighton"; Frederick Locker, the author of the inimitable "London Lyrics," afterwards known as Locker-Lampson, Mounet-Sully, the great French actor, Pinsuti, and F. H. Cowen, who stood for the higher kind of popular music of the day. Henry Irving would have been there but for his professional engagements. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., regretted that it would not be possible for him to be in London on the date named to him. There were excuses on the same ground from Lord Dufferin and others, and J. A. Froude was unable to be present because of a domestic bereavement. Lord Granville wrote: "I should have liked very much to dine at the Savage Club, particularly on this interesting occasion; but I regret to say that I have been for some time engaged for the 14th."

Saturday, June 14, 1879, was the day on which there was this memorable gathering of well-known Savages and illustrious strangers. It was a night the proceedings of which were much diversified by music and song; but it was a night, also, of remarkable speeches. Writing of it when it was over, the London correspondent of *The Liverpool Mail* said: "The speaking at the dinner was extraordinarily good. Lord Dunraven, even in the opening toast, 'The Queen,' struck the keynote which guided the tone of the whole proceedings. 'Whatever we do,' he seemed to say, 'let us be lively.' And lively the Savages were, indeed. There was not a dull or prosy speech from first to last; but one succession of bright, sparkling orations; all very brief and full of good things.

Wonderful to say, Mr. Gladstone's speech was, perhaps, the liveliest of all. It was something new for him to keep the table in a roar, yet this is literally what he did. Still more remarkable for him was the fact that the only fault found with his speech was that it was too short, though he spoke for nearly half an hour. He himself seemed greatly to enjoy the entertainment. I understand that on entering the room he said he felt fatigued and unwell, and that he meant to retire early. Nevertheless, he remained till a quarter past eleven o'clock—only half an hour before the party broke up. Mr. Horseley, R.A., who had earnestly begged not to be asked to speak, made a capital little oration, in which he announced the interesting fact that the late Sir Edwin Landseer had been repeatedly offered, and had always refused, the Presidency of the Royal Academy. Sir Julius Benedict was also very happy, and Mr. Byron's reply for the Drama was as good in its way as Mr. Gladstone's response for Literature. The French speeches were also great successes, and the Club must be very proud of having in Mr. Van Laun a member who could in such admirable terms propose the health of M. Edmond About and M. Got in their own tongue."

The chairman at the banquet, Lord Dunraven, had then been a member of the Club for about ten years. He was one of the first English writers to tell us about the wonders of the Yellowstone region. In the Franco-German War he acted as one of the special correspondents of *The Daily Telegraph*, and he also accompanied the Ashanti expedition in the same capacity. The storm that arose over his election had been long forgotten when he presided

over that annual dinner of the Club at which Mr. Gladstone was the principal guest. The great statesman responded for Literature in reply to the toast of "Literature and the Sister Arts," John Calcott Horseley, R.A.—"Clothes Horseley," as he afterwards came to be called, as a consequence of his protest against the nude at the Academy—replying for Art, Sir Julius Benedict for Music, and H. J. Byron for the Drama. Mr. Gladstone made a speech delightful in manner, and in its matter so full of interest as to suggest almost innumerable leading articles. After a few preliminary sentences, he said: "It is eminently pleasant to stand in a company like this, which consists of men who, when they drink to the toast of Literature and the Sister Arts, are not rendering to literature and these arts a merely theoretical and abstract homage, but who speak of that which they know, who stand in the field wherein they labour, and whose sentiments are thoroughly sincere and come from the bottom of their hearts. I will not comment further upon your Society—for it would be a very dangerous thing to attempt to make any addition to the speech of so accomplished a president as presides over you to-day—beyond saying this: that when he spoke of the migrations of the Savage Club, and appeared almost to offer an apology for those migrations, it seemed to me that nothing could be in more perfect harmony than those frequent movements with the title which you bear, and of which you are justly proud, because it shows that your society, in accordance with its appellation, is at the stage which is commonly called nomad, but has not reached that of an agricultural com-

munity. I am inclined to hope that you will never reach that condition, and therefore I trust that you will migrate from time to time as you may find it convenient."

Apologising for responding for Literature, Mr. Gladstone remarked: "It is said by an authority to which we all bow that no man can serve two masters; but I certainly have been in the unhappy condition of being compelled, at any rate, of serving two mistresses, and one of these is a most imperious mistress—a mistress to whom I should be inclined almost to apply the title which you bear, were it not that I think your interpretation is one so genial and so humane compared with that of the demands which the business of a politician makes upon his time. What little I have done in Literature," he went on to say, "has been chiefly done in connection with a very genuine and intense devotion to one who was the father of all the literature known to us, and I think many among those whom I have the honour to address, and who are cultivators of the dramatic art, may put in a claim not dissimilar to that of music for an origin contemporary with that of literature itself. For the bard who sought the assistance of music likewise sought the assistance of expressive action; and if he sought the assistance of expressive action he was undoubtedly in essence a dramatist."

There followed a pleasant story about one of those foreign observers—an observer of the Count Smorltork kind—who were accustomed to visit us and to write about us in the early Victorian period. This was an Italian gentleman, Count Pecchio. He had written a book, said Mr. Gladstone, recounting his

experiences in England. He said that on visiting the chief people in London he found their drawing-rooms not only well-furnished, but overcrowded with all kinds of nick-nacks and *bijouterie*, easily liable to fracture. Being of a philosophic turn, he began to connect in his mind causes and effects. He said: "I now see the reason why the English people never gesticulate. If they did, the whole of these beautiful objects—their china, their Venetian glass, all the interesting but fragile articles with which their rooms are replete—would come to grief." There was great laughter at this, of course, as at many other passages of Mr. Gladstone's speech; and then came a fine, serious, and effective close, in these words:—

Two hundred years ago there was no remuneration for the author. He might write for fame; but I apprehend I should be very near the mark indeed if I said that there was no such thing as earning one's bread by Literature, and some who now earn bread in that way, and find it rather scanty, may perhaps be led to brighter hopes for the future by considering the progress already made. It is often said with a kind of wondering pity that Milton received only £15 for that great work "Paradise Lost"—the most considerable, if not the most perfect, of his writings; but I believe that is about the first instance on record in the history of this country of money being given by any publisher for a literary production. Then there was the age of dependence on patrons. The last century was the last of that age, and Dr. Johnson—that great man, whose name will be always on the roll of English literature as one of the most interesting to his country, from the greatness, vigour, and intensity of his personality—has left upon record what his experience was in his dealings with patrons. Now we have entirely passed out of that phase, and no man in literature now, be he small or be he great, thinks of a patron. The one patron of the nineteenth century is the public. It is not a

perfect patron ; its judgment is uncertain ; much it overvalues ; it is ignorant of much that deserves its notice ; but, notwithstanding these defects, it is, I believe, upon the whole, a truer patron, and a juster patron, and a more munificent patron, than letters have ever had before—at any rate, in modern times, and in the modern condition of society. It is pleasant to think that commerce and manufacture, and even law, and sometimes medicine, can offer in various degrees, but all of them very substantially, to their votaries the means of creating fortunes which they can hand down honourably to their descendants, and that even literature has not been shut out from that privilege. I trust it will never be spoiled, and never corrupted. I trust the virgin purity of the muse, the absolute integrity of mental labour and inquiry, which is a treasure that can never be brought into comparison with any other treasure whatever, may never be compromised, in whole or in part, by the seductions of immediate popular applause. With this reservation, I rejoice that men like the great Sir Walter Scott among those who were taken from us half a century ago, men like Charles Dickens whom we have lost within the last ten or fifteen years, men like Alfred Tennyson, whom we still have the pleasure and honour of seeing among us, have received from the public such an acknowledgment at least of their work as, if not an adequate reward, yet is still a substantial evidence of gratitude, and is in the nature of an absolute guarantee of freedom and independence. We cannot all expect to live in a great literary age. There is no country in Europe, I think, at the present, which believes itself to be living in the midst of a great literary age, so far as concerns the production of works which, on account of their form and character, will be embodied among the permanent treasures of mankind. But we live in a thinking age, an age which labours much, that produces much—an age that doubtless has its dangers, but which also has its services and merits to record—an age which, if it does not reach to the highest summits, will, at all events, produce much useful labour, to be turned hereafter to account. On the whole, therefore, in returning thanks for this great and most important toast, to which you have accorded to-night so liberal and so conspicuous a share of your attention, I feel that I am justified in echoing the festive sounds with which you have given expression to

your sentiments, and in anticipating for literature in the future age, even as compared with the past, a bright and a glorious experience.

The speech of Mr. Horseley has already been described in a quotation. Sir Julius Benedict paid a splendid compliment to English taste by saying that the progress of music in this country, which he had been watching for forty-five years, had been most gratifying and surprising. In no other country in the world, he affirmed, was the taste for music developing itself to such a degree, or with such satisfactory results, as in England, where they could now hear better music in a week than other lands afforded in a year. The speech of Henry J. Byron, one of the very best of Savages, from first to last, deserves to be recorded here in full. It was in these terms:—

The subject of the Drama is one that has been so much talked about, written about, widely and extensively lately, in magazines and newspapers—in fact, we have been so over-ridden with the Drama recently—that it is not necessary I should enter on the subject beyond a few remarks, coming from a practical dramatist, who has been, for a short career, before the public perhaps as much as most people. I must apologise for saying that I am here as no apologist for the Drama of the day. On the contrary, I believe that the Drama of the day is a very healthy Drama. I am perfectly aware that there are a great many people who, when they read the reports in the newspapers of meetings like the present, are very much disgusted, indeed, wounded, because they do not see that the toast of the Drama was received in solemn silence. There is a class of persons who consider the Drama defunct. There is another class of persons—much larger—who consider the Drama is in a decline. That class of persons has existed ever since there was a Drama; the decline of the Drama

has existed ever since there was a Drama. We are always being crushed with what are called "the palmy days." Now, nobody, I believe, can exactly describe what "the palmy days" were, except that they existed in the remote past—when their grandfathers used to say that "the palmy days" existed in the days of their great-grandfathers. So "the palmy days" must have gone back to days when they were even palmier, till they reached a degree of such palminess that it passes human comprehension to imagine what they were at all. It has always been the fashion for people to regret the decline of the Drama, and that the Drama was not patronised in their time as it was in the time that went before. I believe that when Thespis, with his cart, went to a town where he found a circus, he invariably complained that the Drama was going to the dogs, while the public were going to the horses. The only practical way of looking at the condition of the Drama—because we don't want to go into its history, thank goodness—is to look at its condition at the present moment from four points of view. (Oh!) From short points of view—the manager's point of view, the actor's, the author's, and lastly, but not least, that of the audience. If the Drama is in a state of decline, how is it that we have so many theatres in London, and most of them flourishing on what I conceive to be exceedingly wholesome fare? If we go into the country we find that in every large town of any importance whatever, within the last ten or fifteen years one or two theatres have been built, and the best companies go from London to the provinces, and gigantic audiences are found. Therefore the Drama cannot be in a decline in the provinces. If we go to the minor theatres we find a superior kind of entertainment to that given at the Old Coburg in my boyhood. Again it falls to the task of the severe critic to announce the fact that some of the productions are not as nice as they might be. I say it is quite the exception, and not the rule. Life cannot be all leg of mutton. We must indulge in a few kickshaws, and the kickshaws are superior, in a literary point of view, and from the absence of anything like dirt, in comparison with the kickshaws of twenty-five years ago at some of the West End theatres. Good taste now rules the general order of things in theatres. Audiences will only receive at all events what is decent, and will receive with greater delight what

is good. As for tragedy, we continually hear that there is no such thing, and that there are no tragic actors. Well, we have just had a telegram from Mr. Irving. "Hamlet" has been played for 200 nights. Then, as to comedy, we find that they played "The School for Scandal" at the Vaudeville for 440 nights, to say nothing of modern pieces, which, at any rate, were pure and innocent. Although we find occasionally that something which is not perhaps quite as good as it might be is tolerated, yet it is tolerated, I believe, rather than welcomed; and that the public taste has very much improved is demonstrated nightly by the crowded condition of the Gaiety Theatre, where we see the grandest company of actors in the world welcomed with a heartiness and appreciation that is simply remarkable. Many are old enough to remember when a French company came to Drury Lane to play "Monte Cristo." It was very long; it took two nights. But the audience did not wait for the second night. They took the bull by the horns, and hissed the actors from the stage. How different it is now, when the general public will go and be delighted with performances such as we see—at least those who can afford to go, or who get in free. I mean to say that the dramatic taste now is a wholesome taste, ready to welcome everything good, true, and artistic, and in no spirit of apology for the Drama, but believing in the Drama, and that it will go on improving, I thank you heartily for the toast.

The Savages and their guests recognised that in speaking of Vaudeville pieces, which, "at any rate, were pure and innocent," Byron was referring, among others, to pieces of his own, and gave him a hearty cheer. "The grandest company of actors in the world" was, of course, the great company of French comedians which was then delighting London, represented on this occasion by Mounet-Sully and M. Got.

This famous banquet—which was held, by the way, at the Pall Mall Restaurant, Regent Street, the Club then being domiciled at the Caledonian Hotel—placed



HENRY IRVING AS "VANDERDECKEN."

[From a drawing by H. Van der Weyde.]

the coping-stone on the reputation of the Savage Club as a body representative in a peculiar manner of literature and the arts. From the many newspaper articles written on the Club itself and on Mr. Gladstone's speech, I quote first from *The Standard*, which said :—

The first founders of the Savage Club are now dead. The Club itself, during the fifteen years or so that it has been in existence, has comprised among its members many assiduous toilers in different departments of cultivated energy. It has been remarkably free from the mere dilettante element, and has been conducted upon principles strictly in accordance, for the most part, with the spirit and letter of its rules as to qualification. Like the city of Rome, it may be said to have "set out from slender beginnings," and its originators can scarcely in their most sanguine moments have anticipated that before a couple of decades were over they would be entertaining an ex-Prime Minister, and one who, so long as he takes an active part in political life, must, as Mr. Disraeli reminded the House of Commons early in the first session of the present Parliament, be always regarded as a potential candidate for the honours of the Premiership.

The Standard was evidently struck by the truly respectable appearance of the Savages when they appeared in evening dress, and, presumably, in their right minds. It assumed that Bohemia was reforming itself. It even doubted whether there ever had been any genuine Bohemianism in this country, for it went on to observe :—

Some allegorical significance may be legitimately discerned in the occasion. It was a compliment to Mr. Gladstone that he should have been asked to respond to the toast of Literature. It was a welcome commentary on the progress made by the profession of literature that Mr. Gladstone should have been

present to discharge the honourable duty. The coincidence may remind us of two things. First, of the gradual extinction of what was always more or less the artificial tradition of Bohemianism amongst that growing class of Englishmen who support themselves by their pen. Secondly, of the gradual change which has come over the composition and pursuits of the entire literary class. The existence which is associated with Henri Murger was from the first essentially a French product, and the relation which the author of the "*Vie de Bohême*" occupied to the bulk of his countrymen was entirely unlike that in which those who have attempted to acclimatise the *cultus* here have found themselves.

The Scotsman seemed inclined, without adequate motive, so far as I can discern, to turn the speech to political account, and commenced a leading article by saying :—

It would not be altogether unprofitable to compare the speech which Mr. Gladstone made on Literature at the Savage Club dinner on Saturday evening and the speech which Lord Beaconsfield made some time ago at the opening dinner of the Royal Academy. Just as it is asserted by some persons that character can be traced in handwriting, in the shape of the hands, in the walk, and other actions of men and women, it might be asserted that the characters as statesmen of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone could be accurately gathered from their non-political speeches. The cynical humour of the Premier would come out in strong contrast to the more playful, but thoroughly earnest, humour of Mr. Gladstone ; and it might be fairly argued that what they were when dealing with non-political subjects they would be when engaged in work to which they have more particularly given themselves. A comparison of the kind might, however, stray far a-field, and after all not lead to any satisfactory conclusion ; but there is no such danger if comparison be avoided and the teachings of each statesman be regarded separately. Nothing but profit and pleasure can, for instance, be derived from Mr. Gladstone's speech on Saturday.

He is not of those who think, or act as if they thought, that literature, painting, and music could be well dispensed with. Of all men, Mr. Gladstone is the last to fall into such an error. Nor is he like certain other men who care for literature, painting, and music only because of the sensuous pleasure to be derived from them. He finds in them not merely aids to civilisation, but handmaids of knowledge. They not only soften, they form manners; and they teach while they soften and polish. All this Mr. Gladstone would assume that everybody admitted; and when he was called upon to respond to the toast of Literature, he would naturally turn to what may be called the literary position of the time. This is, in fact, what he did, and he lighted up his subject with a hundred suggestive allusions. Whether it be true, as he was disposed to contend—agreeing so far with Charles Dickens—or untrue that literature is the elder sister of painting and music, it is certain that she has now a great practical influence over our everyday life. It was, therefore, no merely fanciful and useless exercise of his gifts when Mr. Gladstone discussed the position both of literature and of what may be called literary men.

Mr. Gladstone and the Savage Club had, in fact, provided the newspapers with a good “meaty” topic for discussion, and from the date of the dinner at the Pall Mall Restaurant the Club may be said to have been recognised as—to use the language of *The New York Herald*—“the Club of clubs of its kind in the English-speaking world.”

Concerning the Gladstone night Professor Henry Robinson writes to me:—

“There was an amusing incident (of which I think I was the only witness). Mr. Gladstone sat on the chairman’s right, and I was at a cross-table quite near. Lord Dunraven opened the proceedings after dinner by calling on George Grossmith to give his well-known lecture on ‘The Dark Races.’ The keen interest which Mr. Gladstone had taken in the Bulgarian

atrocities led him, I suppose, to expect some useful information from Grossmith's lecture, for I saw the great statesman take out a piece of paper, ready to take notes, the expression on his face being most earnest and grave. As is well known, the first few observations of Grossmith in this humorous lecture convulsed the audience with laughter. I noticed Mr. Gladstone start, and then he appeared to realise that he was mistaken about the lecture. He happened to look across, and saw my face with an appreciative smile upon it. His grave features then relaxed, and I saw him crush up the paper and throw it under the table. He then leant forward, and listened to Grossmith with the keenest enjoyment. After the lecture was over Mr. Gladstone said something to Lord Dunraven which convulsed him with laughter, as he had no doubt been informed of the mistake."



A GUSTAVE DORÉ TAIL-PIECE.
(From the "Savage Club Papers.")

CHAPTER XV

LANCASTER HOUSE

IT was at Lancaster House, in the Savoy, that the Club, feeling that, for the first time, it was strong enough to abandon the taverns and the hotels, ventured on taking premises of its own, with servants of its own, with its own cuisine, with its own front door, which it could lock at whatever hour it made choice of. There are those who speak of the Savoy premises as unattractive, even as squalid, which they certainly were not; but there is no Savage now surviving from the Savoy days who does not look back on the time when the Waterloo Bridge was in front of us, and the Savoy graveyard at the back, as a most happy epoch in his existence.

No old Savage, walking along the Strand, ever passes Savoy Street without a sigh over times past. It may be surmised with some safety that Charles Millward wrote what appeared in *The Liverpool Mail* on the subject of the removal. The contribution is dated Saturday, April 16, 1881, and says :—

After having had its quarters in a series of hotels for nearly twenty-five years, the Savage Club has at last settled down in its own premises. Its term of occupancy at the Caledonian Hotel having expired last Lady Day, its members have since been

temporarily accommodated at the Green Room Club, a very similar society, to which, indeed, a large number of Savages already belong. The new premises of the Club, which were opened yesterday, consist of a suite of apartments, one being a room capable of dining 150 persons, in a handsome block of new buildings called Lancaster House, in the Savoy, just behind the Savoy Chapel, and fronting the Thames Embankment. The new place has been fitted up by the Club with furniture of a special design, and decorated with great taste, under the superintendence of one of its members, Mr. T. W. Cutler, a well-known architect; and very promising arrangements have been made in the department of catering, the supply of wines, &c. Members will now, for the first time, be able to get supper in their own rooms after the theatres, instead of being turned out at the usual licensed hour, which will be a great boon to the many actors who are members of the Club, and who will find in the new place a further advantage from its close proximity to the theatres of the Strand. The Club was never so flourishing as it is now, the result of its being managed in a very different way from that which prevailed, and sufficed, in the old "Bohemian" days. The first "house" dinner takes place on Saturday evening, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Kelly, to whose energy the carrying out of the arrangements for settling the Club in its own rooms has been mainly due.

Perhaps expectations on the subject of catering were placed a little too high. As Edward Terry said in those days, "The Club is more renowned for its wit than its wittles."

Charles Kelly was always a great favourite among Savages. On account of the name he bore before the public he was believed to be an Irishman, and was, indeed, congratulated by a distinguished Irish-American actor on being one of the two best Irish actors on the stage; but in fact Kelly was the son of a Tyneside clergyman named Weddell. "What right had the man to be born out of his own country?"

asked John Augustus O'Shea. He had been an officer in the army before he took to the stage. He and his wife, the incomparable Ellen Terry, ran a successful company in the provinces. A separation was made between them when Ellen Terry, following the imperative call of genius, joined Henry Irving at the Lyceum. Charles Kelly was a very much saddened man thereafterwards, but a dry sort of humour frequently sparkled through his gloom. Once, when he was on tour, he went to Leicester, and when he arrived at the stage door of the theatre he found the hall-keeper seated on a bench outside, smoking a pipe. This official looked more like an agriculturist than the Cerberus of a play-house, sporting corduroys, gaiters, and hob-nailed boots. Said Kelly: "Where's Mr. So-and-So, the manager?" "Dunno," replied the hall-keeper, "but I see him about 'ere 'alf an 'our ago." "Is the stage manager about?" "I think 'e's gone to the public-'ouse." "Is the acting manager on the premises?" "I reckon 'e's gone to the races." "Are there any supers to be found?" "I ain't seen none." "Well, my friend," said Kelly, without a smile, "perhaps you could tell me the price of turnips?" He was wont to relate this story with infinite glee.

It was Charles Kelly who produced Tennyson's "The Promise of May," which proved to be a quite unfortunate speculation. When the poet lay dying he said to his Isle of Wight physician, Dr. Dabbs, "They never did me justice with 'The Promise of May.'" Then, after a pause, he added: "I can trust Irving. He will do me justice." This fell something short of doing justice to Charles Kelly and his com-

pany. Probably the piece could not have been made successful under any circumstances and in any hands ; but there was one unlucky passage in it which exposed it to ridicule on the first night, and which would have raised a laugh every succeeding night if it had been retained. How it managed to pass through the rehearsals is inexplicable ; but the public recognised its absurdity at once, and screamed with laughter, for no deeper reason than that the poet had used a word which had a Cockney meaning with which he was unacquainted. Probably the demonstrations made in the theatre by the late Marquis of Queensberry did no harm to the run of the piece, but the original oversight undoubtedly did. However, it was its general unsuitability to the stage which brought about the failure of "The Promise of May." Irving made "Becket" successful by his great personality first of all : but also because he trimmed it into the shape that he knew it must wear, a liberty which Charles Kelly may not have felt himself permitted to take with the other Tennysonian drama.

Among the Savages who moved into the Savoy there were many artists, some of them already with reputations, and some of them just on the point of arriving at fame. W. C. T. Dobson was a Royal Academician. Henry Woods was elected a member of the Club as early as 1872. He and the late C. G. Birch were entertained to a congratulatory dinner in Lancaster House when they were elected A.R.A.'s. Mr. Woods has now for many years been a full R.A., as Mr. Birch would no doubt have been if he had lived. It was down at the Savoy that we received and welcomed the news of E. J. Gregory's election to the

Associateship. He had himself, as he told us afterwards, spent the evening at the house of a friend to whom he had expected that honour to fall. He had no expectation of it for himself at that time. He, too, has now for some years been a full Academician, as well as President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, a post of distinction in which he succeeded another Savage of high artistic rank, Sir James Linton. Mr. von Herkomer was among us in those days, as was Alfred Parsons, and William Hughes, whose remarkable and original experiments in decorative painting, like "The Song of the Sea-birds," were among the principal features of the Grosvenor Gallery through the brief but exciting lifetime of that institution. Bernard Evans, T. B. Hardy, Charles Jones, J. A. Fitzgerald, and W. H. Pike were among other artists who moved with the Club to the Savoy. There was also an amateur of exceptional ability, Dr. Lennox Browne, who had exhibited on several occasions at Burlington House. When, therefore, it was suggested that some of the artists would no doubt like to give a picture to the Club, there was a really considerable body of painters to be drawn upon.

The response to the suggestion was ready and generous. There was soon little additional space left for pictures at Lancaster House, and, in fact, not many additions have been made to what may be called the Savage Club Gallery from that day to this. Much the most notable of these additions was Mr. W. H. Bartlett's fine group of portraits, reproduced by permission of the artist and the publisher as a frontispiece to this book. It hangs over the splendid

mantelpiece, possibly Flaxman's, in the dining-room at Adelphi Terrace, but it represents the Club as it was in the Savoy days, on the occasion of a typical Saturday night dinner, with Franklin Clive singing beside the piano, as he still does on many a Saturday night with undiminished freshness and power of voice. Of the figures prominent in the foreground few are now left to us. Irving, Toole, William Rignold, Philip Rathbone, William Woodhall, David Anderson, Harold Frederic, and some others, have all trod the way to dusty death. Others, like Mr. Pinero, Mr. von Herkomer, and Sir Albert Rollit, have ceased to be members of the Club. Far too many of the faces in the remoter parts of the picture are now only memories. The time is ripe for the painting of another such group of Savages, were there another painter offering himself on Mr. Bartlett's generous terms, which were that the Club would be good enough to accept his picture as a gift.

With the occupation of the new quarters many things were changed. It may be, as some have affirmed, that the Club lost its Bohemian character. I do not myself believe that to have been so : certainly, it was not wholly so. But there was to be no more lagging behind with subscriptions, which of course had increased in amount. There was a heavy rent to pay ; there were servants to be kept ; there was a kitchen, and there was a cellar to be supplied. The subscription went up from three guineas to four, and then from four to five. On the five guinea basis the Club became quite prosperous again. There was actually, at one of the annual meetings, a proposal which, if it did not come from the Committee, was benevolently

regarded in that quarter, that the subscription should be reduced by a guinea a year. Most of the Savages then, however, seem to have been as prosperous as the Club itself. There was a counter motion that the subscription should remain at five guineas, and that one guinea of the five should be put away as a sort of Sinking Fund, against the time when the Club might be in a position to acquire premises that should be its own property. Strange as it may seem, this self-denying motion was carried. So confident had the Savages now become of their future and that of the Club! But I don't think I ever heard anything more of the Sinking Fund.

Some notable passages in the history of the Club whilst it remained at Lancaster House will be dealt with in other chapters of this book. There was the addition of the Prince of Wales (His Majesty King Edward VII.) to the list of members, followed by the famous Savage Club Ball in behalf of the Royal College of Music. There was much entertaining of distinguished persons, for the Club accepted in an entirely generous fashion the responsibilities which had been imposed upon it by a world-wide reputation for hospitality. Whether a body like the Savage Club should have entertained Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, as a suitable guest, is certainly open to question; but so it happened. This was in 1884. I chanced to be seated just opposite to Ismail, who was certainly an agreeable gentleman, conversing very pleasantly in French, and without any sort of outward pretension. He was a comfortable, well-fed, rubicund person, adapting himself to his surroundings as easily as if they were those of his daily life

The Manchester Guardian said of the occasion : " The ex-Khedive of Egypt is now a familiar figure in the West End of London, and last evening he was present at the weekly dinner of the Savage Club. No living man has dispensed a hospitality more prodigal. It is hard, however, to recognise the splendid host of former years in Egypt in the very short, stout, white-haired little gentleman dressed in black cloth of the most ordinary cut, and crowned with the hat common to Englishmen. You might guess, perhaps, that he is a foreigner if you saw him gesticulate with his short arms, under one of which the umbrella is generally held. Like most Orientals, Ismail Pasha has no confidence in the English climate." The climate was on its good behaviour at that time, however. I did not see the umbrella. That Ismail enjoyed himself in an unwonted way there was no reason whatever to doubt.

An earlier guest, of a more befitting type, may find appropriate mention here, though he made the acquaintance of the Savages before they had moved to the Savoy. This was James Russell Lowell, then recently appointed United States Minister to the Court of St. James's. To the members of the Club he was most welcome because he was the author of " The Biglow Papers," and a genuine poet to boot. There had been some strained relations between Russell Lowell and this country before he came over to make our personal acquaintance, and to number himself, in the long run, among our best friends. His essay on " A Certain Condescension in Foreigners " was rather ruffling to our national pride, and there were other passages of his works which

exhibited dislike of what he supposed to be our national character, strong as was his love of English literature. But when he crossed the Atlantic it took him no long time to feel thoroughly at home with Englishmen.

The occasion of his finding himself among the Savages was a breakfast given at the "Criterion," on July 30, 1880, to the principal American actors then in England. These were rather numerous at that time, among them being John McCullough, J. T. Raymond, M'Kee Rankin, William J. Florence, and W. E. Sheridan. Edwin Booth wrote to say that he could not accept the proffered hospitality of the Club, as he was unable to get to London in time; but one of his countrymen surmised that it was his exceeding shyness which kept him away, and that he was afraid of being called upon to make a speech, his retiring disposition being notorious.

Barry Sullivan was in the chair at the breakfast, and the new American Minister was, of course, the principal speaker. *The World* said of him, at the time when his power of graceful oratory was not so well known as it afterwards became, that "If ever an excellent speaker had an appreciative audience, the American Minister certainly enjoyed that advantage at the entertainment given by the Savage Club to the American actors. The speech was admirable in itself, perfectly delivered, in a soft, low-toned, yet penetrating voice, and every point was taken instantly and applauded to the echo. Rarely have orator and audience been so well attuned." Lowell was described by the same paper as a wonderfully young-looking American, though he was then sixty-one years of age,

and thirty years had passed since the publication of "The Biglow Papers."

The health of the American guests was proposed by Charles Dickens, the eldest son of Charles Dickens the Great. The toast was "coupled with the names of James Russell Lowell, the author of 'The Biglow Papers.'" "It is a great pleasure for me to be here," said Lowell, in his opening sentences, "but in some sense it is also a kind of duty to be present on any occasion when the star-spangled banner and the red cross of England are hanging opposite to each other in friendly conflict. May they never hang opposite to each other in any other manner than that of friendship and goodwill!"

Another illustrious American, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was invited to become the guest of the Club in June, 1886, and he sent this charming reply: "It gives me pleasure to accept the title of honorary member of the Savage Club during my visit to this country. It will not be possible for me to accept any entertainment at the Club, my own time during the remaining brief period of my stay in London being taken up. I shall, however, be much pleased to make an informal call at the rooms of the Club, Lancaster House, and thank you as the representative of the Club which has paid me this high compliment." The letter was addressed to Mr. E. J. Goodman, who, joining the Club in 1874, most admirably discharged the duties of Honorary Secretary from 1880 to the year of the "Autocrat's" visit to England.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (KING EDWARD VII.) IN THE CHAIR
(FROM "THE GRAPHIC")

CHAPTER XVI

THE KING AS A SAVAGE

THE King's membership of the Savage Club ceased on the moment that he ascended the Throne ; but at that time he had been a member for many years, and had been the means of contributing some important chapters to the Club's history. He was not present on the first great occasion when the Savages took to the stage, and when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were accompanied by others of their children to witness the performance ; nor was he in a position to attend the banquet at which Mr. Gladstone was present in 1879. But the time was not far off when he would not only be a guest of the Club, but would become one of its members. He was invited to the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner in 1882, the date of which was to be arranged according to his own convenience. Sir Francis (now Lord) Knollys wrote from Marlborough House on the 7th of January : "The Prince of Wales thinks that Saturday, 11th of February, will be a good day for the proposed dinner at the Savage Club, and he hopes it may be a convenient one for everybody concerned. I am very glad to hear that the

announcement of His Royal Highness's intention to dine at the Club gives so much pleasure to the members."

On January 20th there came from Sandringham a letter to Mr. Somers Vine, in whose hands the making of the necessary arrangements had been placed. This, also, was from Sir Francis Knollys. It said: "I ought to have written to you before to thank you for your letters, and to express in the name of the Prince of Wales H.R.H.'s warm acknowledgments for the list which you have been so good as to send for him, containing a description of the different members of the Savage Club. This list, I can assure you, has been most useful to the Prince, so complete is it, and he has been much interested by a perusal of its contents. H.R.H. appreciates the offer which has been made to him that he should ask any friends of his to the dinner. At present he will only name one—his Attorney-General, Charles Hall, Esq.; but possibly I may before the evening arrives be desired to send you in three or four more names."

The gentlemen ultimately named were the American Minister, Sir F. Leighton, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Sydney Waterlow, and "Mr. Sullivan," who will now be more easily recognised as Sir Arthur Sullivan. The dinner was at Willis's Rooms. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen presided. Among the members present were Edgar Bruce, Barry Sullivan, Frank Holl, Carl Rosa, Phil Morris, Dr. W. H. Russell, James Albery, Harry Paulton, B. L. Farjeon, Harry Furniss, Tom Robertson, the son of "T. W.," J. Fernandez, William Senior, Harrison Weir, Lennox Browne, Chas. Wyndham, Henry Pettitt, Charles Warner, Durward Lely,

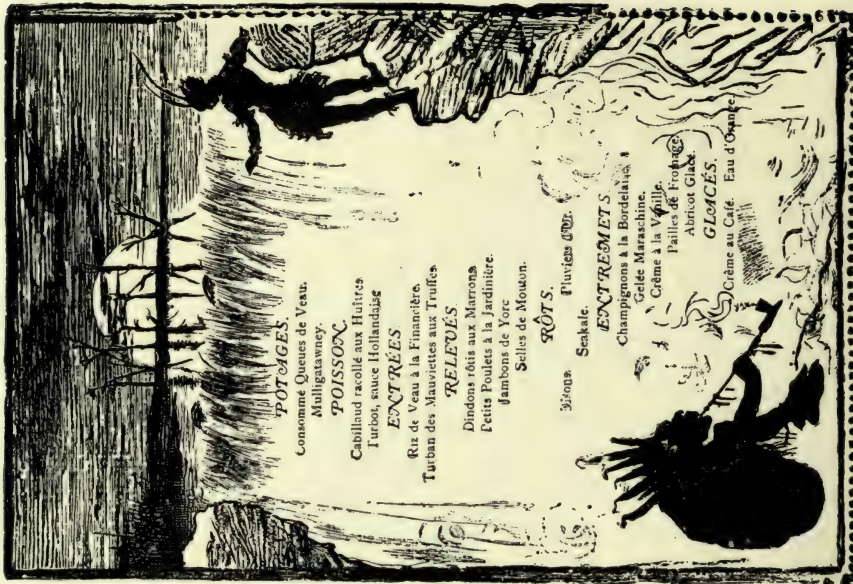
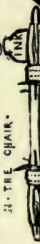


SAVAGE CLUB

DINNER
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11th 1882

St. Paul's Church, W.C. & C. & Co., Ltd.

21, THE CHAIR



POTAGES.

Consommé Queue de Veau.
Mulligatawny.

POISSON.

Cabillaud racollé aux Huîtres
Turbot, sauce Hollandaise

ENTRÉES

Riz de Veau à la Financière.
Turban des Mauviettes aux Truffes

RELEVÉS

Dindons rôtis aux Marrons
Petite Poulet à la Jardinière.
Jambons de York
Selles de Mouton.

RÔTI S.

3 lions.
Saskale.

ENTRÉES

Champignons à la Bordelaise.
Gelée Maraschine.
Crème à la Vanille.
Pailles de Froage.
Abricot Glacé.
GLOACÉS.

Crème au Café. Eau d'Orange.

FOR THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES (KING EDWARD VII)

(DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS)

To face page 169

and Hilary Skinner. These are a few selected from almost two hundred names of members representative not only of the Club, but of success, and for the most part of distinction, in all departments of the arts and in all branches of knowledge.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, the newly appointed Treasurer of the Club, was in the chair. He proposed the toast of the evening in these terms :—

The next toast I have to propose to you is "Our honoured and Royal guest, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." After that hearty outburst of Savage enthusiasm I think it is hardly necessary for me to say much of the Prince of Wales to commend this toast to your favourable reception. We all know His Royal Highness. Every Englishman knows him, and admires the geniality of his nature. Who is not acquainted with the kind consideration which he has for all classes of his countrymen? We all know it. But I may, perhaps, here be allowed to take this opportunity—the first in which I have been honoured by being allowed to take the chair at a dinner at which His Royal Highness was present—of referring to the knowledge I have of him as a business man. Perhaps having had the advantage of serving directly under His Royal Highness's command for four years, both at Vienna and Paris, and having been one of those who took part in those great International Exhibitions, I may be allowed to say that it was impossible for any work to be done in a more masterly manner, or for any one to have mastered the details of those exhibitions, than by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. From day to day during the whole time I had the honour of serving under him. This is one matter which I may bring before you at this time as members of the Savage Club. There has been a unanimous resolution, or perhaps I should say wish, expressed by our Committee that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would mark this day in the history of our Club as one in which he would be pleased to accept of an honorary membership in our body. Therefore, gentlemen, I propose to you with, if possible, additional pleasure, "The health of His Royal High-

ness the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family."

The speech was, of course, received with prolonged cheers, redoubled when the Prince of Wales rose to reply. His Royal Highness said :—

Gentlemen, for the far too flattering manner in which my friend, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, has been kind enough to propose this toast, and for the way in which you have received it, I beg to express my most sincere and cordial thanks. I can assure you that I take it as a very high compliment to have been invited here to-night, to assist in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of your Club. I beg also to return my most sincere thanks for the compliment you have paid me in asking me to become an honorary member of the Savage Club. I cannot say how much pleasure it gives me to do so. Though I have not formally been elected, the kind way in which you have received me here gives me some hope that you will offer no objection to my election. In becoming a member of your Club I feel I am not among strangers, for at this moment I can see around and before me many gentlemen whom I have had the advantage of knowing, some in distant parts of the Empire. Others there are who have made me both laugh and cry. I am well aware that your Club consists of gentlemen connected with literature, with art, with journalism, and with the drama, and I can easily understand how you must enjoy these convivial meetings after the long and arduous duties of your respective callings. Gentlemen, I am given to understand that your qualifications are that you must belong to literature and art, and also that you must be good fellows. I feel that I can hardly aspire to the first qualification in order to be a competent member ; but if you will allow me, I will be the second. Before knowing anything personally about your Club I was asked of what it consisted, and one of my nephews asked me what was meant by my going to dine with savages. Now, according to the very pretty menu which I have before me, and which has been executed by Mr. Harry Furniss, one of your members, the gentlemen belonging to the Savages wore light

clothing. After partaking of your kind hospitality to-night, and your reception of me this evening, I shall be able to inform my nephew that you are by no means the savages he might have imagined, but are as civilised as any other gentlemen he may meet with. Although I do not see you with those feathers depicted in the menu, still we are all enjoying the pipe of peace. As I know that many of you have to leave early, and there is still a lengthy and most entertaining programme before us, I will not detain you longer. Before, however, sitting down, I wish to propose a toast, and so, with the greatest pleasure, I propose "Prosperity to the Savage Club." I have additional pleasure in coupling with it the name of our chairman, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen. He has been kind enough to make some too flattering allusions to the Exhibitions both at Vienna and Paris, and all I can say is that unless I had had his great assistance and untiring energy on both occasions those Exhibitions, as far as the English portions were concerned, would not have been the successes they were. I now, gentlemen, call upon you to drink with me the health of the Chairman and Prosperity to the Savage Club.

A little later in the proceedings the chairman rose to make an announcement in these words: "At the twenty-fifth anniversary festival of the Club, held on Saturday, February 11, 1882, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.M., G.C.B., C.I.E. (Hon. Treasurer), in the chair, it was unanimously resolved by the members of the Committee then present, whose signatures are appended, and approved with acclamation by the general assembly of members, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., &c., be and is elected an honorary life-member of the Club.' As a fragment of Club history it will be interesting to mention that the members of Committee who appended their names to the resolution were: Philip Cunliffe-Owen, J. R. Somers Vine, Charles Kelly,

W. B. Tegetmeier, William Woodhall, P. T. Duffy, Edward Draper, C. B. Birch, George S. Jealous, Herbert Johnson, William Hughes, Thomas W. Cutler, John Radcliff, Harry Furniss, and E. J. Goodman, at that time, and for several years afterwards, Honorary Secretary.

The resolution was carried by the holding up of hands, and by general and rather boisterous acclamation; whereupon the chairman said: "As His Royal Highness has now been elected a member of the Club I may be allowed to address a few words to your new member; namely, that I hope His Royal Highness will take as frequent opportunities as he can of visiting the Club in its quarters, to which we are now about to adjourn. I know I am only speaking the wishes of everybody when I say that the oftener we are honoured by His Royal Highness taking advantage of the qualification I have handed to him, the better we shall be pleased."

This event, it need hardly be said, was the occasion of much comment in the newspapers. *The Observer* remarked on the following day that—

A reception more cordial could not have been given than that which both at Willis's Rooms and at the Club-house to which the company afterwards adjourned, was organised for the Prince's entertainment. It was the desire of His Royal Highness to see the Savages as they are at their weekly reunions, and speech-making was, therefore, subordinate to a few complimentary toasts, and music, mirth, and revelry were the predominant elements of a long and memorable evening. The Prince was received at the Club with hearty cheers, and during the after-dinner proceedings there were many warm tokens of cordial feelings between the members of the Club and their Royal guest. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, the Treasurer of the

Club, took his seat as president soon after the usual dinner hour, and no time was lost in the disposal of the viands. A loyal recognition of Her Majesty, brief, to the point, and a welcome to the guest of the evening, were the only toasts given from the chair. The Prince of Wales, in a happy speech, delivered with easy grace, signified his acceptance of the honorary membership of the Club, and when a formal proposition having had the effect was put to the assembly there was enthusiastic cheering. The after-dinner proceedings commenced with the performance of a march for the piano by Messrs. Theodore Drew and Charles Hargitt, a very spirited piece of execution. Then came a run of actors who contributed songs and recitations before they ran away to their regular duties at the theatres. Thus, Mr. Lionel Brough sang "The Muddle Puddle Porter" with exceeding unction, and Mr. Paulton followed with a droll burlesque lecture on "Time." Mr. George Grossmith next took off the peculiarities of the music hall "comique," and Mr. J. L. Toole gave his amusing sketch, "Trying a Magistrate," Mr. Maybrick followed, gaining very loud applause for his popular song, "The Midshipmite." A duet for flutes by Messrs. Radcliffe and Barrett was a striking feature at this period of the evening, and later on the first-named of these flautists gave some delightful variations on Scotch airs. Mr. E. J. Odell recited Mr. H. S. Leigh's "Legend of Furnival's Inn," the performance being a fine example of the mock heroic style, and he was followed by Mr. G. W. Anson, whose "Men of Garlick," with its burden, "God pless der Prince of Wales," caused uproarious laughter. Mr. Arthur Mathison recited "The Little Hero," and Mr. J. Proctor gave a clever pantomimic imitation of the business of a street juggler. Mr. Pyatt then wound up the first portion of the programme with an operatic selection.

It was by his own desire that the Prince was taken down to the Club after the dinner at Willis's Rooms. He wished to see the Savages in their habit as they lived. Consequently, shortly after nine o'clock, there was, at the Prince's request, an adjournment to Lancaster House. In the large dining-room the remainder

of a long programme was given. Mr. Frank Marshall led off with a song in praise of "The British Burglar," and Mr. Wallis Mackay followed with a satirical sketch called "An Irish Priest's Address to his Congregation," in which the alleged peculiarities of the Land Leaguers were funnily hit off. The topical conversations of "Moses and Aaron," sung by Mr. Charles Townley, next provoked loud laughter. From song the tide turned to recitation, and Mr. J. E. Soden made much merriment out of a description of a bather's difficulties at Eastbourne. Mr. F. Celli told a tale of a "Quakers' Meeting," and Mr. Powles gave the summing up of a learned judge in a case of slander. Mr. James Fernandez recited with exquisite feeling "The Silver Wedding," the piece being followed by songs, and more readings, by Harry Nicholls, J. L. Toole, T. A. Wallworth, John Farmer, and Edward Draper.

The Club clock had stopped, by accident or otherwise ; but as midnight was approaching the Prince of Wales rose, and said that he could not leave without again thanking the Savages for electing him a member of their charming Club. He had rarely, if ever, spent so enjoyable an evening, and he felt greatly indebted to them for taking so much pains to contribute to his amusement. His Royal Highness then left the room, and took his departure a few minutes before twelve o'clock.

Of the many comments in the Press on this remarkable evening, here are some further samples. *The Daily News* said :—

There cannot be many modern Savages who used to haunt the unpretentious wigwams that in those days amply served the

purposes of the tribe. Tomahawks, shields, spears, and an odd scalp or so still adorn the Club rooms ; but they are surrounded by valued works of art contributed by members ; and in lieu of the "shrill shriek or war-whoop which was given in unison at intervals," as described by Mr. G. A. Sala, there are house-dinners every Saturday evening, with post-prandial entertainments by artists, actors, musicians, and authors, given out of that good fellowship to which the Prince of Wales so pleasantly alluded.

The News of the World, then a Sunday newspaper of much importance, considered it necessary to give its readers some information about Richard Savage. It said :—

He was one of your vagabond, dissipated, down-at-heels poets who flourished, or rather lived, between 1697 and 1743. His birth was disreputable, the result of an amour between two members of the aristocracy, and his existence was equally without credit, save such as was granted him by his patrons. Alexander Pope aided him ; but his death took place in the debtors' prison at Bristol, and a gaoler performed the last kind offices. Richard Savage was not a voluminous nor a very clever writer, his chief claim to the consideration of posterity resting on the following oft-quoted lines :—

He lives to build, not boast a generous race ;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

So much for Richard Savage.

Here, it was remarked, was "the Prince of Wales hobnobbing with plebeians." It is on record, in several forms, that this hobnobbing was very much to his taste. *The Evening Standard* was almost aghast at the honours paid to the Club. It said in a leading article :—

"Was ever poet so treated before?" exclaims Macaulay, after Johnson, in speaking of Goldsmith's debts. Was ever literary club so honoured as the Savage? It has been entertained in state at the Mansion House; it has returned the Lord Mayor's hospitality. Sheriffs of London, in full pontificals, have attended its modest banquets, and now the Prince of Wales has dined, has smoked, has assisted with the barbarians at an evening's amusement of the kind their soul loveth, and has become an honorary member.

At the Club itself, and in letters from Marlborough House, H.R.H. was most agreeably frank in his expressions of enjoyment. Sir Francis Knollys wrote on February 14th:—

MY DEAR MR. VINE,—I am directed by the Prince of Wales to ask you to have the goodness to express to the members of the Savage Club his great gratification at the reception which he met with on Saturday evening, and to assure them that he passed a most agreeable and pleasant evening in their society. Will you thank, likewise, the members of the Committee, and also the Stewards, in His Royal Highness's name, for their arrangements. They were admirable, and reflected the highest credit on all concerned in carrying them out.

The Prince's acceptance of membership of the Club was not a mere formality. It was followed up by an interesting occasion on which he occupied the chair. This was on February 21, 1883. *The Court Circular* of that date said: "The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Clarke, was present at Mr. Melton Prior's lecture on the recent Egyptian Campaign at the Savage Club (Lancaster House, Savoy) this evening." "The members of the Savage Club," observed *The Times* of the following day, "were last night presided over by the Chief Savage, His Royal

Highness the Prince of Wales." During the afternoon the Prince had honoured another of the artist members of the Club, Mr. Herbert Johnson, who had accompanied him on his Indian tour, by visiting his studio to see the picture, then in progress, of "A Tiger Hunt in India," which was being painted by Royal command.

Mr. Melton Prior's lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, was followed by an interval during which Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen occupied the chair, the Prince being asked to accept an album containing portraits and autographs of members of the Club as a souvenir of his own election to membership. This large volume, specially manufactured for the occasion by Marcus Ward & Co., was splendidly illuminated and richly bound. There were four portraits on each page, mainly arranged in order of seniority, H. J. Byron coming first, closely followed by Lionel Brough, J. L. Toole, and Barry Sullivan. The most recent member was the late G. H. Boughton, then A.R.A., but afterwards a full Academician. There were 280 portraits in all. Some of them came from very distant places—from California and South Africa, for instance. Of the old Savages John Hollingshead alone failed to send in his portrait. Eight members, it is sad to relate, died whilst the album was in preparation. The Prince, it was noticed, simply signed "Albert Edward" to his portrait; but in the duplicate copy he wrote "Albert Edward, P.," as he did also in the members' attendance-book. "I am sure," he said, in acknowledging the gift, "it will be a great gratification to me in the future to possess the portraits and the autographs of my brother Savages."

At that time the recipient of the album was strenuously engaged in the foundation of the Royal College of Music, and he had privately made the suggestion that a Savage Club Scholarship might be instituted. Mention of this desire was made by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen. "When the principal Savage is the proposer, when the Chief speaks," said Sir Philip, "every Savage will rise up to support him," as every Savage most promptly did. The Prince then said :—

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen has alluded to a subject which has occupied a great deal of my thoughts during the past year, namely, the establishment of the Royal College of Music, which, I hope, will, before many months have passed, be open and at work. I am sure that a body which includes so many men eminent in the musical profession will entertain with pleasure a proposal that the Savage Club should give an entertainment devoted to the creation of a scholarship in the Royal College of Music. It might be called the Savage Club Scholarship. I am certain that such a thing would set a good example to other societies, and would render a valuable service to the Royal College of Music. If this idea should find favour in your eyes I would propose that the Scholarship should be confined to the sons and daughters of men and women professionally associated with literature, science, art, and the drama, distinctions relating to which are, we all know, qualifications for membership of this Club.

John Radcliffe, as the representative of music on the Committee, and "as a professional musician," at once rose to say that the excellent proposal of His Royal Highness would be cordially welcomed and heartily supported by his brother Savages. He moved a resolution instructing the Committee to "take all necessary steps," and when this had been unanimously

carried Barry Sullivan proposed that the resolution just agreed to should be entered on the minutes of the Club. The proposal was seconded by W. B. Tegetmeier, and also, of course, carried by a unanimous vote. His Royal Highness then sat down to supper with the Committee and a number of the members, afterwards resuming his place as Chairman for the evening, and paying a graceful compliment to Mr. Melton Prior. Everybody, he said, had known him for years as a clever artist; but few, probably, were aware that he was so graphic a lecturer. A smoking-concert followed, probably the only one that was held in the Club on any other evening than Saturday, the day of the week on this occasion being Wednesday.

The Committee of the Club set about taking "the necessary steps" without delay. It was determined to hold a fancy-dress ball on a large scale, the Albert Hall being engaged for the purpose. That same year the Savage Club Studentship was founded. The conditions are thus formulated in the Year-book of the Club :—

Candidates are eligible between the following ages, reckoned at the date fixed by the Committee for the Preliminary Examination :—

Composition—Males and Females, between 13 and 21.

Pianoforte—Males, between 13 and 18; Females, between 13 and 19.

Organ—Males, between 13 and 19; Females, between 13 and 20.

Harp—Males, between 13 and 18; Females, between 13 and 19.

Violin and Viola—Males and Females, between 13 and 18.

Violoncello—Males and Females, between 13 and 20.

Double Bass—Males, between 13 and 24.

Wind Instruments—Males, between 17 and 27.

Singing—Males, between 18 and 24; Females, between 17 and 22.

This Exhibition is tenable for three years, but may at the discretion of the Council be awarded for a shorter period, and may be terminated at any time should the Council consider the health, progress, or conduct of the Exhibitioner to be unsatisfactory, or the period may be extended should the ability and circumstances of the Exhibitioner be considered by the Council to warrant such extension. The Exhibition provides free Musical Education at the College during the College Terms, but not Maintenance.

The Exhibition is intended to be for the benefit of persons who belong to some one of the following classes, viz :—

1. Who are sons or daughters of Members of the Savage Club,—failing these—
2. Those who may be relatives of members of the said Savage Club in some degree, not more distant than of second cousin,—failing these—
3. Who may be sons or daughters of persons qualified to be elected as Members of the Savage Club,

provided always that each class shall be exhausted according to numeration before the other class shall be entitled to enter for competition.

In 1884 the Studentship was won by the son of a distinguished father, William O. Carrodus, whose principal study was the flute. The other successful candidates have been Miss Maude Thornton, pianoforte, in 1891, Miss Ada F. Brion, pianoforte, in 1895, Miss Elizabeth D. Nicholl, singing, in 1898, Miss Violet Williams, singing, in 1901, and Miss Ivy M. Hemsley, singing, in 1904.

CHAPTER XVII

AT THE SAVOY

BY all old Savages the Club rooms at the Savoy are, as I have said, very fondly remembered. They were not numerous. There was no billiard-room, and if cards were played it was in furtive corners. Conversation was held to be the great game. Savages were thrown on each other's society for lack of other recreations. "Nevertheless," said a writer of the period, "it was a lively and pleasant place, this Savage Club; and many of its 'evenings' are fit to remind one of those 'wit combats,' and those 'feasts of reason,' which are associated with an earlier day, when Shakespeare laughed at the 'Mermaid,' or Rare Bare Jonson swaggered and thundered at the 'Sign of the Devil.'"

Old Dr. Strauss was still a familiar figure. He had, indeed, just written himself back into his old honours and his old haunt. His life was passed in migrations between William Tinsley's shop, in Catherine Street, and the Club. The windows of the smoke-room looked out on the Thames and towards Waterloo Bridge. There may have been a sobering influence in the outlook from the dining-room windows.

It was on to the chapel of the Savoy and its graveyard ; for here the Savoy Palace stood in time gone by. "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," was one of those who lived in the Savoy Palace, and hence came the name of the pile of buildings in which the Savage Club was situated, "Lancaster House."

The first name inscribed in the attendance-book every morning was that of Henry S. Leigh, the author of "The Carols of Cockayne," who, in such a work as this, might well claim a chapter to himself. For year after year, and almost up to the day of his death, his name was faithfully written on the top of the page, before any other Savage had put in an appearance. For a long time he was run close by Frank E. Thicke, who died in 1889, in Buenos Ayres. After Leigh had written his signature in the book for the last time, with an ominous "P.P.C." following the name, for he had designed to make holiday at the seaside, Frank Thicke took his place as the most early of the morning callers, and kept it until he left England for South America, since when it has been at the mercy of chance.

Henry S. Leigh was brought up in a studio. His father was a celebrated teacher of painting, many of whose pupils became members of the Royal Academy. Thackeray called him "Dagger Leigh," from his habit of prodding his interlocutor with one finger during the course of conversation ; and under that name he is still well remembered in the London art-world. It has also been repeatedly affirmed that Thackeray drew his portrait as "Gandish," which would have been inexcusable, and, indeed, impossible—for Thackeray.

The elder Leigh was a man of much cultivation, an admirable teacher, as the success of his pupils proved—Fred Walker was among them—and one of the novelist's great and valued friends. "Gandish's" was Sass's, as a matter of fact, Sass's being another well-known art school of the period, described in the "Reminiscences" of Mr. W. P. Frith. In his early days James Matthews Leigh wrote a five-act tragedy, which was submitted to Macready, and printed, but never acted. He was accustomed to say that "the ham-and-beef shop in Russell Street knew most about it." There are stories about him which exhibit his character in the most admirable light. One of them relates to Walker. "This painter," wrote Mr. James Hickman to William Tinsley, "surely one of the truest artists the English School has ever produced, was a great favourite with Mr. Leigh; and when, on a certain memorable day, he went to the old man, almost in tears, to explain that for pecuniary reasons he was obliged to withdraw from the School, the old man 'spoke to Mrs. Lish,' the excellent housekeeper, and the fees ran on until some time after Mr. Leigh's death, when they were fully and honourably paid up."

"Harry" Leigh, the son of this remarkable school-master of distinguished artists, was a Bohemian from his birth, though he was for a while a clerk in an office in the city. He made acquaintance with all manner of queer ways and queer people in the studio days, and the spirit of that kind of life seemed to enter into his blood. He was born in the Strand, and scarcely ever left it, never leaving it at all without deep regret. I often met him in the morning returning from St. James's Park. He always had a friend

with him. The two were neighbours, and rose early. Their first visit was to the Savage Club; then they proceeded to the Mall. After half an hour of peripatetic exercise, Leigh would remark, "Let us go back to London," and they went back at once to the thoroughfare which he loved.

Leigh was among the last of the old order of wits. It was said that he used to lie awake preparing his jokes, but that could be only half true, for his witticisms were incessant. Many of them were very cruel, too. It was said of him that he never thought a friendship worth preserving at the expense of a jest, and there was some amount of truth in the remark. Once, when a member was breaking the rules of the Club by talking about religion, and infringing the proprieties by using language of unnecessary violence, Leigh scribbled some lines on a sheet of paper and sent them round among the members present. What he had written was :—

I've heard in language highly spiced,
That Crowe does not believe in Christ ;
But what I most desire to know
Is whether Christ believes in Crowe.

In the best of Leigh's verses there was something nearly approaching the perfection of Greek workmanship. His pieces were short, light, of a troubadourish kind; but they sparkled with real wit of a character genuinely original, derived neither in spirit nor in manner of expression from any previously existing examples.

"The Twins," which is the first of the "Carols of Cockayne," has, in a manner, passed into the common



HENRY S. LEIGH.
[By S. A. Turner, in the Club.]

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speech. Thousands have heard of it, and laughed over it, to whom the author's name was never known. Was there ever anything more exquisite of its kind?

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse
We got completely mixed.

In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on ;
And when I died—the neighbours came
And buried brother John.

The author of this *jeu d'esprit*, one of the butterflies of wit, as he seemed to be, was a man with his deep inward troubles, and underneath his continual jests there was much bitterness, and also much tenderness, of soul. He died in his lodgings in the Strand within a day or two of writing his name in the Club attendance-book for the last time, having been disappointed by sudden illness of his intended holiday at Brighton. The lodgings in the Strand are where he would have liked to die. In his last book he wrote :—

Ay, straightway to my heart appeals
The hum of many voices,
And in the whirl of many wheels
My Cockney soul rejoices.
No street of ours in any land
I e'er can rank above it ;
Then wonder not I sing the Strand,
And marvel not I love it.

When we buried him at Brompton Cemetery, a woman, poorly dressed and weeping bitterly, came forward to throw a bunch of violets on his coffin. One was reminded of what Dickens said of Thackeray's funeral: "For I looked into his grave over the head of a boy to whom he had been kind." And here without doubt was some humble working-woman who remembered the past kindnesses of the professed cynic, Henry S. Leigh.

A fine musician, with a gift for improvisation, Leigh often sung something of his own at the "sing-songs" which followed the Saturday night dinners. The "Stanzas to an Intoxicated Fly" were most in demand. They are inimitably witty and humorous, but are not too well known for reproduction here :—

It's a singular fact that whenever I order
 My goblet of Guinness, or bumper of Bass,
 Out of ten or a dozen who sport round the border,
 Some fly turns a somersault into my glass.
 Oh, it's not that I grudge him the liquor he's tasted
 (Supposing him partial to ale or to stout);
 But consider the time irretrievably wasted
 In trying to fish the small wanderer out.

Ah! believe me, fond fly, 'tis excessively sinful,
 This habit which knocks even blue-bottles up;
 Just remember what Cassio, on taking a skinful,
 Observed about every inordinate cup!
 Reflect on that proverb, diminutive being,
 Which tells us "enough is as good as a feast";
 And mark me, there's nothing more painful than seeing
 An insect behaving so much like a beast.

Nay, in vain would you seek to escape while I'm talking,
 And shake from your pinions the fast-clinging drops;
 It is only too clear from your efforts at walking
 That after your malt you intend to take hops.

Pray, where is your home ? and oh, how shall you get there ?
And what will your wife and your family think ?
Pray, how shall you venture to show the whole set there
That Paterfamilias is given to drink ?

Oh, think of the moment when conscience returning
Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to flight ;
When your tongue shall be parched and your brow shall be
burning,
And most of to-morrow shall taste of to-night.
For the toast shall be dry and the tea shall be bitter,
And all through your breakfast this thought shall intrude
That a little pale brandy and seltzer is fitter
For such an occasion than animal food.

I have known, silly fly, the delight beyond measure,
The blissful sensation, prolonged and intense—
The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure
Of drinking at somebody else's expense.
But I own—and it's not without pride that I own it—
Whenever some friend in his generous way
Bids me drink without paying, I simply postpone it,
And pay for my liquor the whole of next day.

Harry Furniss, for some reason no longer a member of the Club, was another of those who were frequently to be met with at the Savoy. He was then young, bright, and light-hearted, one of the prime favourites alike of Mr. Punch and the public. He had not yet attempted to run a comic paper on his own account. In his drawings, however insignificant the scale might be, Furniss always made use of the model. He would sometimes tell a story of an editor who was until recently a member of Parliament, and who was given to wearing garments of a pattern rather strikingly loud. This gentleman called at the studio one day. He was on horseback, and there was no one in sight

to hold the horse, so the artist fell back on the model for the necessary service, not feeling sure whether such a task might not be considered derogatory to his importance. The model held the horse for half an hour or more, and when he was released he marched back to the stand gravely and silently, and resumed his appointed attitude. There seemed to be a grieved reticence in his manners. It was some time before he spoke, and then he said, with an air of slow severity: "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Furniss, I don't think much of your friend in the draught-board suit." The bearing of this remark is, of course, in the application of it. The gentleman on horseback had neglected to give the model a tip.

In one of his books—for he is both author and artist—Mr. Furniss tells another story about models. Sent down hurriedly to an election at Liverpool, he made sketches all day, and remained hard at work through the night. He writes: "A slice of luck kept me awake in the early morning. A knock at my door, and to my surprise a friend walked in who had come down by a night train for a 'daily,' and seeing my name in the visitors' book, had looked me up, thinking I could give him some tips. 'All right,' I said, 'a bargain. You sit for me and I'll talk. Here, stand like this—the Liberal candidate. Capital! Now round like this—the Conservative, drawn from life. And after another day of this kind of thing, I reached home without having had an hour's sleep."

From all which it may be seen that Mr. Furniss is a hard student and worker, as well as a man of quaint and original ideas. He invented Mr. Gladstone's tremendous collars, for it must not be supposed that

the great statesman ever addressed the House of Commons or went abroad in such astonishing "side-boards" as were characteristic of his portrait in the pages of *Punch*. There is a tradition—but I never obtained his own statement on the subject—that Mr. Furniss received from Downing Street a hint that the collar joke was not relished in a certain distinguished household so highly as it undoubtedly was in most other regions. The artist stinted Mr. Gladstone in his collars from that day forward; but, not liking to sacrifice so fine a piece of stage property, clapped them on Lord Randolph Churchill, to the intense amusement of the readers of *Punch* the world over.

Another of Mr. Furniss's inventions was the famous beetle of the House of Commons, which was nearly as much a portrait as a caricature of the late Sir Ralph Gossett, Serjeant-at-Arms. The liberty taken in this case was not resented, but heartily laughed at on the contrary; and Sir Ralph is said to have decorated a room with the drawings in which Mr. Furniss poked good-natured fun at his peculiarities of figure and attire.

When I first met this most versatile of comic draughtsmen he was indulging in a pardonable fit of indignation. *The Australian Punch* lay before him, got up to look as much as possible like its prototype. There were drawings which imitated Tenniel, others in the style of Charles Keene, and so on throughout the whole list of *Punch* artists. Somebody in the Club had just been mistaking the colonial for the home-made article, and it was by this inexcusable error that Mr. Furniss had been roused. "The man took this thing for Sambourne's

work," he said, "and this rubbish for Du Maurier's, and this blank stuff for mine!" This was not the only occasion on which Mr. Furniss had been confused with other and inferior persons. There was another draughtsman in London who signed himself "H. Furniss," and in spite of the difference in style of work, the drawings of the one were sometimes mistaken by persons of small discernment for the productions of the other. Hence it came about that the *Punch* Furniss ceased to sign himself "H.," and always wrote "Hy.," the other man's name being Harold.

Let it not be supposed from these anecdotes that "Hy. F." is a proud or choleric man. He is, on the contrary, the embodiment of jovial manners and good temper. Generous, too, and not merely a comic artist, but one of the most exquisite draughtsmen of the day, as many a beautiful drawing in *The Cornhill Magazine* and elsewhere will prove. Christie Murray came to me one day full of delight. "Look what Furniss has done," he said. "I told him that his drawing of the heroine in this month's illustration to my own story was one of the most graceful figures I had ever seen; and here is the original, beautifully mounted, and inscribed to me!" And the drawing was worth all the novelist's praise of it. It was comparable to Du Maurier's Beatrix descending the staircase, in "Esmond."

Then, also, at the "Savoy" there was John Proctor, the cartoonist of *Moonshine* in those days, one of the masters of his craft, and, under another name, a great inventor of giants, and youthful heroes who did wonderful deeds. The "Giantland" stories that he

illustrated were crude, appealing powerfully to unformed tastes ; but Proctor's drawings for them were great art after their fashion, and they have kept the stories alive over rather a wide space of years. Indeed, a new edition of them appeared the other day. This artist was one of the favourite entertainers of the Club on Saturday nights, and occasionally is so still, for the advance of years, which may have diminished his energy, has by no means dried up the source of his pawky Scotch humour. His imitation of a street conjuror is one of the funniest and most realistic dumbshow performances that can be imagined, and he sings the praises of the bagpipes in a manner so solemn and excruciating that he convulses a whole room of serious persons with laughter. His telling of a story, in a slow, grave, drawling, yet irresistibly comic way, can only be excelled by Mark Twain. But much of Mr. Proctor's humour is involuntary. By nature he is a serious man. His face, at the time of which I am speaking, was usually as grave as that of a church elder, and his manner was quiet, not to say demure. His features preserved their solemn demeanour under all circumstances, and he never looked more glum than when he was firing off a succession of jokes in broad Scotch. A cartoonist with convictions, he loved to straggle off into political discussions, which is against the rules of the Club ; but, to do him justice, his political opinions were almost as amusing as his jokes.

A frequent visitor at the " Savoy " was Marshal T. Wilder, a diminutive American humourist who made a great success in this country as a drawing-room entertainer, and who was amusing " all the time,"

as his countrymen say, in conversation no less than when he was making fun after his professional manner. Marshal Wilder told a comic story with more broad humour and grim contortions of face than any man I have ever seen. His resources seemed inexhaustible. His face was a plastic mask, capable of taking on almost any grotesque expression, and his voice seemed to have been formed for purposes of stage deception. I was with him once when some thought-reading experiments were in progress. "I can do that," he whispered to me, as one of the thought-readers, a Mr. Capper, was engaged in his "demonstrations." "Then why don't you?" I said. "Because," he replied, "it's such awful humbug." However, with a little persuasion, he was induced to give us a specimen of his powers, which were really remarkable. There was, as he said, "no flummery about *him*." He neither writhed nor panted, as the other thought-readers did; but when he was brought into the room by his "subject" went straight to the article which had been hidden, without making a fuss of any sort. He was only an amateur, holding that the employment was scarcely worthy of a man of his higher abilities; but, except as to the spasmodic and excited action I have mentioned, there was no real difference between himself and the professionals. He was reticent as to how he acquired the trick. He would not "give the others away," he said. That would be against the etiquette of his profession.

Barry Sullivan was present at this thought-reading *séance*, and took part in one of the experiments. He hid something in the shoe of one of the gentlemen

present, Mr. Capper being absent from the room at the time. On being called in the thought-reader went hunting about with the tragedian, and eventually began to fumble in the shoe of the gentleman sitting next to him in whose footgear the article sought for had been concealed. The experiment seemed to be a failure to all but Barry Sullivan, who was quite contented for his part. "But that is the wrong foot," the company explained. "Oh, is it, indeed?" said the tragedian; "then I must have made a mistake, for that is the foot that I thought of."

Barry Sullivan was a great deal at the Club when he had retired from the boards, and before his last long illness came upon him. There were those who said that he had much churlishness of spirit, and many are the stories of his severity and contemptuous behaviour to inferior persons on the stage. They are at least balanced by the authentic stories of his kindness and helpfulness. To us, in those later years of his life, he was always delightful, and even jovial. He evidently felt the relief of being free, at length, from incessant labour. He loved to sit long at the dinner-table, with a group of his brother Savages round him. The conscious possession of adequate means was a solid satisfaction to him.

F. B. Chatterton, who had been manager of Drury Lane, frequently looked in at the Club. It was he who said, "Shakespeare spells ruin." Shakespeare had, indeed, spelt ruin to him; but not to Barry Sullivan, who, as it happened, had never made a success at Drury Lane. Chatterton's saying at once

irritated him and ministered to his self-approval. "Shakespeare spells ruin?" he said. "Does he? Look at me. I have stood by Shakespeare through a long lifetime; and I am—well, I think I may say, I am fairly warm."

As to Chatterton and another famous Savage in his day, Edmund Falconer, who went near to making Chatterton's fortune, Mr. Edmund Downey relates an excellent story in his reminiscences of "Some Theatrical Bohemians." The narrative is in Chatterton's own words:—

"We were in partnership at the Lyceum. We had a piece on—some infernal French thing, translated by Falconer. Not doing much. Great difficulty about treasury. Each of us popped his watch regularly on a Friday, and was lucky to be able to get it out on Monday. Very narrow squeaks. Sometimes so narrow that I was anxious to cut the painter. But Falconer insisted that he had a play on the stocks that would pull us out of the mire. I knew he was likely to do the trick one day, but it was a very anxious time. The lease of the Lyceum was running out, and the thing was to get a new lease and shove the new piece on as soon as Falconer had it ready. Of course, a big fine was wanted by the lessors, and, as I tell you, we hadn't a ghost. I knew three or four capitalists who had a weakness for theatrical specs, so one day I made up my mind for a plunge. Called on No. 1 of these—he didn't know anything about the business of Numbers 2, 3, or 4. Nothing more than their names. Told him I wanted to get up a syndicate to acquire a new lease of the Lyceum. Big business.

New play, and all that. Declared I had promises already from Numbers 2, 3, and 4 to join syndicate. Must tell a good thumping lie now and again if you want to get on in the financial line. Would he, Number 1, like to have a finger in the pie? He bit; and then I played off the rest one against the other. Of course the game was easy after getting hold of my first man. When the thing was completed and we had got an arrangement fixed with solicitors and lessors, I went to Falconer to give him a prod about his new play. 'Great spectacular play' was all I had been told about it. Couldn't find out what sort of stuff it was. All he would tell me was that he had picked the plot and characters out of a novel, and that he was introducing scenes which were bound to carry an audience from the spectacular point of view. What was my horror when Falconer told me at length that his play was an Irish one! I nearly had a fit. I cursed and swore at him. Here I had been slaving and lying to keep the theatre together—and for what—for an Irish play! Who would go and see an Irish play? No one. No more than they'd read an Irish book.

" 'Of course I knew all this well,' said Falconer. 'That's the reason I kept so dark about my play; but now that we are committed to the theatre the best thing is to get out the new play and give it every chance. I feel it will go.'

"There was no help for it. As we got on with rehearsals I began to think that even though it *was* an Irish play it might catch on. Soon I found myself entering into the spirit of it—making sugges-

tions here and there, and all that kind of thing. And at last we produced it—'The Peep o' Day.' Soon the Lyceum wasn't big enough to hold it. Had to take it to Drury Lane. Falconer had his revenge then. Used to jeer at me about Irish brogue and British bigots—and all that kind of thing. Anyhow, at the end of the run of the piece Falconer and I divided twenty-four thousand pounds of profits between us."



THE CLUB BOOK-PLATE.

SAVAGE-CLUB-DINNER

TO THE
WAR CORRESPONDENTS
FROM
SOUTH AFRICA

SATURDAY
JULY 13th
1901

ALOHA!

YOU MAY
SMOKE!

E. E. PEACOCK
HON: SEC:
IN THE
CHAIR

HELEN PRIOR - ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
H. H. S. PEARSE - DAILY NEWS
W. T. MAUD - DAILY GRAPHIC
E. A. D. HODGETTS - DAILY EXPRESS
H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY - MORNING POST
LORD CECIL MANNERS - MORNING POST
ERNEST SMITH - MORNING LEADER
GEORGE LYNCH - DAILY MAIL
C. E. HANDS - DAILY MAIL
LIED. A. C. HELLAWELL - DAILY MAIL



AFTER THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR—BY W. H. PIKE, R.B.A.

CHAPTER XVIII

FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS

MANY war correspondents were to be seen in the Club in those days at the Savoy. Most of them were to be called away before long to the Soudan, where the war correspondent did his work under more imminent risk of losing his life than had been the case in any previous campaign.

To-day's accounts of yesterday's battles were written by men who were in the thick of the fighting. There was no possibility of retirement to safe quarters, out of the sound of bursting shells and the rain of dropping shot. One well-known journalist and man of letters was nearly "scuppered" at Suakin, and to be "scuppered" meant to be torn open by assassins during sleep. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, of *The Daily Telegraph*, was singed on the throat by a whizzing bullet in the battle in which J. A. Cameron and St. Leger Herbert were killed. Charles Williams, of *The Daily Chronicle*, was near dying of thirst on his way back to Cairo with news.

Frank Vizetelly and Edmund O'Donovan were the first war correspondents to lose their lives while engaged in the service of their newspapers. O'Dono-

van had once been condemned to be tied up in a sack with a monkey, a cat, and a serpent, and flung into the Bosphorus. He escaped that, and many another hard sentence, to die with Hicks Pasha. Vizetelly, who was one of the Club's early and most devoted members, was humorously credited with a charmed life. In one of Garibaldi's battles he had marched up-hill with bare head, a tall, prominent figure, in front of charging soldiers and in face of belching cannon ; but his last expedition was made in O'Donovan's company, with that expedition of General Hicks which was swallowed up as if it had been a stream percolating into the sands of Africa.

O'Donovan had a presentiment that he was setting out on his last adventure, and so, curiously enough, had Alexander Cameron, who was killed at Abu Klea, and who spent part of his last day in England at the Savage Club. Cameron's experience of journalism had been entirely associated with campaigning. He was in India when the Afghan War began, and he went out to Afghanistan for *The Standard*, doing his work very splendidly under many difficulties and discouragements. Later on, it was from Cameron that we received particulars of the ill-fated engagement at Majuba Hill, for when the Afghan affair was over he was at once ordered to South Africa. He was a Scotchman of the vigorous, sanguine, reticent, and resolved type, ruddy of complexion, high cheek-boned, with a forehead broad at the base and very prominent in what the phrenologists call the perceptive region, but narrowing slightly from the brows. He had a strong chin, and lips drawn resolutely together as if he were endeavouring

GRAND HALL
of 102

HOTEL CECIL
SAT. DEC. 8. 1900.
6-6:30 P.M.

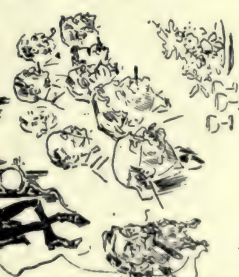
WELCOME
TO THE
1900.

SAVAGE CLUB

ANNIVERSARY
DINNER
FOR THE
SOCIETY
OF THE
SAVAGE CLUB
ON THE
8th DEC. 1900.



WILLIAM
PRECEE.
IN THE
CHAIR



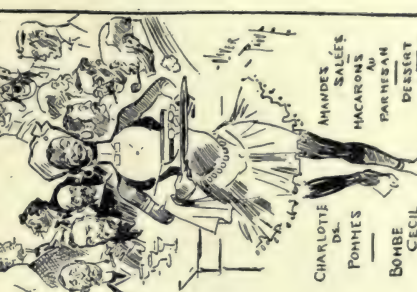
CONDOMINE ROASTING
CREME ST HUBERT
FILETS DE SOLES MARCQUE
EPICURANS FRAIS SAUCE TARTARE
POULET A LA CHASSEUR
ASPIC DE FOIE GRAS A LA BELLE VIE



MENU
HUITRES NATIVES
SELLE DE MOUTON NIVERNAISE
FOIES AU BEURRE



FAISON
ROTI
SALADE
CHIPS



CHARLOTTE DE POMMES
BOHE CECIL
AMANDES SALLES
MACARONS AU
PARMESAN
DESSERT
CAFE

A GREAT ELECTRICIAN—BY W. H. PIKE, R.B.A.

to restrain some active purpose. Of a little more than the middle height, his frame was well knit and very powerful, and he had the vigorous, free stride of a soldier inured to the march. He belonged to that class of men which Carlyle has, perhaps, a little over-praised. He was undoubtedly "potential," and, above all, silent. I doubt whether anybody ever had a long conversation with John Alexander Cameron. He was an exceedingly good listener, and when he spoke it was very much to the point; but he was one of those men who make it a rule "never to speak until they are spoken to."

When he was ordered out to the Soudan, Cameron was outwardly no more disturbed, either by eagerness or apprehension, than if he had been requested to describe the Queen's arrival at Windsor; yet from the few confidential words that he dropped in conversation it was easy to discern that he had no belief in the success of the expedition, and even that he had no hope of coming back alive. All his dispositions were made as if in expectation of death, and the fatalistic impression was as curiously well-founded in his case as it had been in that of O'Donovan, though the death of the one was the result of pure accident, and that of the other was an incident accompanying the massacre of an army.

It was at first reported that Charles Williams, of *The Daily Chronicle*, was among the victims of the battle; but Williams, after enduring indescribable pangs of thirst in a solitary journey across the desert Nilewards, came back to give the first authentic account of the manner of Cameron's death. It was said by some hasty persons that *The Standard* corre-

spondent had recklessly exposed himself. As the first duty of the representative of a newspaper in such cases is to take care of his life in the interest of those who have sent him out and cannot easily replace him, this was a serious impeachment of Cameron's good sense. As a matter of fact, however, he had not exposed himself at all. After a long, hungry march, the newspaper correspondents, weary almost to death, sat down to breakfast while the battle was raging around them. Cameron was seated behind a reclining camel, to all appearances quite out of harm's way, and his death came about in the most singular and unexpected manner. Some bullet, shot high, and half spent, dropped over the back of the camel and struck him in the spine.

Charles—or, as he was usually called, "Charlie"—Williams was the oldest of the war correspondents then in active service. He would affirm that at various times he had suffered from all the ills to which an errant journalist is liable. During the Armenian campaign, the incidents of which he recorded in a rather considerable volume, he was so much reduced by hardship and dysentery that he was given up as a doomed man. However, he contrived to reach Constantinople, and to get on board a ship there, from which moment he began to recover his strength. On the return from Metemneh he was rash enough to push on in advance of the troops, and so unfortunate as to miss a water-picket in the hills, with the consequence that he suffered from those terrible pangs of thirst of which I have already made mention.

Mr. Williams was not merely a special correspondent; he was also a politician. A Tory of the very

strictest sect, he repudiated the title of Conservative with real heat and energy, not only because it was modern, but because, as he held, it was not descriptive of the stern and fixed character of his political convictions. He was for a long time associated with *The Standard*, and also edited *The Evening Standard* when that newspaper was fighting its way to the front. Later on he became editor of *The Evening News*, which, under his management, became the liveliest paper in London, though, as Mr. Williams was in the habit of hitting out very savagely and remorselessly against his opponents, it was not always in the best odour. He was a man of restless, stormy, and combative temperament, always driving at full speed, with something of the force of a hurricane.

A more cautious and discreet man, with the prospect of further campaigns before him, would have left Sir Charles Wilson alone after the failure to reach Gordon; but Mr. Williams came back to England, boiling with indignation, and bearing with him the manuscript with which he attacked Sir Charles in one of the monthly reviews. He would also have avoided the law-suit into which he plunged as the result of a quarrel with Mr. H. H. S. Pearse, the correspondent of *The Daily News*. The Soudan campaign tried all our men heavily, and the youngest of them returned looking thin and worn, and as if they had escaped from great perils. Williams, however, had an indomitable physique, which he was generally putting to severe trials. The amount of "copy" that he produced in the course of a year was really prodigious, and he worked early and late. He was, too, an omnivorous reader, devouring books of all

sorts, and having information to hand on all possible subjects. One day he came in to where I was sitting, with a copy of the "Faerie Queene" in his hand. "And you actually mean to read it?" I asked. "I intend to reach the death of the Blatant Beast to-night," was the reply; and I have little doubt that he redeemed his promise of reading to the end of the poem, though of the few persons who have read the "Faerie Queene" all through, probably not more than one has ever got, however hastily, from the first canto to the last in a single day, and even that one would not come to the death of the Blatant Beast, for, notwithstanding Macaulay's famous remark on the subject, the Blatant Beast does not die.

One of the older race of war correspondents, retired from active service after the quelling of Arabi Pasha, was Hilary Skinner, of *The Daily News*. It was very entertaining to hear his account of the Press censorship which was established during that campaign. Mr. Skinner, who was a barrister, was celebrated as the most rapid talker in London society. He was an eager politician—he figured, indeed, as a Parliamentary candidate—as the opponent, not only of Lord Randolph Churchill, but, at another time, of Mr. W. H. Smith—and he had a mind so brimming over with information of all sorts that it poured out its surplusage in cataracts of brilliant and amusing talk. It was with difficulty that one followed such a rush of impetuous words; but the interest of Mr. Skinner's monologues was happily too great to admit of any indifference on the part of the listener. One of his stories I shall take leave to tell, with a necessary brevity which, unluckily, will convey no just

impression of his own picturesque narrative. The incident to which it relates occurred when he was much younger than at the time when I knew him, and whilst the athletic training he had received at the University was still useful and available. During the troubles between Greece and Turkey, in the early fifties, he rowed through the whole night to the Greek shore, with a wounded and helpless man in his boat, under the shadow of hostile batteries, and with the chance every moment of being sent to the bottom of the sea. It was a dangerous and hardy enterprise. Everything depended on the watchfulness of sentinels, on the sound which his oars made in the water, on the treachery or the faithfulness of the moonbeams. He rowed on slowly, strenuously, wearied almost to death, expecting every moment a shot from the batteries, creeping along in the darkness for very life; and eventually he landed at the destination on which he had fixed, the achievement being considered so extraordinary that the Greek Government made him a present of the boat in which he made so perilous and heroic a voyage.

Another capital anecdote of his related to a contest with Dr. (afterwards Sir) William Howard Russell. During the Franco-German War the command of the telegraph-wire was not so much an object with the special correspondent as it afterwards became. Archibald Forbes wrote out his account of the surrender of Metz in an office in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. Mr. Skinner accompanied the German army during the war, with Dr. Russell as his companion on behalf of *The Times*. The two were great friends, but were also suspiciously watchful of each other's proceedings.

Neither intended to let the other get what has since come to be known as "a scoop." There came a day when they both of them had intelligence of the highest importance—nothing less, in fact, than the surrender at Sedan. This was worthy of being carried to England in person.

They both lodged at the same inn, and it was a point with each that the other should not be permitted to start first. Mr. Skinner accordingly devoted himself to divining the intentions of his friend, and Dr. Russell watched Mr. Skinner with the same eager carefulness in return. "Russell will start to-morrow," said the man of *The Daily News*; "I must be ready for him." Rising early in the morning, he discovered Russell strolling around, as if he had come out merely to surmise whether it was likely to be a fine day. "Good-morning," said Mr. Skinner. "Good-morning," was the reply. "What are you doing?" "Well, I was thinking of starting," replied Mr. Skinner. "That is odd; I was thinking of starting too," said Dr. Russell. "Oh," said Skinner to himself, "you are intending to give me the slip." But that was not to be done. They both started for England together, racing through Belgium on horse-back, the one endeavouring on all opportunities to lose his companion, and the other determined that no such opportunity should befall. It was hard riding, for mile on mile through the dull Low Countries, and for a while Mr. Skinner was left behind; but the two reached the port together, to Dr. Russell's great chagrin, and arrived in England by the same ship.

Phil Robinson was another worthy member of the band. He was an Anglo-Indian. In his whimsical

way, he says: "I was born at Chunar. It was a curious freak, I confess, and in an autobiography might seem to call for some explanation. But I have none to give. The fact of my mother being at Chunar at the time may, of course, have had some influence on my selection of a birthplace. But apart from this conjecture I have no justification to offer—except the proverbial thoughtlessness of childhood." But although born in India, he was an Englishman to the core. Phil was a fine figure of a man, as an Irishman would say, carrying the energy and sprightliness of youth, and also its playfulness, far past middle age. His face was browned by exposure to hot suns. He had been almost everywhere. He had edited a newspaper in India, where he had also been chased by a wild boar. He had visited Salt Lake City, and had traversed the American continent from end to end. It was his habit to disappear from the haunts of men in London, and to return in a few weeks, or a few months, looking hardier and browner, but in other respects unchanged, from the fashion of his clothes to the heedless hilarity of his temperament.

Phil Robinson wrote many books, some of them full of curious knowledge of natural history, and of the lack of accurate information on the subject that is to be found in our English poets. Before everything, however, he was a journalist. He may be said to have been born into that calling. His father was an Indian editor, and Phil was in due course placed in charge of the same newspaper. It was in India that he wrote that delightful book, "In My Indian Garden," and that for the most part he obtained his extraordinary knowledge of zoology. But the spirit

of adventure was in his blood. When Lord Lytton and Shere Ali made, between them, so much trouble in Afghanistan, Phil Robinson attached himself to the British forces as special correspondent, and described the route from the Indus to Quettah. He would relate, with the pardonable pride of one who is the hero of an unexampled achievement, how he was in Salt Lake City when the news of the outbreak at Alexandria reached him. He at once telegraphed to London, and followed his telegram. After two or three hours in Fleet Street he was on his way to Egypt, arriving in that country in time for the most exciting events in the campaign against Arabi. He had covered half the world in the shortest time up to then recorded. He made another journey eastward later on, for he was with General Graham on the shores of the Red Sea when the Arabs were pretty constantly stealing up in the night-time to cut the throats of the men sleeping about Suakin. His letters from the Soudan appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, to which journal he was also attached as a leader-writer, contributing many quaint little essays of a quite individual character, humorous and profound, and propounding such apparently unpractical questions as "Should Boys sit on Whales' Blow-holes?" The text was the adventure of a boy who had sat on the blow-hole of a whale stranded on the Scotch coast. He was thrown fifty feet into the air and fifty yards out to sea. So Phil said.

When Phil's brother was going out to Lahore to edit the newspaper which had been so much in the family hands, and on which, by the way, he had Rudyard Kipling among his assistants, he was

entertained to dinner at one of those caravanserais where the wine-steward wears what looks like an exaggerated mayoral chain. At the Club afterwards I found him placidly wearing this vast ornament in the smoking-room. "How did you get that?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "our Phil gave it to me. He said I should meet nobody worth meeting in India who didn't wear an order of some sort, and so he was determined that I should have one to take out with me."

Bennet Burleigh was another of the men who were always turning up at the conclusion of some war or other. He invariably came back full of boisterous health and spirits, but with a craving for fresh wars.

At the end of the Soudan affair, in 1885, the Club entertained the returned correspondents to dinner. G. A. Henty, one of the veterans of the craft, was in the chair, and the rule against speeches was suspended on the occasion. The invited "guests," who were all of them members of the Club, were Bennet Burleigh and Phil Robinson, both of *The Daily Telegraph*; Charles Williams, of *The Daily Chronicle*; Melton Prior, of *The Illustrated London News*; and Wentworth Huyshe, of *The Times*. Mr. Huyshe was unable to be present on account of illness. H. M. Stanley was present as the guest of Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, a well-known American long domiciled in England.

The chairman had for some years retired from the exacting work of war correspondence, and had betaken himself to the writing of those books which made him such a prime favourite with the boyhood of the land; but as he proposed the toast of the evening there

came back to him memories of the hardships, adventures, dangers, and triumphs of the career, and he spoke with equal eloquence and emotion. "We have not," he said, "asked our friends to meet us because they have been for some time absent abroad, for there are many of our members who, in the course of their professional work, visit the United States or the Colonies, and, after a long absence, do not receive any special greeting. No, gentlemen, it is not because they have distinguished themselves, nor because they have been abroad, that we have asked our friends to meet us, but for a reason far higher and more cogent. We have asked them here that we might hold out our hand of welcome to them as men who have come back to us out of the jaws of death."

There was reason enough for talk in this strain. The loss of life among newspaper correspondents had been out of all proportion to the loss of life among the troops. Mr. Henty went on to say: "Why, gentlemen, from the days of the Crimea, when William Russell, and Nat Woods, and, in a humble way, myself, began the work of correspondents with the British Army, all the wars, all the campaigns together, have not caused such a mortality as this. The total number of men who went out to chronicle the doings of the army was twenty, and of these seven 'are not.' Donovan and Vizetelly, Power, Cameron and Herbert, Roberts and Gordon, who, although not a special correspondent properly speaking, may yet be included in the list."

Then as to the pleasure which such a welcome must give to the survivors, he said: "I remember, and as long as I live I shall never forget, how, when more

than ten years ago I returned from Ashanti sorely shaken and pulled down, the first Saturday evening I came into the Club my friend Vincent Boys was in the chair. Speech-making in the Club was more rare then than it is now, but when dinner was over he got up and welcomed me back, and the warmth and kindness of his words, and the warmth and kindness with which those words were received, made such a deep impression upon me that when I rose to reply I was unable to say a word of thanks. That impression has never left me. It then for the first time really came home to me how warm is the feeling which the members of this Club cherish for each other, and that the Savage is not a mere meeting-place of brain-workers of kindred professions, but a gathering of men who have a real, earnest friendship, in many cases an almost brotherly affection, for each other."

Towards the end of the evening Melton Prior told a story in which Henry M. Stanley was concerned, and with which he did not seem to be particularly pleased. They were out in the Ashanti War together. "Stanley," said Mr. Prior, "gave me a shelter in his tent; but he had a habit of thrashing my native servants. One of these fellows, to whom he had given a 'licking,' turned vindictive, and we went in fear of our lives in consequence; so we agreed to take it in turns to sit up all night, revolver in hand, to defend ourselves from any sudden attack. I certainly performed my share of the bargain, and sat up half the night, ready with my revolver, but when it came to Stanley's turn, why, he went to sleep."

Stanley revenged himself for the candour of this relation by speaking of Melton Prior as "my friend

without hair." He had himself been entertained at the Club thirteen years earlier as the guest of Dr. Lennox Browne, who was not only a famous throat specialist, but an artist of considerable attainments. This was on Stanley's first return from the Dark Continent. He appears then to have been in a rather moody and resentful frame of mind, in consequence of the way in which he had been treated by the geographers. In a curious, desultory speech he said: "Having been invited to the Geographical Society, at 1, Savile Row, I made a sketch of the New Lakes, and other things, in a rough-and-ready manner; but after giving all their names I am told that I am no observer." At the meeting of the British Association Mr. Fred. Galton, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., had said, "We don't want any sensational speeches." "That does stick in my throat," said Stanley. Then, as to his having actually found Livingstone: "I have marched with that man 1,000 miles, and it is not now likely that I am going to turn him adrift. If on his return to England you invite Livingstone to the Savage Club, when he drinks your champagne he will think of the last champagne he and I drank together in Africa." This reads oddly after what has taken place in the interval!

A further incident of this dinner to the war correspondents was the proposal by Charles Williams of the health of Mr. Benbow, "the man who mended the boiler." Describing the event, *The Norwich Argus*, whose proprietor and editor was a Savage—the late Philip Soman—said: "He is a handsome, well set-up man, with crisp, brown beard and hair just touched with grey, and his whole bearing marks him

as the very type of the English naval officer and gentleman. His speech was deeply interesting, but marked by characteristic reticence and modesty. After observing that he felt he had much to be thankful for in being permitted to return from Egypt, the chief engineer of the *Safia* proceeded to give a succinct yet vivid narrative of the memorable rescue of Sir Charles Wilson's party. He set forth the admirable coolness of Lord Charles Beresford in the supreme moment of danger, and described in simple language the incident of the Arab shot crashing through the boiler and scalding all the men, thus leaving the chief engineer to face the sudden difficulty created. Here Mr. Benbow related a characteristic remark of Lord Charles's which deserves to be recorded. When the disaster became known the gallant captain exclaimed, 'Well, we are in a nice fix, but by ——, boys, we'll make a fight for it!' Despite the imminent peril of the position, every one behaved in a manner worthy of British seamen, and it was not until four o'clock the next morning that an order from the captain so upset a native as to lead him to withdraw one of the dampers, thus sending a shower of sparks from the funnel, and bringing down upon the vessel the renewed fire of the enemy's guns. But long before this Mr. Benbow had mended the boiler, and within ten minutes from the recommencement of the bombardment the *Safia* steamed gallantly past the fort, sending one deadly shot right into the chief embrasure before proceeding to complete its mission of rescuing Sir C. Wilson's party from its dangerous position on the Nile."

CHAPTER XIX

SAVAGES IN THE CITY

TO members of the Savage Club, and to one member in particular, the City of London owes a peculiar and somewhat considerable debt. The annual exhibitions of pictures at the Guildhall, which are nowadays of supreme excellence, and of even more than national interest, arose out of an abortive attempt to found a City Academy of Arts, of which certain Savages, eminent in connection with painting and sculpture, were the principal promoters. The story has been told, in extraordinarily plethoric English, in a book printed for private circulation, and so scarce that its existence was unknown to most even of those who were the subject of the narrative until I chanced to discover a presentation copy in a secondhand bookshop about two years since. The volume is of handsome appearance, of quarto size, bound in Russia leather, with a large number of photographs of pictures and sculpture carefully mounted on its pages. As a record it has a value which is quite independent of its peculiarities of style.

In the year 1880 there was held in the Skinners' Hall the first Exhibition of the City of London Society of

Artists, which afterwards added to its title the words, "and Guildhall Academy of Arts." The title of the Society was not too pretentious for its ambitions, the objects agreed upon being: "Each season to set on view works of contemporary art, by artists whose productions shall be worthy of the name and fame of the metropolis of the World: to form an Academy where, under artists of eminence, students may advance themselves in the higher grades of Art, and hereafter, by means of travelling scholarships, be enabled to study the works of great Masters of the Past in the Low Countries, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, and gain knowledge from the exhibitions by Artists of the present day in such Art Centres as Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Munich, and Vienna; and, lastly, to form the nucleus of a Permanent Gallery which might compare favourably not merely with such patriotic creations as the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, Horsman Gallery at Wolverhampton, and kindred institutions in our commercial centres, but also with those Collections in the Low Countries which have been the growth of centuries and the outcome of the public spirit of generations of Merchant Princes."

Thus, with profuse capitals, were the purposes of the Society set forth by its first Honorary Secretary, who goes on to observe that, "To Mr. Bernard Evans, well known in the Art World for his realistic and vivid delineations of Welsh scenery, and the weird and primitive beauty of Cannock Chase, is due the conception of the establishment of the present Society, not only within the City, but also directly under the ægis and protection of the City, with such

views as have been already stated. The idea once mooted," the writer goes on to observe, "the influx of Artists willing to co-operate was so great that it was with difficulty a selection could be made as to those members who should constitute themselves into a Society."

No jealousy was exhibited on the part of the older Societies. Indeed, it was with a frolic welcome that they received this project for the establishment of a new Academy. It meant the opening-out of a new market, for one thing. City men were not frequent purchasers in Piccadilly, or Suffolk Street, or Pall Mall, so Mahomet would go to the mountain. The pride which the City might be expected to take in its own exhibition might stimulate the purchase of pictures among men hitherto insensible to the seductions of Art. Even the Royal Academy, which might have considered itself attacked, was not merely friendly, but helpful. One of its Associates, the late C. B. Birch, who, like Mr. Bernard Evans, was a member of the Savage Club, was among the most active and enthusiastic of the promoters. Other Academicians took this opportunity of exhibiting their work in the City. Sir Frederic Leighton, at a later date, but long before he was raised to the peerage, in the course of a speech at the Mansion House, and at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor to the Royal Academy itself, spoke of this "cadet of Art Institutions" as certain to have a long and prosperous future, a prophecy which now appears to have been much too hasty and ill-considered. Then, as the first honorary secretary says, "The patronage of many members of the aristocracy, including the

Premier Peer of England, of the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and leading citizens of London, was secured." Royalty also was prompt in its patronage, "in the persons of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, the Princess Louise (herself an artist), and the late Duke of Albany." "Thus," remarks the eloquent honorary secretary, "under great and favourable auspices, was our Art Ship, our Art Argosy, launched."

It had been easy enough to form the Society, but grave difficulties presented themselves when the search for an exhibition-room was entered upon. Any large exhibition of pictures in the City had never been contemplated. There was nowhere any room, or set of rooms, which had been used for such a purpose. "At length, however, after many a disappointment, and after many fruitless efforts, thanks to the kind mediation of Mr. Charles Barry, son of the eminent architect of the Palace of Westminster, the Worshipful Company of Skinners generously offered their noble Hall on Dowgate Hill for the purposes of the first exhibition of the City of London Society of Artists."

The first exhibition was to have been opened by the Duke of Edinburgh, who, however, found himself unable to attend on the occasion. The opening ceremony was, in consequence, conducted by the Lord Mayor, at that time Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, who had accepted the office of President of the Society. There entered into it some of the usual City pomp, for certain artists of distinction, officers of the new Society, made a clumsy and comic attempt at walking backwards before their President, with white wands

in their hands. Expectations were more than realised in regard both to sales and the number of visitors, and a second exhibition was held in April, 1881, with similar results. Then, on the 4th of January, 1882, there came what the first honorary secretary calls "an event noteworthy in the annals of our Society," for it was then determined to make a presentation to Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, who continued to be the President of the Society after he had left the civic chair. "A suggestion given by one of our most active members, Mr. Fitzgerald, was at once taken up by Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., who offered to model the bust of the President. And it was this bust, executed in marble, which the members of the Society undertook to present to Lady Truscott. The presentation was made at the Mansion House by Sir John Whittaker Ellis, Lord Mayor, in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of artists and citizens." Mr. Birch had associations with the City before the new Society came into existence. He was the sculptor of the Temple Bar memorial, and therefore of that griffin which continues to be the subject of not very well-directed ridicule. It is really a very good griffin. Probably no other sculptor could have treated such a subject more successfully than Mr. Birch. And the subject, it should be remembered, was not of his own choosing. The griffin is one of the emblems of the City, and it was the City which decided that a griffin should surmount the memorial at Temple Bar. No model was available, or ever has been, and no two artists have ever agreed as to the precise manner in which the heraldic beast should be represented. In any case, it was obviously impossible

1859 THE NEW WAY
PLYMOUTH 1870 - GOING FOR A SPIN ON DARTBOOTH
THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER SAT. MAY 9th 1896

SAVAGE CLUB

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD IN THE CHAIR



MENU

SOUP
CRÈME DE VOIGLILLE
GRAND TURTLE
MORE D'ORIGINE
SALADE A L'ENFANT
L'YVONS COURAGE

FISH
SALMON
MUSSELINE TANCE
NEW POTATOES
PRICED FILLETS OF CHICKEN
A LA RUSSELLO -

ROCK
HOCK
HOCK

ENTRÉES
SUPRÊME "QUAILE A LA LUCULLUS
SWEETBREADS PIQUE A LA 1^{re} CLOUD
CHAMPAGNE
LOUIS
REMOVED
LAMB & MINT SAUCE
TOMATO DRESSING
BEEF STEAK
BEEF STEAK
BEEF STEAK

THE UNDISPUTEDLY IS GRAND
BUT IT'S NOT WARE!!

COAST
LIBERTY DOLLARS
WATERCRESS
NEW
THE
LIBERTY DOLLARS
WATERCRESS
NEW
THE

GRÈSE-IF
CLUSTERS
DESSERT
PORT MARQUE
CAFE NOIR ET COGNAC

SAUVAGES NACRA - WATER

SAUVAGES NACRA - WATER



CUCUMBER
SALAD

HERE "TAKES THE BOTTLE
A ROUND DEAR BOYS!!



1900



for a sculptor of Mr. Birch's reputation and abilities to copy somebody else's griffin. He entered into a prolonged and most conscientious study of the subject, consulted all the authorities, compared all the existing examples, and eventually evolved the wondrous creature which now spreads its wings above the site of Temple Bar. The bad reception given to his work was owing to no fault of his own. Such a subject in such a position would have provoked ridicule in whatsoever manner it had been treated. Mr. Birch might have been wise to refuse the commission. The unkindly treatment of a work on which he had expended much care and talent and invention embittered the later years of a life which came to much too early an end.

This, however, is a digression. To come back to the affairs of the City of London Society of Artists. The Skinners' Company still continued to be kind. A third exhibition was held in its hall in June, 1882. It was considered sufficiently important to receive extensive notice both in English and Continental newspapers, "and *finis coronat opus*," writes the honorary secretary, "or, as the Emperor Napoleon said on a memorable occasion, the 'crowning of the edifice,' was gracefully given by Sir Frederic Leighton" at that Mansion House banquet to which reference has already been made.

This frank delight in what had so far been achieved did not seem extravagant at the time, though it was made to seem almost violently extravagant by subsequent events, when the City of London Society was snuffed out like one of the Lord Mayor's candles. In the meantime the Society's prosperity advanced by

leaps and bounds. The Skinners' Company was unable to lend its hall for the fourth exhibition; but this was a great advantage, as it happened, at least in seeming, for the City now felt itself bound to regard the welfare of the Society as something in which it was itself concerned. "It had put its hand to the plough," said Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, and when the City had made up its mind to go forward it never turned back. Then, the conditions were exceptionally favourable. The civil work of the old City Law Courts had been removed to the Strand, and the space thus left unoccupied was placed at the disposal of the Committee of the Society. The honorary secretary says, in his grandiose way, that "to the surprise even of those most immediately concerned, the galleries were found to afford not only ample space for the display of pictures and sculpture (this had been expected), but also left nothing to be desired in the matter of a good top-light, by the simple process of raising the floors, leaving beneath a legal Herculaneum and Pompeii, from which possibly in after centuries the New Zealander may extract treasures in the way of briefs, and 'curios' in the shape of pleadings." To state the fact in plain language, the Society spent a hundred pounds in laying a new flooring above the seats, tables, witness-stands, jury-boxes, and what-not of the old Law Courts, leaving everything undisturbed, so that when the flooring was removed the Courts would be found just as they were before. The arrangement, obviously meant to be temporary, continues, I believe, to this day, the flooring of the permanent Galleries at the Guildhall being that which

was laid down, in the first place, by the City of London Society of Artists.

The first exhibition held at the Guildhall was particularly memorable because of the quantity and the quality of the sculpture that was then brought together. There has probably never been a larger or more meritorious collection in any exhibition in this country. And thereby hangs a tale. The honorary secretary remarks: "The fact that the Corporation has shown itself resolved to beautify the City by the erection of statuary on Blackfriars Bridge, commemorating those monarchs who had identified themselves with London's story, resolved your Society to set apart a special Gallery for the Exhibition of sculpture." The resolution of the Corporation with regard to the erection of equestrian statues on Blackfriars Bridge had a curious connection with the Belt case, which may now have been forgotten. Mr. C. B. Lawes, now second baronet of that name, had alleged, through *Vanity Fair*, that the work of Mr. Richard Belt, and particularly the statue of Byron, in Hyde Park Gardens, was not done by Mr. Belt himself, but by a studio "ghost." An action for libel resulted in a verdict for £5,000 damages against Mr. Lawes, afterwards reduced to £500 on appeal. Mr. Belt had strong sympathisers in the City, and, apparently with the view of giving him an early opportunity of proving that no ghostly assistance was necessary in his case, he was commissioned to reproduce the Queen Anne group in front of St. Paul's. In fact, the very ordinary stonemason's piece of work now occupying the finest position in London is from the studio of Mr. Belt.

The project for placing statuary on Blackfriars Bridge was then actively revived, and it was understood that Mr. Belt would be commissioned in connection with one, if not two, of the groups. There would still, however, be much work for other sculptors, hence the profuse display of sculpture, to a large extent of the equestrian kind, at the Guildhall Exhibition in 1883. Among the principal exhibitors were Mr. Birch, Mr. Brock, Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Lawes, Mr. Bruce Joy, Mr. Adrian Jones, and Mr. Ingram, most of them members of the Savage Club. The fine expectations that were entertained all came to nothing. Nobody got any commissions. Mr. Belt fell into a new kind of trouble, from which the City could not rescue him, even if it had been disposed to do so; and for this or some other reason the project for adorning Blackfriars Bridge was abandoned.



In the Exhibition of 1883 there were nine hundred works in oil, water-colour, and sculpture, chiefly by artists of high standing. Of these, two hundred were sold, realising a sum of about £7,000. This meant a really gratifying financial success. The City of London Society of Artists had every reason to look forward to such a future as Sir Frederick Leighton had predicted. Unfortunately, however, something else happened which involved a sacrifice of position and reputation. It had nothing to do with the Society and its affairs, but it made necessary the appointment of a new Secretary. It seems, also, to have brought about a change in the attitude of the Corporation towards the body of painters and sculptors to which it had up to this time been so favourable. At any rate, the day was not far off when, on application

being made for the use of the Guildhall for exhibition purposes, the Society was informed that the building was required for other uses. It was a curt enough intimation, accompanied by an offer to repay the hundred pounds expended on the laying of a new floor in the Guildhall; but when the new Society marched out, it was with some share at least of the honours of war. One of its main objects was about to be attained, most decidedly as a result of its influences, though not under its auspices. It had aimed at forming "the nucleus of a Permanent Gallery." Such a nucleus was formed by the gift of Sir John Gilbert's pictures, which was made because of the interest which the City had lately exhibited in Art. A larger effect of the Society's work was the establishment of those annual exhibitions which have made the Guildhall a place of pilgrimage for all those who regard artistic achievement as the highest outcome of human endeavour.

CHAPTER XX

THE CITY AND THE SAVAGE CLUB

THERE is a not uncommon impression that the cordiality of the relationship which exists between the Savage Club and the representatives of the City for the time being is only of recent date. It has frequently been made matter of reproach, as if it took something away from the independence of the Club. The truth is that this informal association with the City began so long ago as 1876, at a House Dinner, with J. L. Toole in the chair. Alderman Truscott was present as a guest, and announced his intention of inviting the Club to the Mansion House when, in due course, he should become Lord Mayor. The promise was well kept in mind. Alderman Truscott became Lord Mayor in November, 1879, and on January 31, 1880, he wrote: "I am very anxious to have the pleasure of entertaining the members of the Savage Club at dinner at the Mansion House during my year of office, and, if quite convenient to them, I propose to issue invitations for Saturday, March 6th, at five o'clock. Should this be agreeable to the Savage Club, I should be glad if you would send in a list of those to whom cards should be addressed."

SINGING 
FROM PALESTINE
HITHER I COME 

MENU

4TH FEB 1899

ALDERMAN
TRELOAR
CHAIRMAN



SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR—BY JOHN PROCTOR

A difficulty of some magnitude presented itself immediately on the acceptance of the invitation. There was not room at the Mansion House for the whole of the members to sit down to dinner, and some balloting therefore became necessary, at which one member, at least, took umbrage, for he resigned his membership on the ground that he had the same right to be present as any other member. He has since, it should be said, rejoined the Club, as one of the selected members, a mark of distinction of which those who are so chosen are naturally proud.

The news that the Savages were to dine with the Lord Mayor assumed the proportions of a public event. There was quite a crowd gathered round the doors of the Mansion House, said *The City Press*. "It had become known to the public far and near that the Lord Mayor was that evening to give a dinner to the Savage Club. It was equally well known that with that contrast between names and things which is so prevalent in England at the present time, the Savages were nothing of the kind; but real, hardworking members of the professions of literature and art; and it was to see the men to whom the public owes so much that it gathered around the doors of the Mansion House." From the long list of Savages present I select a few names illustrative of the membership in 1880. In the alphabetical order James Albery took first place. Then came Fred Barnard, E. C. Barnes, Shiel Barry, Kyrle Bellow, H. J. Byron, T. Catling, Charles Collette, F. H. Cowen, Hawes Craven, Edward Draper, Theodore Drew, Charles Dickens, the Earl of Dunraven, B. L. Farjeon, Luke Fildes,

E. J. Gregory, T. B. Hardy, Hubert Herkomer, John Hollingshead, George Honey, Bronson Howard, Herbert Johnson, Charles Kelly, Frank Marshall, Arthur Mathison, William and Wallis Mackay, Bernard McGuckin, Phil Morris, E. J. Odell, James Orrock, Howard Paul, Henry Pettitt, John Radcliff, E. G. Ravenstein, Edward Righton, William Rignold, Hilary Skinner, Matt Stretch, Barry Sullivan, W. B. Tegetmeier, William Terriss, J. L. Toole, Henri Van Laun, Gilbert Venables, Harrison Weir, Crawford Wilson, and William Young. The other guests of the Lord Mayor were all representative men, the first Lord Houghton, formerly Richard Monckton Milnes, being among them.

Dr. W. C. Bennett, who was peculiarly the City poet, being a brother of the eccentric and picturesque Sir John, wrote a song for the occasion, of which this is the last stanza but one :—

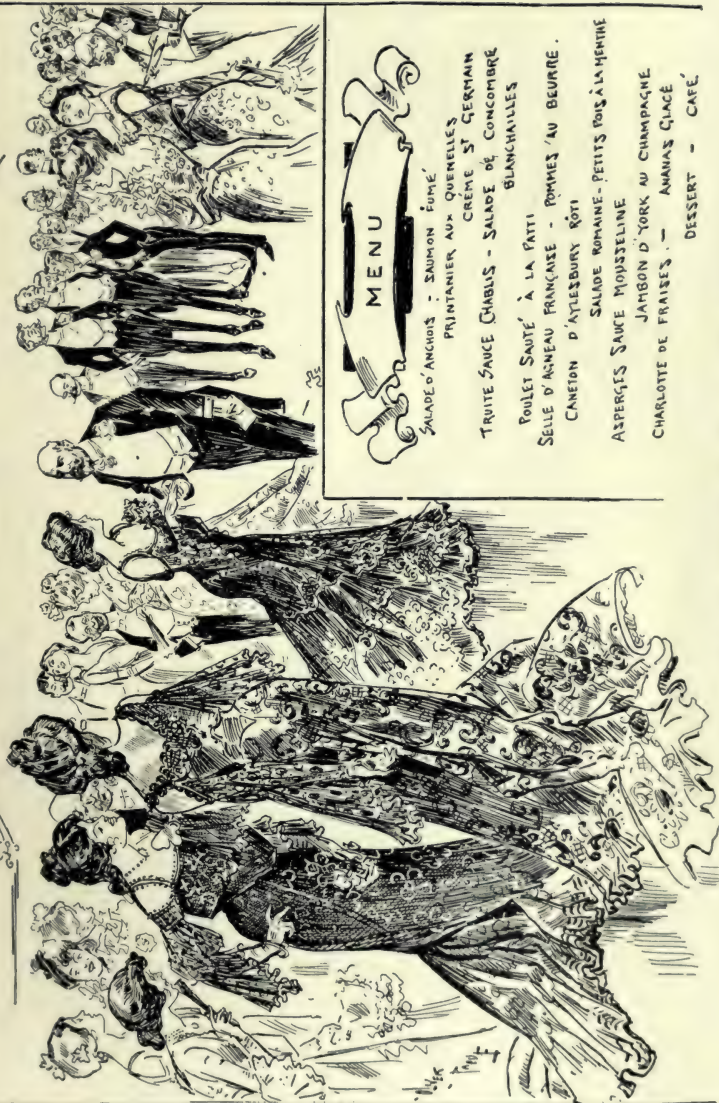
And when, on our wintry heads,
Age's snows are hoary,
When some of us, in cold beds,
Lie, tucked up by glory ;
Still for many and many a year,
We'll of them be thinking ;
Many a loving bumper here
We'll to them be drinking.
Still with mingling joy and pain,
We'll repair death's ravages ;
In our praise they'll live again
These old, famous Savages.

“With genuine hospitality,” said *The World*, “the Lord Mayor made his guests thoroughly comfortable ; and the permission which he gave them, immediately

Savage Club Ladies' Night

Sir W. Purdie Treloar
in the Chair

Dinner May 16th
1903
Hotel Cecil



MENU

SALADE D'ANCHOIS - SAUMON FUMÉ
PRINTANIER AUX QUENELLES
CRÈME ST GERMAIN
TRUITE SAUCE CHABLIS - SALADE DE CONCOMBRE
BLANCHAILLES
POULET SAUTÉ À LA PATTI
SEIGNE D'AGNEAU FRANÇAISE - POMMES 'AU BEURRE'
CANEON D'ATLESBURY RÔTI
SALADE ROMAINE - PETITS ROIS À LA MENTHE
ASPERGES SAUCE MOUSTELINE
JAMBON D'YORK AU CHAMPAGNE
CHARLOTTE DE FRAISES - ANANAS GLACÉ
DESSERT - CAFÉ

LADIES AND THE LORD MAYOR—BY W. H. PIKE, R.B.A.

after dinner, to smoke, was a privilege that only once before had been accorded within the Egyptian Hall, and that to gratify His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It was a pleasant and agreeable sight to behold the Lord Mayor of London reclining in his chair of State and smoking a big cigar, while the civic sword and the golden mace reposed gracefully beside his lordship's seat and endured the ordeal to their stateliness without a shudder." There was a good deal of sneering, of the cheap sort, in some of the weekly newspapers, which need not be mentioned, because they are now forgotten. The real significance of the banquet was well brought out by *The Daily Telegraph*, which said: "The assemblage of so large a body of literary men, actors, and others interested in their pursuits, at the official residence of the head of the Corporation, is strikingly suggestive of that growing sympathy which has been manifested of late years between those who cultivate the fine arts and those who profit from their labours. It is impossible for men of business to enjoy and appreciate the literary, artistic, and dramatic productions of their time without feeling a desire to see and know those to whom they owe so much intellectual pleasure, and to mark their gratitude by acts of courtesy."

There were, of course, some speeches at this banquet. Was there ever a Mansion House banquet without speeches? They were, however, few in number. One of them cemented the union between the Savage Club and the City. Charles Dickens the Younger had in that same year of 1880 become Honorary Treasurer, in succession to Jonas Levy. He was said to have inherited something of his

father's genius for after-dinner oratory, and to him was confided the duty of proposing the health of the Lord Mayor. In the course of his speech he said that if he might be allowed to introduce a small matter of business connected with the subject before them, he would, with the permission of the Committee, announce that the Lord Mayor had been within a few minutes elected by them an honorary life-member of the Club, and he was directed to ask the Club to ratify his lordship's election. This was done, of course, with three times three, and Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott thus took his place on the roll as the second of the Club's honorary life-members, the first being His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales.

There followed a real "Savage Club night," such as the Lord Mayor had previously shared in at the rooms of the Club, and such as succeeding Lord Mayors were to share in and to enjoy. In 1892 Sir W. P. Treloar, now one of the Trustees, became a member of the Club, having satisfactorily established a literary qualification. From that time onwards he presided once a year over one of the House Dinners, and brought many of his friends from the City with him, among them, as a rule, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs. The "No speeches" rule was broken almost invariably on those occasions; but only for a few minutes, and always with happy results. In 1901, for example, the Lord Mayor delighted the company by his rendering of a dramatic little story, in broken English. In the following year, when the Japanese Ambassador was also present, Sir Wm. Treloar brought with him to the Club a most

remarkable relic of which he had recently obtained possession. This was a loving-cup, holding a pint, or a little more, which, as certain inscriptions testified, was at one time the property of Oliver Goldsmith. On Goldsmith's death it passed into the hands of David Garrick, and thence to the possession of one of the literary and artistic clubs of the day. Then, after an interval, it passed into Johnson's hands, for one of the inscriptions engraved on its silver rim records that it was presented to Burke by his friend Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Letters, as a memento of Johnson's visit to Beaconsfield, which was Burke's home. The date of the presentation was 1779, five years after the death of Goldsmith, and five before the death of Johnson. It was long, probably, since the cup had been used for its original purpose—frugally, as its size would suggest; but now it was filled up many times over, and sent round among the Savages in the time-honoured way.

Sir William Treloar, who presided with great geniality over the second "Ladies' Dinner," at the Hotel Cecil, in 1903, had occupied the chair a year earlier, when Sir Harry Johnston was one of the guests. It was the occasion on which the Club celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary. Sir Harry, who might justly have considered himself well qualified for membership—for he is not only a writer of distinction, but a painter of very high accomplishments—told a story of how, years before, he had been present at "a banquet given by real savages, in a very wild district," where his position was peculiarly delicate because of his uncertainty as to whether he was present as a guest or a dish. A great ancestor

of the banqueters was to be honoured by being eaten. "A red paste of an agreeable flavour" was served round, and it bore the undisguised designation of "man." Then followed some smoke-dried joints, which might be suspected of a similar human origin. At any rate, "a mouthful was equivalent to a letter of introduction to the tribe." At his last African banquet, he said, it was again an assembly of black people; but this time the menu was written in French.

In 1906 Sir William Treloar entertained his immediate predecessor in the Mayoral chair, in connection with which event a correspondent of *The Argus*, a paper much concerned with City matters, made these remarks: "The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs fell among Savages last Saturday night; but, instead of being eaten, had very dainty fare placed before them. It was only a House Dinner of the Savage Club, with Sir William Treloar in the chair, and familiar faces all around, including those of Mr. Adrian Pollock, Mr. P. W. de Keyser, Under-Sheriff Langton, and the Master of the Plumbers' Company. In the course of the pow-wow Mr. J. W. Ivimey, a confirmed Savage, was presented by the Lord Mayor, on behalf of the Master Plumber, with a cigar cabinet, in recognition of his services in composing the incidental music to the 'Masque of London' (first performed in Elizabethan times), which was given at the Charterhouse on January 12th last. My own experience of the Savages is that they are a highly civilised and cultivated lot." Sir William Treloar is now himself Lord Mayor, his year of office fortuitously coinciding with the fiftieth anniversary of the Club's foundation.



FANCY DRESS AT THE ALBERT HALL.
(FROM "THE GRAPHIC.")

CHAPTER XXI

THE SAVAGE CLUB BALL, AND OTHER MATTERS

IT is necessary to travel back for a while to explain how the King's suggestion of a Savage Club fellowship at the Royal College of Music was realised. The immediate means was an entertainment and Costume Ball, held on Wednesday, July 11, 1883, at the Albert Hall. The event was of surprising magnitude. Many special trains were run for the occasion, and besides the Savages there were about four thousand visitors and spectators present. All the shops dealing in such things were raided for costumes. Artists were busy making new designs in clothes. Theatrical properties were much drawn upon. Members of the Club were indebted to William Hughes for rich designs in archaic costumes and fine arrangements of colour, he himself making up magnificently as Rubens. The providers of such things were so busy that some of the costumes did not arrive until the morning after the ball, which was my own sad case. Lord Dunraven, who had made a remarkable collection of Indian habiliments in Canada, was very generous in his loans for the purpose of giving verisimilitude to what *Punch*, which exhibited some unnecessary

hostility, spoke of as "The idiotic Buffalo Dance," the leading figure in which was a tall Savage named Gullick, who looked enormous in his towering head-dress of feathers.

The Ball was under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were themselves present. Mr. F. H. Cowen had specially composed a "Barbaric March" for this entertainment, and he himself conducted a procession of Savages to his own music. There was a tombola, to which many members of the Club, and others, had contributed valuable prizes. The artists had especially been liberal with their gifts of pictures. "The pretty card of admission," said *The Court Journal*, "was at least worth all the money charged for it. It was the work of Mr. Harry Furniss, representing a baby Savage, who is in the act of doubling himself up gracefully into a bow, and bidding the aristocratic strangers welcome. There are Savages seen in the distance."

Not all that had been contemplated came off quite satisfactorily. James Albery had written an "Address of Welcome," which was to have been spoken by Barry Sullivan; but Mr. Sullivan was not able to be present, and so the address went by the board. It was to have been written by Henry S. Leigh, who died just as he had begun its composition, an event which is touchingly alluded to by the actual author. Here, by way of record, are some examples of Albery's graceful and easy lines:—

"Music hath charms to soothe the Savage breast"!
Cried Harry Leigh, and died beside his jest.
The pen was in his hand to write what now
One friend attempts, but all his friends know how,

Had he been spared to end what he begun,
This glimmer would have shone a noon-tide sun.

With deep respect, though here unbending knee,
Our Royal Brother we salute ; 'twas he
First prompted what we do, nor were we tasked
In gaining from your hands the boon he asked.
Nor are you here to play the donor's part—
Wealth but rewards itself in aiding art.
This work begun, it ne'er must stand confest
"A nine days' wonder" and the tenth day's jest.
Better the flower beautiful yet strong
Should open slowly and keep open long,
Than like those buds that blossom in a day
Fold as the night folds in, and fade away.

Cecilia's nurs'ry, full of tiny things,
Tuning her fairy harps at apron strings ;
Who, with the weight of eighty years, would say,
Genius is passed, and music had its day ?
How many sacred mantles yet may fall
On little Bachs and Handels, Balfes, or all
The Mendelssohns, Mozarts, we've still to come,
With Heaven's one voice of promise to our home ?
What Pattis, Nilssons, in their cots rehearse,
Or tyrant Wagners terrify their nurse ?
What gayer babes may boast some day they wore
Our own Sir Arthur's merry "Pinafore" ?

I cannot answer, but may you all live
To reap the harvest we now sow, and give
In future days to those who win our prize
Those higher honours that from worth arise.
May each one do his best, and so be brought
Honour to those who teach and those who're taught,
'Neath lowliest cot-roof or imperial dome,
And Saint Cecilia's shrine be *every home*.

There were some pictures, and an excellent descrip-

tion of the ball, in *The Illustrated London News*, which said :—

The costumes were probably the most varied ever seen together, and many were remarkably artistic, accurate, and splendid. Our sketches of some of these can give but a limited idea of the extraordinary variety of the impersonations. The relations of this country with all parts of the world doubtless, too, led to a wider diversity of dresses than would be found in any Continental display of a like kind. Thus there were, besides the Savages proper, a Japanese prince, a Chinese mandarin, an Afghan chief, a nigger from the Gold Coast, a Californian gold-digger, Turks, Greeks, Albanians, and semi-barbarians from all parts of the globe, as well as Pierrots, Figaros, Mephistopheleses, and Punchinellos, nuns, fishwives, and vivandieres, matadors, cooks, and cardinals, and a thousand historic and histrionic personages. To the revived interest in art (and therefore costume) we should attribute the remarkable accuracy that distinguished the "get up" of many of the motley throng. In this respect the Red Indian savages were specially noteworthy. Their stalwart chief, Mr. T. J. Gullick, the artist and art critic, spared no pains to organise an exact representation. Catlin's "North American Indians" and more learned authorities were consulted; members of the Club, such as Mr. Sydney Hall, who had visited the tribes of the far west, were taken into council; the collections of the British and South Kensington Museums and in Victoria Street (Christy's) were examined; and loans of Indian clothing, ornaments, and arms were invited from and kindly granted by Lord Dunraven (a member of the Club), Lord Castle-town and others. The result was that the garb of many, if not most, of the members who took part in the Barbaric Procession and Buffalo Dance was either genuinely Indian, or as close an imitation as could be desired. The dress of the Chief was, in the words of a contemporary, "a marvel of barbaric design," yet, with one trifling exception, strictly authentic, which deserves description. The head-dress, then, was a silver band (Catlin, plate 130), with a border above of zigzag bead-work, or wampum, that might suggest the fleurons of a crown, from which sprang plumes of an American eagle. The buckskin jerkin, secured at the waist by a genuine wampum belt, from which



SAVAGES AT THE ALBERT HALL



THE BUFFALO DANCE AT THE ALBERT HALL
(FROM "THE GRAPHIC")

hung a medicine bag and a fan of crimson feathers, was fringed by thongs, thimbles, gingles, and fleeces of black wool, to stand for scalp-locks, and decorated on the back and short sleeves with picture writings, recording the military and hunting exploits of the chief, the whole exactly copied from the very curious, amusing facsimile in Catlin's book. Round the neck was a gorget of Wapiti teeth, and, beneath, a large necklace of grizzly bears' claws and tusks and teeth of animals of the chase. Intermediate, next the gorget, was a silvered relief of George III. (improvised from an old snuff-box), representing one of the silver medals given to the tribes who fought as our allies against the United States, and which are still preserved by many Indians. Below this, from a string of beads, shells, and red berries, hung, at alternate intervals, guineas (electrotyped) of George II. and S-shaped brass ornaments. This little licence represented, as the chief pretended, the insignia of the Savages and a primitive form of the Collar of Esses. The leggings, of dark red cloth, were decorated at the outer seams with straw or porcupine quill plaiting, hair trophies, and feathers; and the mocassins were embellished with bead-work. A small looking-glass to enable the chief to pluck out the (much neglected) hair of his face, earrings, bracelets, and buffalo-hide painted shield, and feathered spear, completed the chief's equipment.

Of the notices in the Press almost all were friendly, the chief exceptions being *The World* and *Punch*. Fortunately, unsympathetic notices were too late to do harm. The object of the entertainment and ball had been achieved, and the Savage Club Scholarship was founded without delay. Many entertaining stories were told of the adventures of those who stayed late at the Albert Hall, until they could obtain neither omnibuses, trains, nor cabs. The best of all relates to four Savages of some eminence who took part in the Buffalo Dance. They were bound Hampstead way, and they walked down in full war-paint, in the light of the early summer morning, as far as Knights-

bridge, where they were able to secure an old four-wheeler. But when they had gone half-way down Gower Street the bottom of the cab fell out. The case was worse than that of the Irishman who had no bottom to his Sedan chair, and who said, "Bedad, if it hadn't been for the respectability of the thing I might as well have walked." Walking was out of the question in a bottomless cab; so the four unlucky Savages discharged the cabman and contemplated their condition. One of them discovered that the strings of his mocassins had come undone, so he put up his foot on the steps of the nearest house and began to make the necessary repairs, whilst his friends sat down on the kerb at the opposite side of the street and plied him with jests. But this was just the time when the housemaid was accustomed to take in the milk. She opened the door for that purpose, caught sight of a Red Indian on the doorstep, with three other Red Indians on the other side of the street, and at once went into violent hysterics. Obviously, there was nothing for the four Savages to do but to take to their heels.

It may have been the delights of the Fancy Dress Ball which led the wives of Savages to suggest to their husbands some further forms of entertainment for themselves. Nothing came of it for several years; but in *The Daily Telegraph* of May 16, 1891, there appeared the ominous announcement that "a series of Ladies' Nights will be given, for the first time, at the Savage Club on Saturday evenings, June 6th and 27th, and July 18th. The first will be presided over by Sir J. R. Somers Vine, the second by Mr. W. Woodall, M.P., and the third by Sir Albert K. Rollit, M.P.

Owing to the limited accommodation of the Club, members will have the choice of attending on one only of the above nights, with the privilege of introducing two ladies. On each occasion there will be an entertainment of music and recitations similar to that following the ordinary Saturday House Dinner." This was called "a very sensible new departure" by another newspaper, which was evidently speaking from a large inexperience. The Club presented quite a festal appearance on the first of the Ladies' Nights. There was a red carpet laid down at the door; there was an awning over the entrance; the vestibule and the staircase were loaded with flowers and greenery. Nothing the like had been seen before at Adelphi Terrace. Then, too, there was an address of welcome by that incomparable Savage, Charles Townley, who died only a few months since. Townley wrote:—

The Club! sad source of many a wifely "word,"
When husbands have abroad the small hours heard;
The Club! to capture men, and sexes sever,
Sometimes for years (Kathleen), sometimes for ever;
The Club! the Savage Club—our Club, and yours,
Who enter for the first time at its doors,
And newly illustrate blest Heaven's just law,
The union of the Savage and his Squaw.

Ladies, we welcome you within the pale,
To join our revels, and to tell the tale
Of Savage minstrelsy, and Savage fun,
When our (and your) amusing hours are spun.
The mystery is solved, you've found us out.
Behold us in our war-paint, and without!
You share our wigwam in communion sweet,
And make the pow-wow pleasant and complete,
Unfriends of these our Ladies' nights, protest,
That the old separation was the best:

E'en married members have been known to snub
Their womankind who longed to see the Club ;
" Let wives and daughters, sisters, cousins, aunts,
Play 'Dorcas,' and so satisfy their wants,
'Tis man's prerogative to freely roam
Abroad for joy ; Woman should stay at home ! "

Thus our opponents (not unkindly). We
Cannot, dear ladies, with their views agree.
We love the Savage Club, and as we feel,
There's nothing 'neath its roof-tree to conceal,
We have, this happy night, invited you
To make you, and to keep you, Savage too.

While these few words embody a warm greeting,
They signalise a missionary meeting.
So far we've with the graver issues flirted—
You are here to-night that you may be converted !
Henceforward, as to us you'll banish doubt ;
From darkest Clubland this is your way out !

When summer sunrise spreads out like a fan,
And you await, with patience, your good man,
We know that you'll repress the rising tear,
When he has kissed and told you he was here.

It was an ingenious bribe that was thus offered to the other sex ; and nobody suspected that under the fascinations of a Savage Club night some wives would wish to stay at the Club later than their husbands ; which was the case, nevertheless, and the Ladies' Nights were soon abandoned. After they had ceased, however, there appeared such paragraphs as this : " The Savage Club concerts are the making of aspiring sopranis and contraltis. More than one successful lady singer owes her position to the Savages. Consequently the House Committee are beset with applications from candidates for the privilege of a hearing at the Club." Which is clotted nonsense.

Since those days the Club has found another way

of entertaining ladies, much more to everybody's satisfaction. There is once annually a Ladies' Savage Club Banquet at one of the great hotels, generally the "Cecil," and these are the most delightful assemblies of the year.



DESIGN FOR DINNER TICKET. LORD ALVERSTONE IN THE CHAIR.

CHAPTER XXII

MISCELLANEA

MANY of the jests made in the Savage Club have become "chestnuts" in almost the least agreeable sense of that word. The excuse of mentioning some of them here must be that to relate them is merely to reclaim them for their place of origin.

Sir Frank Burnand and W. S. Gilbert were once present at the Club together. In the course of conversation, Gilbert said, "Burnand, I suppose you receive quantities of funny 'copy' from outside people, don't you?" Burnand was off his guard and replied, "Lots." Gilbert's hard face relaxed a little as he added, "Why the deuce don't you put some of it in *Punch*, then!" Gilbert was no doubt thinking of the day when the best of his "Bab Ballads" had been rejected as too blood-curdling for print.

It was James Albery who told Arthur Mathison, a discontented, peppery member, that, "if ever he went to heaven he'd kick up a row with the angels because his halo didn't fit him." And one day when a bankrupt manager who had struggled against bad business came into the Club and announced that all his chairs and benches had been seized, Albery drily observed,

"I'm certain that's the first time in the history of his theatre when his seats were all taken."

Similar, as regards the point of the joke, is one of Howard Paul's stories about Barry Sullivan. "One day," he narrates, "Barry Sullivan and Byron were having a talk, when the wit said, 'Barry, I wonder you don't oftener play Othello. It's so well suited to your robust physique.' I must mention that Sullivan was marked with smallpox. 'I like the part,' replied the tragedian, 'but it's such a cursed nuisance getting the make-up out of these indentations,' and he pointed to his face. Byron's eye twinkled as he said, 'You are the first actor I ever knew who objected to full pits!'"

Here is another of Howard Paul's stories: "One evening Artemus Ward and I were urging Byron to go to the United States. Artemus was praising the oysters, terrapin, and rye whisky of his native land, and I incidentally remarked that he would enlarge his sphere of observation if he made the voyage. 'In point of fact,' said I, 'you'd find new types, fresh dramatic combinations, unused material,' and I concluded by remarking in a perfunctory manner, 'Every dramatist should go to America.' Byron listened attentively, and merrily replied, 'Pon my soul, I can't see the great pull in going to America. Shakespeare didn't go to America, and he made quite a name as a playwright.'"

What the public must have thought of the Club on some of the dramatic nights is a good deal open to conjecture. When Robert Romer was playing Othello at one of the benefit performances there was, according to Dr. Strauss, a dialogue between the stage and the boxes, somewhat after this kind:—

OTHELLO (Romer) : "That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, it is most true——"

BOXES : "For shame, Bob! Couldn't have believed it of you."

JONAS LEVY : "I'll tell your wife, Bob!"

O. R. : "True, I have married her——"

BOXES : "You dare not, Bob. It is rank bigamy!"

O. R. : "Rude am I in my speech——"

BOXES : "Do not say that, Bob. Polished you are, not rude."

When, at the annual dinner—the only occasion on which, in theory at least, speeches are permitted—somebody asked Henry S. Leigh what language a certain mumbling speaker was making use of, he replied, "I don't know. Gum Arabic, I think." On another occasion, when he was standing on the steps of the Club, somebody approached him with the question : "Can you tell me if there's a man inside with one eye named Thompson?" "What's the name of the other eye?" was the instant query. The credit of this jape is sometimes given to James Albergy.

"What would you suggest for my epitaph?" asked Dr. Strauss, who was suspected of belonging to the chosen people. "Give the devil his Jew," said Leigh.

Tom Robertson, says Howard Paul, "was an amusing conversationalist, but acidulous and aggressive." Henry S. Leigh was a sharp, caustic commentator on current events, but disposed to be cynical, and often needlessly personal, not to say impertinent. Byron, at dinner with a few friends, was delightful. He was witty because he couldn't help it. When poor Byron died, *The Times* remarked : "The wits of London have lost their chief."



TO WELCOME AMERICANS AND AUSTRALIANS
(DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.)

"Should I do anything with this?" inquired an actor, pointing to a rather dirty face. "Yes," said Byron, "I think I'd wash it."

Daniel Bandmann was trying to explain to an artist what he wanted on a poster. "But there," he said, after an attempt with a pencil, "you see I can't draw." "That's what all the managers say, old man," remarked Byron.

Speaking before the staging of Byron's burlesque of the "Forty Thieves," "Call it the 'Eighty Legs,'" said William Brough. "I am calling it 'The Thirty-nine Thieves,' through the author's habit of *taking one off*," said Byron.

At Liverpool Byron took two of his friends to an inn and ordered three stiff "goes" of brandy. He found a dead fly in his own glass. "Only one among three of us," he said. "Waiter, bring two more flies."

"Define a star actor," said Charles Wyndham. "He is often," replied Byron, "an ordinary actor who happens to have his head in the clouds."

There was a project for establishing a steam gambling-hell on the Mediterranean. "If you know Duppressoir," said Byron, "you might drop him a line and tell him that it would be appropriate to name his craft *The Pitch and Toss*."

When in bed with his fatal illness, he said to Howard Paul, "Goodbye, old boy; I may be gone before you get back from America. I won't give you my address; but if I get there I'll give your love to General Washington and Abe Lincoln." Tom Hood's death-bed jest, it may be remembered, was the inspiration of one of Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers."

Henry Pettitt and Paul Meritt were much at Lancaster House in the days of their joint playwrighting, lasting up to Pettitt's death, which took place in 1893, Meritt dying two years later. Pettitt was a tall, handsome, thin, athletic man ; but here is his fellow-playwright, as not unfaithfully described by Harry Furniss: "Meritt would have made a capital prize baby. He was tall, very stout, and possessed of a perfectly hairless baby's face and a squeaky voice. I shall never forget a prize remark this Transpontine author made in the Savage Club, when an editor rushed in and said: 'Have you heard the news? Carlyle is dead!' Meritt rose, and putting his hand on his chest, squeaked out, 'Another gap in our ranks!'"

When the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone) was in the chair at the House Dinner of March 10, 1902, he told some bar stories that had come within his experience. One was about the late Sir Francis Lockwood when defending Charles Peace, the notorious burglar and murderer. It was rather against Lockwood, and was, briefly, to the effect that while he was cross-examining a witness as to whether he did not see Peace push somebody aside with his left hand, Peace whispered, "No, the right hand." "Be quiet, you fool," said Lockwood, "you had the pistol in your right hand."

Another story was about an Irish advocate, who had to cross-examine a hostile witness before Baron Bramwell at Hertford Assizes, the witness being, in fact, no other than Anthony Trollope. "What are you?" asked counsel. "An official in the Post Office," was Trollope's reply. "Anything else?" "An author." "Of what?" Trollope said he

thought his best book was "Barchester Towers." "Was there a word of truth in it?" "Well, it was a work of fiction." "I don't care what it was, sir; but on your oath, was there a word of truth in the book from first to last?" "I don't suppose there was," Trollope admitted. "After that admission you may go down, sir," said the pleased counsel.

When Lord Halsbury was the guest of a member of the Club in the same year, he said that in return for the splendid time he had had, all he could do was to invite the Savages to come round on Monday morning to the Law Courts and hear him deliver three particularly long judgments. *A propos* of nothing, he related an anecdote of his college days. A certain Don, it appears, had a little plot of turf in front of his windows, of which he was exceedingly proud. Equally proud were the undergraduates to walk over it. Therefore a mantrap was set, and every evening for a fortnight the patient Don sat and waited, but in vain. The undergraduate of those times was a wary animal. But at last the watcher was rewarded. A noise of the falling of the trap was heard, and out rushed the Don. He had caught the Professor of Moral Philosophy, Mr. Sewell.

"Lal" Brough's story of his brother Savage, Edward Askew Sothern, "Lord Dundreary," has been frequently related, but has generally been attributed to Toole. "Sothern," says Lionel, "once asked a number of friends to dinner. One of the guests was very late, and as he rang at the front door Sothern said, 'Now we'll have some fun. All of you get under the table.' We did, and in came our supposed victim. 'Oh!' he said, 'I'm glad

to see I'm the first. I feared I was too late.' 'Well, as a matter of fact, you're the last,' said Sothern. 'They are all here, but for some extraordinary reason, the moment you rang they all got under the table.' " "As you may imagine," Lal was wont to say, "we crawled out in a very limp fashion, and it was a long time before some of us forgave him."

At no time in the history of the Savage Club has it been uncommon for a member to be in grievous straits one day and to have made a success of himself within a few days thereafter. Writing in 1892, David Christie Murray said: "Eight or ten years ago I was sitting in the Savage Club in the company of four distinguished men of letters. One was the editor of a London daily; and he was talking rather too humbly, as I thought, about his own career. 'I do not suppose,' he said, 'that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park.' One of my party turned to me, 'You capped that, Christie,' he said. I answered, 'Four nights on the Embankment, four days hungry.' My left-hand neighbour was a poet, and he chimed in ironically, 'Five.' In effect, it proved that there was not one of us who had not slept in that beautiful hotel of the star which is always open to everybody."

The Club has, in its time, had its difficulties with the renowned Dr. John Gritton, of the Lord's Day Observance Society. It was Dr. Gritton who endeavoured to interpose himself and his society between the delivery of Sunday lectures, which have

been one of the main reliefs of the monotony of provincial life, and which have, besides, contributed no less to intellectual advancement than to the brightening of days that would otherwise have been dull. Dr. Gritton was in favour of the deadliest sort of Sundays. He wrote to the Club, in a letter without a date :—

“ Lord’s Day Observance Society,
“ 20, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

“ The President, Savage Club.

“ SIR,—*The Morning Post* of yesterday, July 14th, announces that the Savage Club will visit Boulogne on Sunday next, and will participate in a garden fête and a grand dinner, with Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.M.G., in the chair. Is it too late to appeal to a body of English gentlemen not to use the Sacred hours of the Lord’s Day for such a purpose? Can such an use of the day as that proposed bring any good to those who participate in it, or to those who, for their amusement, will be burdened with additional toil on the day given to them by God for rest and recreation in the high and proper sense of the word? Is not such an use of the holy day on French soil especially objectionable and injurious since the wisest and best of our neighbours there are seeking to redeem the Sunday from those habits of pastime and business which have been proved so full of mischief and loss? The obedience which all men owe to the Law of Sabbath Rest, as to the will and voice of God, should make the proposed trip and amusement of the Club on Sunday next an impossibility. No participation in such a day of amusement by the great, the learned, the titled, and

the respectable—no welcome accorded to the guests by French authorities—can make the trip and amusement anything but sin against the authority of the most High God, whose laws bind all His subjects, and whose commandment cannot be despised with impunity.

“ I must pray you, Sir, to pardon plain words,

“ And to believe me to be, Sir,

“ Your faithful servant,

“ JOHN GRITTON.”

The letter has been preserved as, to use Dr. John Gritton's word, a “respectable” curiosity.

The Savage Club has far from infrequently been the means of securing compliments to the nation at large. An interesting example of this was the subject of a note in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, in April, 1886. The “P.M.G.,” as it was called by those of us who were wont to contribute to its columns, had recently come under the editorship of Mr. W. T. Stead, passing to his hands from those of Mr. John Morley. The assistant editors were the present Lord Milner and Mr. E. T. Cook, whose noble edition of Ruskin is one of the recent great contributions to what is permanent in English literature. Speaking of something that had appeared in the French Press, *The Pall Mall Gazette* said: “It is so rare that the French, and particularly French journalists, have anything to say in favour of the English that the phenomenon, when found, deserves to be noted. M. de Ternant, who is writing to the *Gazette de France* a series of letters on English manners and customs, devotes his last contribution to English journalism. Our French critic

visited the Savage Club, and was delighted with it. 'I have always been,' he says, 'the enemy of false renown, of ephemeral reputation due to fortuitous circumstances, and I should like my countrymen to form a just idea of the real and substantial value of the hundreds of unknown writers of which the British Press is composed. In the course of my explorations I have been able, thanks to the help of personal friends, and also to a little excusable indiscretion, to mention a few names and to describe a few careers; but the great majority of English journalists are entirely unknown to the public, and many endowed with undisputed talents die in the obscurity in which they have lived.' M. de Ternant proceeds to point out the error of his countrymen who imagine that the English are always taciturn. 'If they who believe so only knew the amount of wit that is spent daily in the streets of London, the merry humour and gay joviality to be heard on all sides, they would soon change their opinion. At the Savage Club, where everybody moves in and out freely, and where all convention, all restraint, is banished, an improper word would be immediately censured by all the members present; but wit is plentiful and news abundant. Good things are heard there which never appear in print. Some come to repose their minds and bodies, others to find a subject for their article, and sitting down at the corner of a table, dash off what all London, all England, and perhaps all Europe will read a few hours later.' Respecting another mistake made by our neighbours, the writer says, 'There is not one Frenchman in a hundred thousand who does not believe that the English have always a certain foul oath in the

mouth. Will they credit me when I affirm that never, and in no matter what part of England, have I heard the oath in question?' M. de Ternant, as will be seen," *The Pall Mall Gazette* adds, "is very complimentary, but perhaps he is rather too indulgent in the matter of swearing. It is evident he has not yet visited the Seven Dials, Whitechapel, or other places which might be mentioned." Evidently, however, the Savage Club was all right.

One recalls in connection with this agreeable piece of writing the inexplicable "M. Johnson," who was formerly the London correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*. His name was deceptively English; but he was, in fact, the most typical and irreclaimable Frenchman who ever represented his country in foreign parts. Tartarin of Tarascon would have been a faithful chronicler in comparison. But "M. Johnson" never intended to do us any injustice. He was simply incapable of understanding us, though he had every opportunity. Middle-aged people will easily recall the curious scrape into which he got himself in connection with one of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's operas. He actually mistook, "He would not be a Frenchman," as an insult to France, and wrote on it in that sense, with much loud expression of national indignation. There was a great deal of heated controversy between the newspapers of the two countries in consequence, and "M. Johnson" would have had no right to feel surprised if his incapacity for understanding a British joke had led to a war. Yet he was a quiet, unoffending, pleasant sort of person. We saw much of him at the Savage in the eighties. He was a plump, middle-sized man, looking almost as English as his name.



SAVAGE CLUB
HOUSE DINNER
SAT. JAN. 30th 1904
TOM BROWNE.
R.I. IN THE CHAIR.



MENU.
soups
Italyay. Ox-tail.
Fish. Oyster sauce.
Cod. REMOVES.
Saddle of Mutton. Red Currant jelly.
Scotch Kale. Potatoes.



Pheasants & Chips.
SWEETS
Rhubarb Tart. Almond Creams.
SAVOURY
Soft Roes on Toast.

He was, nevertheless, French through and through. His misunderstandings were egregious. He was the cause of perpetual fun in this country, and of irritation in his own; but there was no reason to suspect him of anything but good intentions. And certainly he amused Paris, as well as misled it as to the character of the British people.

Not much notice has been taken in the course of these chapters of the attacks made on the Savage Club by writers who were kept outside, or by those who pretended to be inside, but were not. There has, of course, been a good deal of jealousy, of misrepresentation, of *blague*, of false anecdote. Why should anything of this kind be recorded? But here is something that seems to demand mention. It is from *The Court Circular* of August 22, 1891: "What simple-minded people these Americans are! A New York paper says that one of their actors has recently been entertained by the Savage Club here, and that this far-seeing gentleman often met a pleasant gentleman smoking a briar pipe, and drinking whisky-and-soda in the smoking-room of the Bohemian centre. This will be news even to members of the Savage Club, for the actor goes on to tell that the pleasant-looking little man was the Prince of Wales, and that he was very fond of walking up and down the corridors with Mr. Henry Irving, whilst Sir Somers Vine followed on the arm of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale."

The relations between the Savage Club and the United States have, as will have appeared, been always intimate and friendly; but not all correspondents of American newspapers have been able to gain access to the Club, though some of those who were

excluded made it seem to their readers that they generally were at home there. I call to mind one example in particular. A person who had been prominent in New York during the Boss Tweed time, settled in London, and wrote a weekly letter to a New York newspaper as one of his modes of employment. "I must tell you a story I heard at the Savage Club last night," he wrote on one occasion. "It was told by So-and-So," giving the name of a well-known man of letters. I don't think that the writer of the New York letter had ever been in the Savage Club; but, at any rate, the author who was made responsible for the story, which was not a good one, had retired from the Club some months before, on the ground of difficulties with the Bankruptcy Court.

There was a famous excursion to Boulogne in July, 1881. It was at first designed as a Club picnic; but the idea was so heartily taken up that the original scheme had to be abandoned, and preparations made on a much larger scale than was at first intended. It was still a purely private affair, however, and would have remained such had it not been for the citizens of Boulogne, who, hearing of the projected visit, took matters into their own hands, and converted the occasion into a public fête. Gambetta, Edmond About, and Victor Hugo, wrote to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, who presided over the excursion, regretting their inability to attend, and Paris sent distinguished deputations to represent literature and the arts. This is obviously the event to which the letter of Dr. John Gritton refers.



THE COMING OF AGE DINNER.—BY MATT STRETCH.
[From "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."]

CHAPTER XXIII

SPECIMEN NIGHTS

I SPEAK of "Specimen Nights" much as Walt Whitman spoke of "Specimen Days"—not because they are average Savage Club nights, but because they are nights to be kept in remembrance for some special glory of their own.

In March, 1878, the Club celebrated its coming of age by a dinner at the Grosvenor Gallery. It was held on Ash Wednesday, as had then been the case with the annual dinners for several years past. In connection with this event a compliment of what must have been a very gratifying kind was paid to Mr. G. A. Sala, who had for some time ceased to be a member of the Club, but had now come back again, and was on this occasion placed in the chair. Among the guests were Lord Mark Kerr, Lieut.-General Baker, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Captain Burnaby, Sir Coutts Lindsey, Hepworth Dixon, and Captain Hosier. The Chairman proposed the toast of the Savage Club, and said a club had been defined by a former Savage as a weapon of defence invented to keep off the white woman; but, in his experience, he went on to say, the Savages have always been

remarkable for their tenderness to their squaws. "This Club," he continued, "had in mind at its origin something beyond eating and drinking, and it was not by any means merely a convivial institution, but a small society of literary men, artists, dramatists, comedians, gravitating together by a common sympathy for all that is beautiful and good, I should be less than human were not a little bitter mingled with my sweet to-night, for looking round me, and seeing how happy, distinguished, and prosperous we are, I can but remember with softened grief how many dear friends were once members here with me, nor could there be a more proper occasion than this to remind those Savages who have recently joined, and our distinguished visitors, of some of the earlier men among us who, had they lived, would have made a noise in the world and attained a brilliant position. I cannot refrain from speaking of Robert Brough, one of the founders of the Club, the merriest wit, a poet of the first water, whose writings have never attained half the popularity they deserve. Among our artistic founders was Chas. Bennett, merriest and most facile of draughtsmen; Walter McConnell, another gifted man; and especially do I mourn over the fate of our late President, Andrew Halliday, whose heart and purse were always open to the claims of all, and who, though dead, yet lives, and will live, in the hearts of his friends. Of this society I had the honour of being a founder, and I may say that as no institution long continues to fulfil the exact intention of its promoters, we did not dream when we began in our humble inn in Catherine Street that we should live to hail so

magnificent a gathering in the Grosvenor Gallery. But in this development in the advance towards prosperity, the Savage Club has always been what it was intended to be—a meeting of men drawn together by common sympathies, and by a determination to maintain the dignity of their professions of literature, art, and science.”

Arthur Mathison, one of the brightest of the wits of the Club in that day, who could, and did, turn out by the column such jokes as bore the test of newspaper print, read a batch of letters which he professed to have received “from several distinguished persons unable to be present.” One of them was in these terms: “Gentlemen, I am in receipt of frequent communications from the outer world asking me why the Savage Club was named after me. Will you kindly let me know? I would willingly be with you at your coming-of-age, but am prevented by circumstances over which I have no control. Yours not to command—RICHARD SAVAGE. PS.—Kind regards to Tegetmeier and Draper. Should be glad if they would look me up some afternoon.” Another letter of excuse came from Samuel Johnson, who said: “I would send Boswell, but he is as tinkling brass without *me*.” There was also a postscript to Johnson’s letter. It said: “This abode is full of publishers.” Shakespeare wrote in verse that can scarcely be called Shakespearian:—

From quiet Avon, to the Sea Eterne
The news hath run that ye have come of age;
May Amity’s bright self your banquet grace,
Gay music lend her aid harmonious,
And pleasant converse crown the jocund night.

Shakespeare claimed the Savages, "and all such," as his descendants, and went on to say :—

Artists, whose pencils make the canvas breathe !
Actors, who dignify the English stage !
Authors, who glorify the English tongue !
Critics, whose apt and vivid pens do both !
Singers, and they who music make, all, all !
My Progeny.

Captain Burnaby made at this dinner a speech concerning which there was much subsequent discussion. He related some of his experiences with Sulieman Pasha's army in the Russo-Turkish War. The Russians, he said, more than once tried to take him prisoner, because he had borne testimony to General Kaufmann's dealings with one of the tribes of Turkestan. He had said that "men, women, and children at the breast were slain with ruthless barbarity ; houses with bed-ridden inmates were given to the fiery element ; woman, aye, and prattling babes, were burned alive amid the flames. Hell was let loose in Turkestan."

Mr. Hume Williams, the father of the present distinguished K.C., made an excellent speech in proposing the Drama, one sentence of which was amusingly mis-reported. "Again," he said, "the cynic will be heard. Every poet should be a Milton, and every painter a Raphael." In one of the newspapers this was made to read, "Every peach should be a melon."

There appeared in *The Liverpool Mail* of April 26, 1879, a description of a dinner given to Mr. Luke Fildes. It was evidently from the pen of Charles Millward, who wrote : "Rarely, if ever, in the history

SAVAGE CLUB

THE GREATEST SHOW
ON EARTH

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH

ANNIVERSARY DINNER

WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE
KING'S ROOMS, HOLBORN RESTAURANT
SAT. MAY 11TH 1895



HENRY IRVING D.D.C.L.
IN THE CHAIR.

SOUP

THICK & CREAM TURTLE

SHERRY

SALMON BROWN ICE &

CHICKEN SALAD

WINTERBATH

MOCK

ENTREE

FISH & OYSTERS

SWISS CHICKEN

ROAST

QUARTER OF LAMB

SALAD &

SPRING CHICKEN

TOSS

ROAST

AYLESBURY DUCKLING

& WATERCRESS

STEW POTATOES

SWEETS

APRICOT MERINGUES

CHARTREUSE OF FRUIT

ICE - PUDDING

CLARET

MARTINIS

CHATEAU DUCHU BEAUCALLON 1890,

CAFE NOIR ET COGNAC

LIQUEUR MARASCHINO

SHERRY

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SALMON BROWN ICE &

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of the Savage Club has a more brilliant and interesting entertainment been held than the dinner which was given at its new rooms in the Caledonian Hotel, on Saturday, to its popular member, Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., in celebration of his acquisition of those three letter appended to his name. Mr. Hubert Herkomer, to whom a similar honour was not long ago paid by the Club, took the chair, and there was a splendid gathering of artists, old and young, besides men of every other profession connected with the fine arts. It was, indeed, a great honour to the Club that it should be in a position to give a banquet to one artist who, probably, will have the most attractive picture in the next exhibition of the Royal Academy—'The Return of the Prodigal'—and that the feast should be presided over by another painter who will, no doubt, have the most important work at the Grosvenor Gallery—'Life, Light, and Melody.' Decorated with admirable taste, and adorned with a choice collection of paintings and sculpture, the rooms of the Club presented a charming appearance, reflecting the greatest credit on the Art Committee—Messrs. Herkomer, Herbert Johnson, and William Hughes. The proceedings of the evening were thoroughly characteristic. There were only two toasts—The Queen, without comment, and the guest of the occasion, proposed and responded to in two of the neatest little speeches I ever heard. Then followed a series of those songs and recitations by professional vocalists and actors, or first-rate amateurs, for which the Club is famous; and there was nothing in the entertainment so thoroughly enjoyable as Mr. Herkomer's exquisite playing on the zither—that

charming instrument which has such a prominent place in his great picture sent to the Grosvenor—and the songs which he sang to his own accompaniment thereon. The whole affair was a perfect success and can hardly fail to contribute greatly to the growing prosperity of the Club.”

There were numerous American nights at the Club in later days. Over one of these the late Harold Frederic presided, and among the distinguished Americans who were present as guests were General Joseph E. Hawley, Consul-General Waller, Vice-Consul Penfield, and Deputy-Consul Moffat. It was remarked by *The New York Times* in connection with this dinner: “The Savage Club is becoming very largely international in its membership. There are already a good many Americans on its list, and any desirable visitor from the United States is very freely made an honorary member during his stay in London.” There have been fewer Americans among the members of late days, but honorary membership is at once conferred, if desired, on accredited members of the Lotus Club and the Lambs Club of New York, when they are on a visit to London.

Among the illustrious artists who have been guests of the Club or of its members, one recalls first of all Alma Tadema and the late Lord Leighton. The Saturday night on which Sir Alma Tadema was present was one under the usual rule of “No speeches,” and I doubt whether the great painter of “the grandeur that was Rome” would have come under other conditions; but Lord Leighton, then Sir Frederic, was a ceremonial orator of a rare type, and it was to one of the annual dinners that he had

been invited. The date was December 8, 1888. "It was one of the best that I remember," wrote a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. "Sir Albert Rollit, who presided," this same correspondent goes on to say, "made a capital speech. Indeed, good speeches were the order of the evening. He praised Art in the persons of Ruskin and Leighton. Of Literature he said: 'Give a man books—I don't refer to our Blue Books—and he is at once master of his own destinies,' a sentiment that was loudly applauded. He assured Dr. Mackenzie, of the Royal Academy of Music, that his art was 'without question the most agreeable of noises.' Sir Frederic Leighton and Sir Charles Russell both struck the same note. They were astonished to find the chairman other than a man-eating Yahoo with six-and-eightpence tattooed all over his face. Sir Frederic, addressing him as 'Mighty Chief,' complained that this primæval Club had been 'contaminated by the blight and taint of after-dinner oratory,' and took delight in speaking of Sir Albert Rollit's 'colleague, Sitting Bull, whom he had met twenty years ago.' The new principal librarian of the British Museum, Mr. Maunde Thompson, made a long, interesting speech, and then Mr. Edward Righton provided the necessary relief in replying for 'The Drama,' in a rattling low-comedy speech. In the course of it this dapper little gentleman declared, 'Drama is a loving mother to all her gifted children. I'm one of 'em; Henry Irving's another. But Shakespeare's the biggest of us all.' Loud cries for Max O'Rell brought that gentleman to his feet with the remark that he was sure that the mem-

bers would not wish to part without hearing 'some good English'; and then he told a story—such a naughty one—illustrative of what I may call American 'dual morality,' the religious blasphemy that sounds so funnily incongruous. Then Sir Morrell Mackenzie replied for the guests, and to the manifest surprise, if to the gratification, of the members, he assured them that at Charlottenburg, during a recent period of unexampled anxiety and responsibility, the Savages who called there always received a hearty welcome. In short, the jinks were not so high as usual, the speeches being the chief attraction, and the entertainment for once of secondary importance."

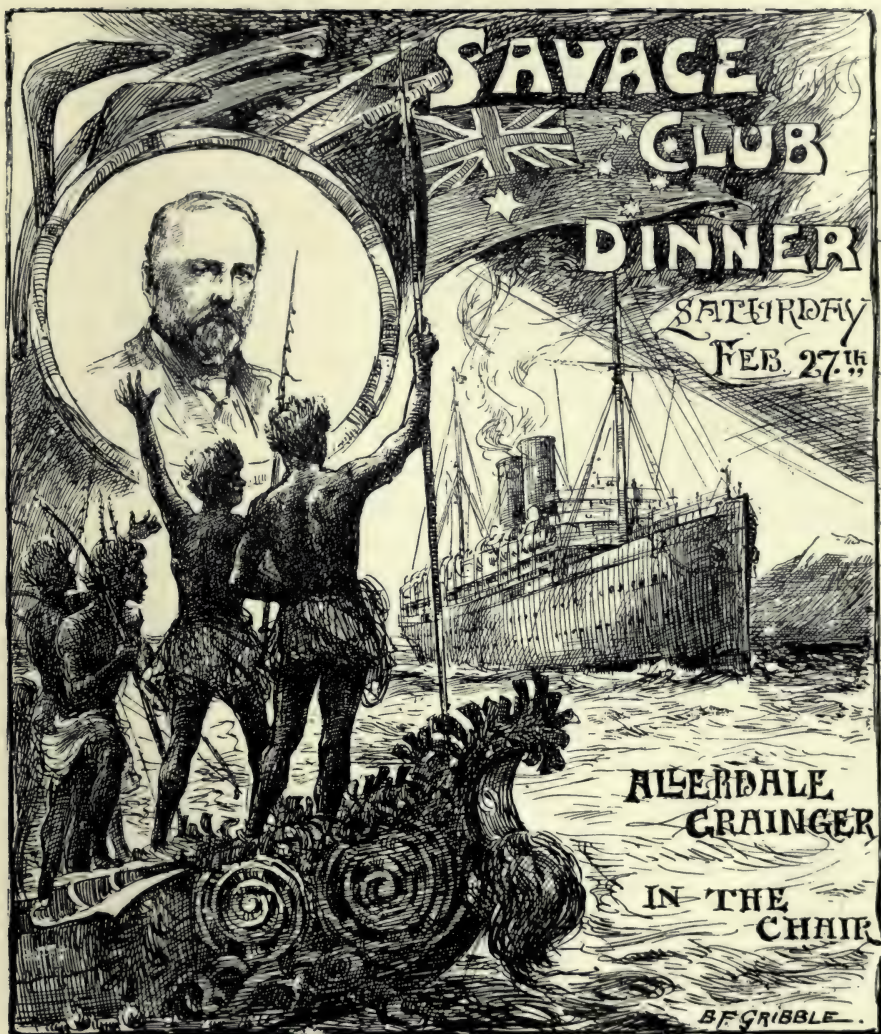
Sir Frederic Leighton's speech, which was of great brevity, may here be given in full. It was in these words: "Mighty Chief, and other eminent Savages, I am sincerely gratified, as I must necessarily feel, at the more than kindly welcome which you have accorded to the words, eloquent and humorous, in which your chairman has spoken—words of elevated thought and kindly sentiment. I am obliged to own at once to a sense of mystification which has fastened upon me and haunted me ever since I entered your tent. I had expected, after exchanging courtesies at your gate, in deference to the white men's custom, to be furnished with a tomahawk and a blanket, and to have seated myself at a barbaric banquet savouring of the prairie and of the far Wild West. On the contrary, I found a table spread with the delicacies of an effete civilisation, which, however, I did not treat in a contemptuous spirit. If I have failed to discover the fetish of your tribal worship, it is because

intelligent travellers cannot have claimed fetish worship as their property. On the other hand, you have been contaminated by the blight and taint of after-dinner oratory. Whatever words can do to redeem this declension to vice in its worst form, I beg to use them to thank you very sincerely for the honour you have conferred upon me. I have been requested to return thanks for Art ; but how can I possibly assume such an attitude ? I can understand returning thanks for myself, or any person or persons ; but, in regard to Art, by what stretch of imagination can it be placed under any obligation by us ? Suffer me to retire at once from the embarrassing predicament, and join with you all in loyal devotion to Art, which to many of you personally is an inspiring spirit of love, and which, if it is truly worshipped, lays its potent, beneficent hold upon us, and is admired by us. Again I ask you to join me in loyal homage to Art, towards which our best hopes day by day should grow in truer and more intelligent love."

"Why," inquired the writer aforementioned, "was Mr. Whistler so subdued ? His laugh, usually so persistent and searching, never once made its way across the room. Was it that Mr. Wyke Bayliss was facing him ?" The answer, I think, must be that Mr. Whistler was never in high spirits before other men's audiences. He liked to have a "show" all to himself. For that reason he was not an agreeable member of a Club. He would stare at other members through his eyeglass, as if he considered them impertinent for being there. Neither his queer, satiric mirth, his cynicism, nor his most ordinary conversation, were for the Club through whose windows he had seen

the Lion Wharf, and other subjects he has treated in a way that will make them remembered. He talked for one or two hearers, and was not, I imagine, indifferent to the pleasure of being rude. Wyke Bayliss, who was not a member of the Club, and had not yet been knighted as Mr. Whistler's successor as President of the Royal Society of British Artists, cannot have been a cheerful sight to Mr. Whistler's eyes. The two men sincerely disliked each other, and mainly because they disliked each other's art, though to some extent, no doubt, because they had been in keen rivalry at the R.B.A.

The Colonial Premiers then in London, and the Agents-General, were entertained to dinner in July 1902, Mr. Allerdale Grainger, Agent-General for South Australia, who was during his stay in England a member of the Club, being in the chair. Sir Edmund Barton made a speech which attracted much public attention. *The Westminster Gazette* said: "'Ancient custom' being suspended, the Australian Premiers' health was proposed and emphasised with strong singing. The Premier of the Commonwealth spoke with delightful freedom and effect, and his speech was punctuated by applause throughout. Sir Edmund dwelt in a lofty strain upon the duties and obligations of Government and citizenship under the British Constitution. He took a short canter into the domain of social economics. The closing passage, devoted to the King's illness and the sympathy of the nations, was heartily cheered. After the fashion of these Saturday night House Dinners, a very interesting programme was executed, Mr. Franklin Clive, Mr. O'Mara, Mr. Oswald, Mr. Charles Collette,



THE COLONIAL PREMIERS' NIGHT (CORONATION YEAR)—BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE

and Mr. Reginald Groome, with other professional gentlemen, taking part."

This was the only occasion on which there had been any introduction of political questions at the House Dinners; but if the late Lawrence Hutton, an American author who, among other things, wrote an interesting and painstaking book about "The Literary Landmarks of London," could be believed, there was something coming nearly and perilously close to the raising of political issues at the dinner given to American actors, described in a preceding chapter. Professing to have been present, and stating that the Savages were taking an active interest in the movement for placing a bust or statue of Lord Byron in Westminster Hall, Hutton had, in a book of recollections, attributed to James Russell Lowell, the American Minister to the Court of St. James's, it must be remembered, what was certainly a very striking outbreak of vehemence and candour. When his book appeared, however, Hutton's veracity was called in question, both in this country and in the United States. Defending himself, he wrote in these positive terms: "I remember with absolute distinctness that this, in part, is what he said clearly, solemnly, and most impressively: 'The Dean and Chapter of your great Abbey of Westminster have refused a resting-place to the pedestal of a statue of one of the greatest of your poets, on the ground which is polluted by the rotten ashes of the mistresses of your kings.' I remember perfectly the effect of these words, the profound silence which followed, the catching of breaths, the looks of astonishment, and then the sudden burst of enthusiasm and wild cheering. I

remember all this as if it happened yesterday. And yet I am assured that it did not happen at all."

Now, nothing is more certain, despite this energy of assertion, that Mr. Lawrence Hutton had dreamed a dream. If Lowell had used the words with which he is credited, they would, of course, have led to his recall. But there are these other reasons for thinking that Mr. Hutton was mistaken. The Savage Club was *not* particularly interested in the subject of the Byron statue. It has never at any time, as a body, taken part in movements of that nature. The subject of the Byron statue was not mentioned in the speeches made at the dinner to the American actors. Finally, none of the newspapers took note of what, if it had occurred, would have been a fiery incident of the first order.

When Sir Henry Irving came back from his triumphant tour in the United States, in 1902, the Club entertained him to dinner in April of that year, Dr. Phineas S. Abraham being in the chair. "It makes my heart beat," Sir Henry said, "to receive so cordial a greeting from you, and I thank you for myself and my two boys for the cordiality with which you have drunk our healths. It was a great delight to receive such a welcome from you—a welcome which proves that we have the happiness—I speak for three—of enjoying your friendship. There is nothing I know of so tenacious as old memories, and while this Club continues on its course of geniality and hospitality, and expresses, as it does, so many and so various terms of kindness and goodwill, it and its members will never lack memories that give a sunset ripeness to the harmonious colouring of the years that



SAVAGE CLUB HOUSE DINNER
SATURDAY APRIL 12TH 1902
D^R PHINEAS S. ABRAHAM IN THE CHAIR.

A WELCOME TO HENRY IRVING—BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.

are to come." Subsequently, Sir Henry Irving presided over one of the annual dinners with a charm and grace that will long be remembered by his brother Savages.

Notable nights were those when Fridtjof Nansen, now the Norwegian Minister, was present at the Club. It was really from Adelphi Terrace that he set out for the North Pole, and he was soon at Adelphi Terrace again when the *Fram* had brought him safely home from Farthest North. Mr. Peacock, the Hon. Secretary, made mention of these facts at the Ladies' Dinner, in 1906, when Nansen was present. He said that the Saturday before Dr. Nansen left England to seek the North Pole, he dined with the Savages, and wrote his name and the date on the wall, asking that it might remain until he returned. Four and a half years later he came back to write another autograph and date on the wall. These autographs, framed, are amongst the most treasured possessions of the Club.

In his reply, Nansen told a story not unlike that of Sir Harry Johnstone, except that there was no cannibalism in it. He remarked that once when his ship had been drifting in the ice a long time, he and his crew landed on the coast of Greenland, and unexpectedly found a tribe of Esquimaux, who invited them to be their guests. When they got into the tent the sight was strange indeed. The gentlemen and the ladies were dressed in a singular costume. The dress of the ladies was so cheap that it did not amount to much more than the cost of a ribbon. The physical entertainment was still worse ; but in spite of that they went away with the pleasant recollections of a hospitable welcome.

Just as Nansen was entertained to dinner at the Club before he set out for the North Pole and when he came back again, so were the officers of the *Discovery* before they steamed away for the Antarctic and when they returned after making their memorable record "Furthest South." In connection with the dinner on the return of Captain Scott and his companions, the artist who drew the menu card—none other than Mr. Dudley Hardy—made an amusing slip in natural history, for he grouped the heroes of the expedition in a sledge drawn by a polar bear, there being, as he had not paused to consider, no bears at the South Pole.

There was a Baden-Powell night in 1903. Brandon Thomas was in the chair, and the company included Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Martin Harvey, and Mr. Cyril Maude. In replying to the toast of his health, the distinguished soldier who imparted a touch of comedy even to the war in South Africa, referred to his recent visit to America, where, he said, he needed all the elusiveness he possessed to keep out of the way of the newspaper reporters. He succeeded fairly well, he thought, up to the last day of his stay. He had sent his luggage on board the vessel in which he was returning to England, and was just paying the bill at the hotel when the telephone-bell in his room rang. He went to see what was the matter. "'Hello, there,' said a man's voice as I answered the ring. 'Hello,' said I. 'Are you the Waldorf Hotel?' he asked. I said, 'Yes.' 'Well, I'm *The New York Sun*,' answered the voice, 'and you've got General Baden-Powell staying in your hotel.' I saw he thought he was talking to the business-manager, and I did not

Guest: The Earl of Dundonald.

J. Y. W. MACALISTER, F.S.A.,
IN THE CHAIR.

May 18th, 1901.

SAVAGE CLUB

MENU

SOUPS

PRINTANIER — CRÈME A LA REINE
FISH

SALMON — TARTARE.SAUCE CUCUMBER
ENTRÉE

CHICKEN CUTLETS EN ASPIC
JOINTS

FORE QR OF LAMB . MINT SAUCE
SEAKALE . NEW POTATOES

BRAIZED HAM —
SPINACH

SWEETS

LADYSMITH PUDDING—

COMPÔTE OF APRICOTS .

TOM BROWNE

MARASCHINO

JELLIES —

GENOISE PASTRY .

DESERT ICES

— KRUGER ON TOAST



THE RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA—BY TOM BROWNE, R.I.

like to undeceive him, so I said, 'Colonel Baden-Powell in my hotel! You don't say so?' 'He is there,' answered the gentleman over the telephone. 'He has got another name. He calls himself Colonel Smythe. You hold him until I come.' I thought a moment, and then I said, 'How can I hold him when he has gone into the country? He's gone away for about four days. You come here in about four days' time, and if he's back I'll hold him for you then.' *The New York Sun* is waiting for me still," Baden-Powell concluded.

A writer in *Household Words* made himself responsible for the statement that at a Saturday dinner at which Marconi was a guest, somebody who was not a Savage strolled up to him and said languidly, "Oh, Mr. Marconi, I should be so pleased if you would play for us your famous 'Intermezzo.'" "I would with pleasure," said Marconi, "but that I always play on a wireless piano."

When the late Duke of Teck was present at one of the Saturday nights, displaying immense interest in all that was going forward, there was for a while some stiffness in the proceedings. The entertainment after dinner did not get forward so well as usual, and Phil May was asked to do something to "liven up" the proceedings. So he drew a chubby baby grasping a feeding-bottle. No one saw the joke until he added a head-dress of Prince of Wales's feathers. Then the Duke, who had just become a grandpapa, burst into a roar of laughter, and the spell of solemnity was broken for the night.

The Lord Chief Justice was present at the forty-third annual dinner in 1900. Robert Martin was one

of the entertained, and as midnight approached he was putting on his hat and coat to go home when a message reached him that the great lawyer would like to hear "Ballyhooley," "Mulrooney's Dog," or some other of his songs. "Divil a note will I sing for the Lord Chief Justice until he sings too," said Martin. He was surprised to find the offer promptly accepted, a note coming back to say that Lord Alverstone would sing song for song with him. And he did, standing up at the piano and trolling out "The Heart Bowed Down," and the judge's song from "Trial by Jury." In acknowledging the hearty reception accorded to him, Lord Alverstone said, "Savages and gentlemen, for ten minutes you have made me feel ten years younger. Thank you very much." An old Savage (Mr. Herbert Mayhew) proposed that the Lord Chief Justice be elected an honorary member of the Club. This was seconded, and carried by acclamation.

Nansen, on the night of his first visit to the Club—or to be exact, in the wee sma' hours of the next morning—gave the members who were present a practical illustration of the Eskimo dance, and he danced, quietly, for something like half an hour, smoking cigarettes all the time. It was rather a weird performance—a sort of shuffle, with a rhythmic sliding to and fro movement of the feet, which were not raised from the ground. Nansen said he saw a similarity in the steps to those of a Scotch reel (nobody else did), and he thought that the Eskimos had probably acquired the dance from Scotch sailors who had been wrecked in the North Sea.



CHAPTER XXIV

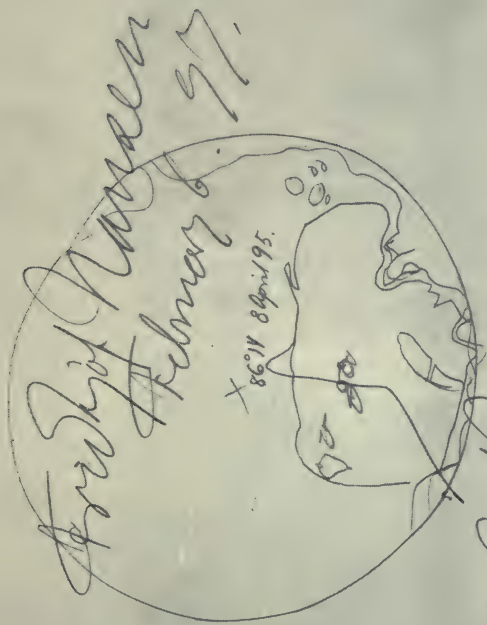
AT ADELPHI TERRACE

THE Club removed from Lancaster House to Adelphi Terrace in 1890. It will be ten or a dozen years, at least, before it is again under compulsion to change its quarters. There was a time, not many months back, when it was sadly contemplating the expiration of its lease. The London County Council had, for the time being, fixed its eye on the whole mass of the Adelphi buildings. The unique classicalism of the Brothers Adam, it was said, would have to be sacrificed to the growing requirements of London government. A great County Council Palace would rise up on the site next to the Cecil Hotel. Garrick's house would go ; the Savage Club would go ; all the historic, all the interesting, memories of the Adelphi, the designs of Flaxman, the decorative painting of Angelica Kauffmann—"Poor Angelica," as she was called by those who pitied her strange lot—would be swept into a heap of brick and stone and mortar. Even George Bernard Shaw would be evicted. It is a Savage who is entitled to the credit of having pointed out the existence of an excellent alternative for the County Council. This was the riverside site

which has now been adopted, on the further side of the Thames, between Westminster and Hungerford bridges.

And so Adelphi Terrace was reprieved ; the Club obtained a long renewal of its lease ; some other inhabitants of the Terrace got even longer leases than the Club ; and Mr. Shaw was left in undisturbed liberty, to rival or eclipse Shakespeare on those very "banks of Thames" with which the earlier dramatist is so closely associated. Another removal would have meant the breaking of innumerable pleasant associations. It would be difficult nowadays to imagine the Savage Club in any other situation, or, indeed, for the Savages to feel quite at home elsewhere. And it might have been necessary to go much further afield from the old haunts, none of them much more than a bowshot away. The Nell Gwynne Tavern, the second home of the Club, was actually in the Adelphi itself, as that narrowly circumscribed district was then understood. With a membership necessarily limited by the qualification, where could the Club have gone with a certainty of keeping itself alive on its subscriptions ?

The removal to Adelphi Terrace was in itself of the nature of a great and uncertain venture. It might have meant collapse, and, indeed, once or twice it nearly did. The new premises demanded, in the first place, a rather considerable expenditure of money for reconstruction. They consisted of two large and ornate houses, which had to be converted into one, and which had, besides, to be adapted to the special purposes of a club. The burden was heavy at first, and after a while it was found advisable to let some of



Fridtjof Nansen
November, 1918/92

"FURTHEST NORTH"—TWO SIGNATURES BY NANSEN

the lower and less necessary rooms to the Royal Literary Fund. These were subsequently reclaimed, though not until after the lapse of years, and the occurrence of many adventures which will not be related here, for the reason that this is not intended as a recital of the private, but of the public life of the Savage Club. In these Adelphi premises there was much more than double the accommodation that we had ever before possessed. It was possible for us to recognise card-playing as a permissible human recreation, though we placed the card-room very high up, and forbade strangers to enter. There were bedrooms for the first time ; not many in number, but convenient for outlying members who were compelled to spend a night in town. A billiard-room and a library became new institutions in the Club. There was extensive cellarage, and, the two houses having been joined together, a more than common allowance of kitchen space. In short, the Savage Club now became comparable to any other club of reasonable pretensions in respect of its accommodation, and this not merely in proportion to its membership. The day for putting up with inconvenience and "pot-luck" for the sake of the desired company had finally gone by, and the Savage, whilst retaining its special character, had nothing to fear from comparison with more expensive clubs in the West End.

There is still debate, not without heat, as to whether Garrick did not reside in one of the houses now occupied by the Savages, despite the Society of Arts' plaque on the house next door, which fixes upon that as the place in which he lived and died. I shall not myself pretend to any decided opinion on the subject.

It would be pleasant to think that the worn stonework of the stairs owed something of its unevenness to the tread of Garrick's feet, and that Mrs. Garrick may have waited for him at the top, with a taper in her hand, and a word on the tip of her tongue, when Davie came home late from "the club." The house would have been far from unworthy even of those prosperous later years of his. The noble fireplace, of white marble, with its two heraldic beasts advancing towards each other, may well have been made from the designs of Flaxman. So may the sculptured plaques which are set amid the panels of the moulded ceiling. Angelica Kauffmann was the painter of what was formerly the centrepiece to this chaste but carefully elaborated ornamentation. When the "withdrawing-rooms" were thrown together to make the Club dining-room, the ceiling of the adjoining house was plain. If it had ever been similarly decorated, it had been reduced to austerity. But it was possible to make an exact replica of the ceiling of what may have been, or what may not have been, the Garrick house, and now it is impossible to distinguish between the replica and the original. In the small room which is now employed as the bar of the Club the ceiling is almost certainly by Flaxman, and is perfectly preserved.

Ascending the stairs, or entering the dining-room, the visitor would be left in no doubt as to the meaning which present-day Savages attach to the name of the Club. There are savage weapons of war from all parts of the world; there is as much wampum as might be found among a tribe of Red Indians; there is abundance of fishing tackle from the archipelagoes of

the South Seas; and there are idols of the Mumbo Jumbo sort, together with quaint carved figures that have played their part at savage feasts in regions far remote from the Adelphi. None of these have been picked up in the market-place or the marine store. There need be no suspicion of their genuineness. They have been presented to the Club by travelled and adventurous men among its members. They represent toils undergone, and risks exultantly encountered, and, beyond that, they represent the fact that wherever a Savage may be the thought of the Club is haunting his mind, and that he is thinking of the friendly faces that he knows, and that will beam a welcome upon him when, mayhap, he returns to his native land.

There have been perilous times at the Adelphi, of which many of the present members of the Savage have no knowledge. There was a time, for instance, when the Club let its catering slip out of its hands on the representation that it could be more satisfactorily and economically done by a great firm of caterers. There was a haunting fear for a year or two that the Savage might be transformed into a proprietary club. It seemed, in fact, to have "bitten off more than it could chew." Objection, too, was taken to the too palpable obtrusion of Freemasonry. Almost all Savages, even those who were not Masons, were pleased, I believe, when the Savage Club Lodge was formed. The Lodge was consecrated at Freemasons' Hall, on January 18, 1886, being No. 2,190 on the register of the Grand Lodge of England. The warrant for the creation of the Lodge was granted by the Grand Master of English Freemasons, then the Prince of

Wales, and a Savage, on the petition of Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, the Earl of Dunraven, Henry Irving, Sir John Richard Somers Vine, Thomas Catling, W. E. Chapman, Thomas Burnside, John McLean, Raymond Tucker, and Archibald McNeill, all members of the Savage Club.

The Savage Club Lodge originated, I remember, in the Masonic enthusiasm of Archibald McNeill, who lost his life, very tragically, some years later at Boulogne—was, indeed, believed to have been murdered. Christie Murray wrote, later on : “Thousands of people remember the excitement created five or six years ago by the story of ‘the missing journalist.’ Scores still cherish the memory of poor McNeill, and think of him as among the cheeriest, friendliest, and most helpful of men. He was a delightful fellow and a good fellow ; but he had a certain boisterous exaggeration of manner which sometimes made his friends laugh at him. So far as I know he neither had nor deserved an enemy through all his effusive, genial, and blameless life. He burst into the Savage Club one day when I happened to be there alone. He was unusually radiant and assured, and ‘At last, at last,’ he said, ‘I’ve got my foot on the neck of this big London!’”

McNeill had been a friend and colleague of Christie Murray in Birmingham. He subsequently occupied the same relationship to myself at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In an article which I wrote on the occasion of his most unhappy death, I said : “To the Savage Club, which has exerted itself so considerably over his disappearance, McNeill was introduced by myself, and was elected a member on my nomination. He was soon as much



Menu

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that wadn't it,
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

Oysters
Cockie Leekie
Filets of Sole
Bohemian

Haggis.
(the aye Mackay frae Waugh)
"Fair fa' your honest, sonsy face
Great Chieftain o' the puddin' race!"
A wee drappie wi' the Chairman
tae digest it.

Sirloin of Beef
Horseradish See
Brussels Sprouts
Potatoes
"Apple & Quince Pudding
Wife Jellies

Oat Cake & Stillin Cheese.

A SCOTTISH NIGHT—BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.

To face page 272

at home among the Savages as if he had been of their number all his life, and recently he was the main instrument in forming the Savage Club Lodge of Freemasons, for which, whilst it was in course of formation, he discharged the duties of secretary. There were few men living who had more work on their hands at the same moment, but whilst he was erratic in manner, 'Mac' was methodical in practice, and gave just as much time to each of his social duties as he could afford without injury to the rest. . . . I never ceased to believe that he would do something which would place him among the distinguished men of his time. His mind was most oddly and forcibly original; he was full of spirit, eagerness, ambition; only the constant pressure of journalistic work kept him from attempting some notable contribution to literature. Perhaps his papers may disclose the fact that the monumental work had been begun; but whatever else he leaves behind him, he will leave a bright memory of a cheerful, eager, generous, and most lovable spirit, too soon and too awfully eclipsed."

Whilst Archibald McNeill lived there was no trouble about the Savage Club Lodge. It was so unostentatious that many of the Savages knew nothing whatever about it. Eventually, however, holding its meetings at the Club, it seemed to be getting the upper hand in our affairs. There were complaints that a strong clique was arising within the Club, not favourable to members who were not Masons. The subject was raised at the annual meeting of 1893, by Victor Collins, a member of the Roman Catholic community, whose curiously wide and out-of-the-way scholarship

led to his selection for the tremendous task of classifying and cataloguing the library of the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte. The result of a rather heated discussion was that the Savage Club Lodge shifted its quarters, and has not since been a source either of objection or embarrassment.

Previous to and on the occasion of the annual meeting of 1894, there were much more serious differences. The Committee had given a new interpretation to a rule which had up to that time worked satisfactorily, and which had relation to the last day on which subscriptions might be paid by members who proposed to take part in the annual discussion of the Club's affairs, or who had been nominated for the Committee. There was a suspicion—which may have been unjustifiable, of course—that the intention was to obtain a packed Committee, and there was much indignation in consequence. A meeting of fifteen or twenty members was held at the studio of Captain Adrian Jones, the equestrian sculptor, whose statue of the late Duke of Cambridge is about to be erected in Whitehall. The decisions arrived at were supported by the Club—excepting the Committee and its ex-officio members—almost unanimously. There was a vote as to who should occupy the chair, and the Committee was very badly beaten indeed. The Club refused to accept the list of nominations of Committeemen as it had been arranged. There was an adjournment of the meeting, against the vehement protest of the Honorary Secretary and his supporters, and then a week later the Club elected its Committee in its own way, with consequences of a very remarkable character. The Honorary Secretary, Sir Somers Vine, resigned his



LORD ALVERSTONE

A QUICK SKETCH WHILE "IN THE CHAIR" AT A SAVAGE CLUB HOUSE DINNER
BY MAJOR VAN DER WEYDE

conclusion, I would deprecate the growing tendency of the Committee to cry 'Wolf' every time a difference of opinion with them manifests itself in the Club, and to treat as wreckers a number of men every one of whom has at the bottom of his heart a feeling of gratitude for the self-denying services rendered by the Committee, and of pride at having the distinction of being a member of the Savage Club."

Mr. W. H. Denny, an actor of varied and delightful talent, best known, perhaps, in those days to the audiences of the Savoy Theatre, stepped into the breach occasioned by the retirement of Sir Somers Vine. Under the new Committee, which, really, did not differ very widely from the old, the Club speedily recovered its confidence in itself. The atmosphere of suspicion vanished, and with it all danger of proprietorship. One of the most useful and admirable members, from that day until his death only a few months since, was Mr. James MacIntosh, who succeeded George Henty as one of the Trustees. Probably he gave more of his time and his thought to the Club than any man was justified in doing. His knowledge of Bohemian club life was extensive, and in some respects peculiar. I have close to my hand as I write, an article in which Mr. G. R. Sims tells "The Story of a Bohemian Club" which had its habitat in Holywell Street. Mr. Sims describes an old member who was known as the Bushranger. He says: "About nine o'clock—he was very regular in his habits—he would gradually slip out of the chair into the fireplace, and there, as he was a man who strongly resented any interference, he would be allowed to remain, the waiter having instructions to shift him a

little if he fell too near the grate. Visitors coming into the Club, and astonished to see the prostrate figure in the fireplace, would rush to his assistance. But they were always stopped with this remark: 'Don't touch him. He is an old member, and that is his favourite place.' If any visitor, impelled by a feeling of humanity, did try to pick the old gentleman out of the fender, he received a volley of remonstrance which made it quite unnecessary for anybody to explain that the recumbent gentleman had passed the greater part of his life at the Antipodes." This article was forwarded to me, not long before his decease, by poor MacIntosh, who died just as he seemed to us to be recovering from a long and painful illness. He has written in the margin, in red pencil: "Sims is quite correct, only he has forgotten many of the men who used the Club, including—Yours."

In 1899, Mr. E. Eden Peacock became Honorary Secretary of the Club, Mr. Denny being elected to the life-membership. I have had occasion to speak of Mr. Peacock several times in these rather desultory chapters, and I may here say finally that I am sure it will be far from offensive to those of his predecessors who survive to see him described as the best Honorary Secretary the Club has ever had. In the seven or eight years during which he has held office, the Savage Club has risen to an unexampled height of prosperity. It has extended its accommodation, rearranged and much improved its rooms, placed a satisfactory balance to its credit, and established that fund for the benefit of the families of deceased members which was dreamed of in Andrew Halliday's days.

Among the members elected since the Club moved to Adelphi Terrace are—Art: W. Douglas Almond, W. H. J. Boot, Tom Browne, Edgar Bundy, Charles Dixon, J. Fulleylove, Bernard Gribble, Sir James D. Linton, Raven Hill, J. R. Reid, Robert Sauber, Hughes Stanton, Lance Thackery, and Pinhorn Wood.—Literature: Robert Barr, Lord Charles Beresford, James Douglass, Israel Gollancz, Percival Gibbon, Bernard Hamilton, Coulson Kernahan, David Meldrum, Bertram Mitford, Arthur Morrison, Mostyn T. Pigott, Clement K. Shorter, and S. Levett Yeats.—The Stage: George Alexander, Robert Brough, Albert Chevalier, Richard Ganthony, H. Beerbohm Tree, and Alfred Sutro.—Music: Maitland and Seymour Dicker, Dan Eyers Godfrey, Walter W. Hedgcock, F. St. John Lacy, Joseph O'Mara, F. Mackenzie Rogan, and Joseph Williams.—Science: Sir Charles Cameron, Philip Dawson, C. Graham Grant, Major MacMahon, Lord Justice Moulton, Professor Charles Stewart, W. Lloyd Wise, and G. Sims Woodhead. This list might be greatly extended, and the inclusion of some names and the omission of others may seem to stand in need of some justification; but to those who continue to repeat that "The Savage Club is not what it was," this enumeration of some of the additions made to the membership in 1890 and onwards should be a sufficient reply.

The Club is also strong on the legal side. It includes the Lord Chief Justice (Honorary Life Member), Justice Fletcher Moulton (Science, as above), Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., Judge Woodfall, and Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C. (Hon. Counsel).



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.

An interesting addition to the Honorary Life Membership was made towards the close of 1906, when the Duke of Connaught was elected to that position, on which occasion he dined with the Club for the first time.



"YOU MAY SMOKE."

By Herbert Johnson.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SAVAGE CLUB TO-DAY

TO questions as to what is the character of the Savage Club to-day the preceding chapter has given some kind of answer. The reply to such inquiries must always be difficult. It is like entering into a revelation of one's domestic concerns. At the best, it is like proposing the toast of "Our Noble Selves." It is no part of my intention to represent the Club as other than it is. We who belong to it are all proud alike of its present and of its past. It may be doubted whether any club in existence has such a command over the affections of its members. Sometimes, no doubt, these find extreme expression. Laudation goes to the point of extravagance. "This is the biggest crowd in the world," a brother Savage observed to me in a moment of exultation at one of the Saturday dinners a few years since. This is the kind of thing that should be left to the stranger within the gates to say. The world contains so many big things, after all. What may be said without breach of modesty or propriety is that the Savage Club is an institution of a very special kind, bringing together, in a peculiar relationship, either as guests or members,



MOSTYN PIGOTT.
(By LANCE THACKERY.)

much of the active mind of the time, the men "who have arrived," the men who are arriving, the young men who have begun well, and the old men whose past speaks for them to posterity.

It would be absurd to say that every member of the Savage Club is a person of distinction, or is certain to become such. The membership is difficult to obtain; but it is an eminence that can be scaled more easily than the heights of fame. It would be said by those who speak from the outside that the Savages are "a mixed lot," which is true enough in its way, though not to such an extent as the words imply. A man must have proved himself in one way or another before he becomes a member of the Savage Club. According to the rules, the Club is instituted for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, science, the drama, or music. The membership is limited to five hundred town and one hundred country members, exclusive of honorary, life, and supernumerary members. A member who resides at a distance of more than fifty miles from London is regarded as a country member. Honorary life-membership may be conferred on persons of distinction by a unanimous vote of the Committee, at a meeting at which not less than three-fourths of the members of the Committee are present, or, by the vote of four-fifths of the members present at a general meeting of the Club.

At the present time the honorary life-members number ten only. They are, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Earl Roberts, Viscount Kitchener, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone), the Bishop of London, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Captain Scott, of the

Discovery, and Mark Twain. Life-membership, exempt from payment of subscription, may be conferred upon ordinary members (who have rendered special services to the Club), when nominated by the Committee, and confirmed by the vote of four-fifths of the members at the annual general meeting of the Club. The members who have been thus honoured and are now living, are, Lionel Brough—"Our Lal," as he is affectionately called by his juniors—W. B. Tegetmeier, E. J. Goodman, and W. H. Denny, the last three of whom have acted as Honorary Secretaries of the Club. Among life-members now deceased were Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, Sir Henry Irving, and E. J. Wade, also a former Honorary Secretary. The Committee has power to elect members by selection from the list of candidates, and among the present members so elected are Robert Barr, Lord Charles Beresford, A. Bruce-Joy, Lord Burnham, Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., the Earl of Crawford, who is a Fellow of the Royal Society, Mr. Israel Gollancz, Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Sir James D. Linton, R.I. (to whom the author is indebted for the design of the cover of this book), Major P. MacMahon, a Doctor of Science and a Fellow of the Royal Society, and R. Bowdler Sharpe, the distinguished ornithologist.

All ordinary members are in these days elected by the Committee of the Club, not by the Club itself, as in the early times. Each candidate must have one proposer and two seconders, who shall be notified to attend and furnish a detailed written statement of the candidate's professional qualification and give any further information that may be required by the Committee. If, after this preliminary examination,

HOTEL GEGIB
DEC 9th 1905

OUR GUESTS



LORD ALVERSTONE
IN THE
CHAIR

THE PRINCE OF WALES
THE KING
THE QUEEN
THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE
THE DUCHESS OF YORK
THE DUCHESS OF GLoucester
THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK
THE DUCHESS OF Saxe-Coburg and Gotha
THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-Meiningen
THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-Coburg and Gotha
THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-Meiningen

THE PRINCE OF WALES
THE KING
THE QUEEN
THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE
THE DUCHESS OF YORK
THE DUCHESS OF GLoucester
THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY
THE DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK
THE DUCHESS OF Saxe-Coburg and Gotha
THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-Meiningen

SAVAGE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

THE LIVING
FLECHER'S INVITE
"HAY I AM 'YOU TO
HINDY STEPPING
HAY I"

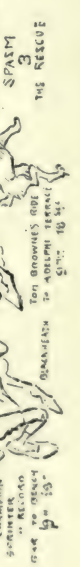
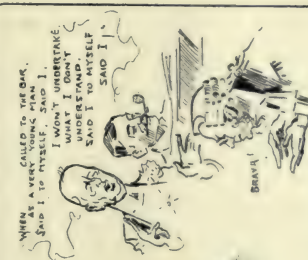
MENU

- HARD DISCOURSED VARIOUS
- CONSPIRACY AND DISSEMBLING
- CHIEF D' HUBERT
- TURBOT IN NORTLAND
- BLANCHETTES AU PAPAYAKA
- POULET SQUAROFF
- RIZ AU GRAS
- FILLES DE BOEUF
- POQUE RECHILLU
- CHOCOLATE AU CACAO
- DEGUSTATION 82th AU CECILIAN
- SALADE FRANÇAISE
- JAMBON D'ORON AU CACAO
- CHARLOTTE DE POMMES
- CHOCOLATE AU CACAO
- DESSERT. CAVE

SPASM. 1
THE SENTENCE

SPASM. 3
THE RESCUE

SPASM. 2
THE SCAFFOLD

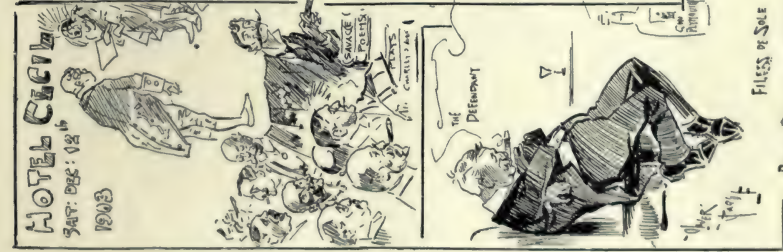


THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE IN THE CHAIR—BY W. H. PIKE, R.I.

the qualification be considered sufficient, the Committee instructs the Honorary Secretary to place the candidate's name in the book provided for that purpose, with his profession and address, together with the name of his proposer and two seconders, one of whom must belong to the same profession as the candidate, and to whom he must be personally well known. The candidate's name must have been so entered and kept on the book for not less than one month before he can come up for election. The decision of the Committee on the qualification is arrived at by ballot, one black ball in five to exclude. The decision so arrived at may, however, be reconsidered before proceeding to election in the event of fresh evidence of a material character being forthcoming. In order that members may become personally acquainted with candidates, every candidate, on receiving notification from the Honorary Secretary that his name will probably come up for election within a month's time, has the privileges of honorary membership until the date of election. No elected candidate is allowed to exercise the privileges of a member until his entrance fee and subscription have been paid; and failure to pay these dues within one month after notice of his election has been given to him renders the election void. The entrance fee is five guineas, and the annual subscription for all members elected after 1882, five guineas. In the case of country members, the annual subscription is three guineas, with the exception of members elected prior to February 24, 1896, who, on being transferred to the country list, pay an annual subscription of two guineas. The Committee may,

at its discretion, re-elect without entrance fee old members of the Club. The Committee may also elect as a life-member any member who shall compound for his annual subscription by the payment in one sum of fifty guineas, and such member is thereafter freed from any claim in respect of annual subscriptions.

That laxness about the payment of subscriptions which was common nearly fifty years ago, is, as has been previously intimated, no longer possible. No member whose subscription is unpaid, or who is officially declared to be indebted to the Club, can speak, vote, or take part in any business at any meeting, and there is a provision for posting the names of such members as have not paid their subscriptions within a certain brief period after the annual meeting has been held. There are occasional cases of misfortune, however, or a member may be in straits because he is engaged on work for which there can be no immediate recompense. The Committee has power, therefore, to retain on the list of members for the current year, without payment of subscription, the names of not more than ten members who have paid their subscriptions for at least twenty years. The general management of the Club is vested in a Committee, consisting of three Trustees, the Honorary Treasurer, the Honorary Secretary, the Honorary Solicitor, and twelve other members. The present Trustees are Sir William Treloar, Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, the eminent geographer, and Mr. A. Gordon Salamon, recently appointed. The late G. A. Henty was a Trustee up to the time of his death. The Honorary Treasurer is Sir James D. Linton.



POULET SAUTE AUX TOUFFES
 SELLE DE MOUTON SEVIGNE
 TRIBALE DE PHILIPPO-ARENBURG

FILETS DE SOLE
 MASCURRY
 HUITRES NATIVES
 CONSUMME' AUX POINTES D'ATERGES
 CREME REINE

EPERLANS FROIS SAUCE
 IMOINE
 QUENELLES DE POIE GRAS STRASBOURGEOISE
 SORBET AU KUMMEL
 CANARD SAUVAGE A LA PRESSE
 SALADE FRANCAISE

SIR EDWARD CLARKE IN THE CHAIR—BY W. H. PIKE, R.B.A.

So much for the rules and the constitution. Does the Club remain what it was in the days gone by? Is it in the same way representative of the men who are "making the wheels go round," as was said by the children in "Helen's Babies"? Is it the Savage Club, or some more pretentious institution built on its ruins? The correct answer to these questions depends on the point of view, and the only possible point of view is from the inside. From the first day on which the Club's existence became known to the larger world it became necessary to defend the Savages from charges of pretentiousness, exclusiveness, and snobbishness. Andrew Halliday found himself called upon to say, in the first number of "The Savage Club Papers," that, "It has been recklessly stated in a respectable journal, by a writer who, knowing nothing of us, has either been misled by false reports, or prompted to wild imaginings by the terrors of our name, that we are a clique of ill-conditioned malcontents, squatting in the very centre of Bohemia; that our Club is a sort of literary Cave of Adullam, into which the discontented and the disappointed have retired to set up their backs at everything that is good and noble and worthy to be admired. Nothing," he goes on to say in his gentle manner, "could be a greater mistake. Nother could be further from the truth." What could be said then can be said now. The doors of the Savage Club are wide open to all those who can show the necessary qualification and the necessary quality of "clubbability." There is nothing new about it except the honorary life-memberships, the increased subscription which has been made unavoidable by greatly extended accommodation for

members, and that difference in manner of life which comes, not of change of temperament, but of more adequate remuneration for those various pursuits which are, and have been, the daily occupation of members of the Club from first to last. One change there has undoubtedly been. It is a sign of the tidal movements in Bohemia. There are many actors in the Club, which is, nevertheless, not so much of an actors' club as it was in times past. The reasons for this are obvious to those who know the stage. The successful actor is a social figure of increasing dimensions. He lives in a large house. He is generally being interviewed by newspapers in his leisure time, or in his waits behind the scenes. Besides this, he is usually an actor-manager. He is too busy a man to have time for clubs, or if he has ten minutes to spare he looks into "The Green Room," where he meets the particular friends that he desires to meet, coming to the Adelphi when the Green Room and the Savage change quarters, which is generally once a year.

Yes, we have lost some of our actors. Irving is dead, and "Johnny" Toole, who remembered the Club in his will, leaving a picture of himself in one of his favourite parts as a souvenir; and scores of others have gone from us, and those who have taken their places have "other fish to fry"; but young and promising actors, and many of more than mature years and of firmly established reputation, still think it a proud thing to belong to the Savage Club.

In one of his early and immature books Mr. J. M. Barrie makes mention of a Club which seems to be intended for the Savage. What he says appears to relate to the Lancaster House days. He must have

Savage Club

April 10th 1897.

MENU

Chablis Huitres (Whitstable)

Sherry Potages.

Tortue, clair et lie

Poissons

Traite de Riviere

Sauce Eclair

Blanchettes a la Diable

ENTREES.

Hockheimer

Champagne

10 00 Value

Sorbet a la Romaine

RELIVES

Quartier d'Agneau

Timbale de Pommes

Pommes nouvelles

Jambon de York

RÔTI

Confection d'Agnesbury au Cresson

Pommes Rallies.

ENTREMENTS.

Abricot en Surprise - Charlotte Romaine

Salade

Liqueur, Horatien

Tronçage

Dessert

Closet - Piquet, Romaine

Tort: Gaud Campbell

CAFE NOIR ET COGNAC.

Johann's Natural Mineral Water

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE MENU—DRAWN BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Fortieth Anniversary Dinner

March 7th 1900

MENU

Chablis Huitres (Whitstable)

Sherry Potages.

Tortue, clair et lie

Poissons

Traite de Riviere

Sauce Eclair

Blanchettes a la Diable

ENTREES.

Hockheimer

Champagne

10 00 Value

Sorbet a la Romaine

RELIVES

Quartier d'Agneau

Timbale de Pommes

Pommes nouvelles

Jambon de York

RÔTI

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ENTREMENTS.

Abricot en Surprise - Charlotte Romaine

Salade

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Tronçage

Dessert

Closet - Piquet, Romaine

Tort: Gaud Campbell

CAFE NOIR ET COGNAC.

Johann's Natural Mineral Water

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been there ; but what an odd, unreal recollection he carried away ! Much more recently, Bart Kennedy, who has always seemed to enjoy himself when he was at the Savage as the guest of a member, wrote, with quite unnecessary fierceness, but in that manner of shouting out things that one admires for its freshness : “ I know a certain small club where all the men are brilliant and clever and wise, and it is the most dreadful place in the world. You can’t get into that club without you indulge in toil at literature and art. In fact, this club has the biggest collection of tinpot somebodies going. I have been there several times, and on one I told four of the somebodies that I would not be found dead in their club.” This is lacking in sweetness and light almost to a distressing degree ; but obviously it does not call for further observation.

In a novel by the late Sir Wemyss Reid—“ Gladys Fane ”—there is something much more true to the life. Sir Wemyss, who knew the Savage Club well, but who introduces ladies for the sake of his story, and perhaps, also, for the sake of disguising the club he describes, says :—

It was one of the famous Saturday evening soirées at the Cycle Club. . . . There were not a few young men of the Ponsford order, faultlessly dressed, and manifestly inspired by the heroic determination to prove that it is still possible to “ make the best of both worlds ”—to dress and eat and talk like men of fashion, whilst posing and thinking like philosophers. But far more interesting to the stranger than these smooth-faced, carefully dressed youngsters, the majority of whom were connected with one or other of the great newspapers, were the elderly men who abounded in this company. There was hardly one of them who had not “ done something,” and whose name was not

familiar to the general public. Here were painters whose works were even now delighting the visitors to the Academy. . . . And there were writers here, too ; great novelists, whose books had been translated into all the languages of Europe, and whose names were as familiar in lonely farm-houses on the spurs of the Rocky Mountains ; poets who were really recognised and read, as well as other poets who had to rest satisfied with the recognition of their own limited little coterie, whilst they fed their ambition upon dreams of an enlightened and penitent posterity ; vigorous essayists and journalists, the crack of whose whip, when it sounded from the columns of a newspaper, no system of anonymous writing could prevent being recognised ; political economists, whose learned disquisitions were supposed to affect the intentions of statesmen ; and social reformers, whose lucubrations were given to the world chiefly through the medium of penny magazines. Doctors, barristers, a sprinkling of members of Parliament, several younger sons of Peers, and one real live Lord—a Lord, moreover, of mark in society and letters—completed the motley company who buzzed about in little groups in that quaint old club-room, wherein, according to tradition, Dame Eleanor Gwynne once held her Court of Love.

A mixed impression, of various times and diverse places ; but on the whole true enough to the thing described.

Though Sir Wemyss Reid at one moment places his club in Pall Mall and at another associates it with Nell Gwynne, there is only one club with “the famous Saturday nights.” And what are they ? I protest that I have no talent for description of the kind required in this instance. Nor have I ever seen a first-rate description of a Savage Club Saturday night. There was something approaching it once in the *Allahabad Pioneer*. But even in this case the writer was at a loss for the proper impressionistic terms. He said, among much else : “Every Saturday night at the Savage occurs a ‘House Dinner,’ which is the



MARK HAMBOURG—BY LANCE THACKERY

prelude to a smoking—I cannot call it concert; say, rather, medley of divers entertainments, quips, and cranks and oddities, whereat you may see or listen to all that is smartest, newest, best, and most ambitious in that witty world which makes its living by amusing its fellow-men, whether by singing, instrumental music, acting, reciting, lightning sketching, conjuring, lecturing (in brief), or telling dry stories at the piano, in a conversational tone and confidential key.” That seems fairly good as a summing up. It may be Mark Hambourg at the piano, or J. W. Ivimey, or the astonishingly versatile Harry Fragon. In the old days it was almost invariably either Theodore Drew, who sits at the piano in Mr. W. H. Bartlett’s picture, or Edward Hargitt, who introduced the first piano into the Club, and who is still living, very rosy, and apparently not very old.

For many years E. J. Odell has been the most characteristic figure of the Savage Club Saturday nights. He is, like Dr. Strauss, a man of uncertain age. He has been entertained to dinner on his seventieth, his eightieth, and his “1904th” birthdays. All these birthdays were comprised within ten years, and the seventieth came only the other day. His membership of the Club dates back to 1873. In those days he was a sufficiently conspicuous figure in Bohemia to be introduced, under the name of “Waxcomb,” into one of “The Coming K——” publications, and in a catch-penny “Key” to this it is said that “he is quaint, very quaint, and can drop his jaw in a death-throe as artistically as Mr. Henry Irving himself. Indeed, if merit were to have its due, there is no telling who might be flattering the

shade of Shakespeare at the Lyceum to-day." "Waxcomb" is an allusion to Mr. Odell's skill in the representation of Shakespearian clowns. He has probably not had his equal in recent days as Touchstone. But he was an uncommonly good actor all round whilst he was still on the stage. I remember being thrilled by him nearly thirty years ago as Gaspard in "Les Cloches de Corneville." George R. Sims once tried to write a piece for him—his first attempt, apparently, at writing for the London stage. In the article quoted in a previous chapter he says: "It was at the Unity that I met Mr. E. J. Odell, the venerable comedian, whose recitations are still a feature of the Savage Club entertainments. He had been for some time a favourite member of Henry Irving's company, but he was then out of an engagement, and he wanted to hire a theatre and to play the old man in D'Ennery's play 'Le Centenaire.' I got the play and turned it into English for him. He secured the Olympic, and on July 10, 1875, 'One Hundred Years Old' was produced. I did not put my name on the bill as the adapter. That in this case discretion *was* the better part of valour was proved by the notice which appeared in *The Times*. The cast was an excellent one, and included Mr. William Rignold, Mr. F. H. Macklin, Mr. George Anson, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. H. R. Teesdale, Miss Louise Willes, and Miss Nellie Harris. The play ran for one *matinée*. It brought me neither gold nor glory, but it was a beginning."

As an entertainer, and peculiarly as an entertainer at the Club, where he is always sublimely at his



ODELL AND FATHER TIME.—BY PAUL FRENZENY.

ease, Mr. Odell has a most remarkable individuality. He plays up to himself, as it were. He has a pretty wit, of a kind more common in the Bohemia of an earlier day, and his playful introductions to his songs or recitations are often the best part of the fun. His repertoire is as extensive as are his means of expressing the various emotions, and many of his pieces have been expressly written for himself. These, I believe, he proposes to publish, with illustrations by artists who are members of the Savage Club. For a while Mr. Odell ceased to appear at the Saturday nights, and he was, of course, very much missed. He is one of those types that there is no replacing.

Brandon Thomas may still sometimes be induced to sing one of those delightful coon songs of his own, which by so many years antedated the popularity of the coon song on the English stage. His father's "The Fine Ould Oirish Gentleman," he has abandoned to his friend Mr. John Edwards. It was through Brandon Thomas, Mr. Seymour Dicker, and Mr. Hartley Watson that the members of the Club were able to render essential service to the widow and the daughter of a former brother Savage of some note. Mr. J. C. Bond Andrews, the composer, died very suddenly in 1899, leaving those dependent upon him but ill-provided for. Years afterwards Brandon Thomas learned that Mrs. Bond Andrews and her daughter were in want. He flew to the rescue at once, and the help he gave was not merely temporary. By means of subscriptions raised in the Club the widow and the daughter have been provided for up to the present time. Then, too, Miss

Bond Andrews was found to have a fine voice, which was carefully trained by Seymour Dicker, so that she has now obtained an engagement on the stage, several of the artists of the Club contributing pictures gratuitously as a means of providing her with an outfit, and ensuring her comfort and that of her mother for still some time to come.

And this reminds me of the late T. B. Hardy's wonderful performances on occasional Saturday nights, for one of the most wonderful of all was associated with an act of beneficence. The eminent water-colour artist, whose facility in sketching was probably greater than that of any other man of his time, would make a large, expressive drawing, in chalk or in charcoal, in twenty minutes or so, whilst somebody was playing fantasias on the piano. Some of these remarkable *tours de force* are now hanging on the walls of the Club, but one was put up to auction, for a charitable object, immediately on its completion, and was bought by Mr. W. S. Penley for between twenty and thirty pounds.

There are many artists who can be drawn on for lightning sketches nowadays. Phil May would do half a dozen heads, in coloured chalk, in half an hour, often including the portrait of the chairman for the evening. Tom Browne has a similar rapid faculty, and an almost equal humour, though in another style. Bernard Gribble and Charles Dixon draw for us pictures of ships and the sea. Robert Sauber can now and then be induced to suggest in coloured chalks one of his dainty Watteau-like figures. The artists are, in fact, in these days, among the most ready as well as the most able of the entertainers.



THE PORT OF LONDON.

[Drawn in sixteen minutes, and purchased by W. S. Penley
for twenty guineas.]

J. B. Hunt

The Saturday nights are not so prolonged as they once were. By the time the theatres are emptying the entertainment has come to an end. The Bohemian no longer lives in Bohemia. Some time before midnight he is thinking of the Tube, or of Charing Cross, or of Waterloo.



E. J. ODELL.

CHAPTER XXVI

" IN MEMORIAM "

AT the end of the Savage Club Year-book there is a section enclosed in black borders and entitled "In Memoriam." It is far from containing a complete list of deceased Savages, for the reason that it makes mention only of those who have died as members of the Club, whereas many members, "of importance in their day," to use a phrase consecrated by Robert Browning, retired from membership during their lifetime. Among these was George Augustus Sala, one of the most jovial of Savages in "the days that were earlier." But Sala, to tell the truth, had a way of getting into difficulties about subscriptions, and of taking it unkindly when he was reminded of his little liabilities. When the Club was formed he had lately returned from his "Journey Due North," over which, on a question of republication, he had a more than usually serious quarrel with Charles Dickens. Sala agreed to sell the right of republishing his articles on the famous journey, undertaken for Dickens's publication, to Warne and Routledge for the sum of £250. It did not strike him that it was imperative to consult his great chief on the

SAVAGE CLUB
LADIES' NIGHT
DINNER AT THE
HOTEL CECIL
SATURDAY, MAY 3rd 1902
G. A. HENTY
IN THE
CHAIR



A LADIES' NIGHT—BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.

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matter, or the publishers of *Household Words*, in which periodical the articles had originally appeared. "I quarrelled with Dickens," he writes sorrowfully. "When, fourteen years afterwards, he died, I wrote a notice of him in *The Daily Telegraph*." This notice, considerably expanded, had a great success as a shilling booklet. "In this trifle," says Sala, "I made a passing allusion to my misunderstanding with Dickens early in 1857; and, moved by, I hope, not ungenerous impulse, I added that in this feud I had been in the wrong. I revered the writer and I loved the man."

To Dickens Sala owed everything but his great natural talent and curious stores of reading. He seemed to think, too, that it was to Dickens's ready appreciation of him that he owed the Bohemian taint, for he earned money much too easily, and buried himself in Bohemia immediately his cheques were cashed. "There did not exist in London, or out of it, a lazier or more dissolute young loafer than your humble servant," he says in the candid confessions of his old age. "I had *Household Words* as a stand-by. There was the five-guinea fee for every article I wrote. I often got through two in the course of one week, and if, as more than once happened, I overdrew my account—I did so on one occasion to the extent of twenty pounds, and, on another, of seventy pounds—Dickens would, after a while, laughingly suggest that the sponge should be passed over the slate, and we should begin again."

Sala was many a time "in plentiful hot water," to use Mrs. Micawber's phrase. He seems to have liked the sting of it. His friendship was broken with the

brothers Brough because, as I think I have mentioned elsewhere, he could not be induced to finish a contribution to *The Welcome Guest*. He had his fierce tilt at Matthew Arnold's "Friendship's Garland." He raged and fumed at Arnold's scornful references to the "young lions of *The Daily Telegraph*." He reminded that apostle of sweetness and light that most of the young lions could tell over a tale of years equal to his own, and that they had long since become somewhat rugged as to feature and grey as to mane. For *The Telegraph* Sala had roasted under African suns and borne the cold of Russian winters; had witnessed the horrors of Civil War in America, and other triumphs of civilisation in every quarter of the 'globe. To describe him as a young lion at the date of "Friendship's Garland" was unquestionably absurd; but Arnold was usually willing to sacrifice a great deal of accuracy for the sake of a phrase. And Sala was not only tremendously loyal to his paper, but he enjoyed hitting back. He had a notion, for most part of the time, that every man's hand was against him. In his "Breakfast in Bed" he opens out a fierce cannonade against Buvius and Spongus, two companions-in-arms who were his mortal enemies, as he believed. They were as imaginary as their names. There never was a time when men banded themselves together to run him down, as he was convinced they did. He was always regarded as the most brilliant man of his circle. He was, too, the man who earned money the most easily. Sometimes, however, he met with sad disappointment. There is a story of how he encountered Halliday and some others in Fleet Street. It was proposed that they should dine together at the



SAVAGE CLUB

DINNER

SATURDAY FEB 19 1898

R WOODFALL

IN THE CHAIR

JUDGE WOODFALL IN THE CHAIR—BY BERNARD F. GRIBBLE

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Punch Tavern ; but the joint funds of the company were insufficient in amount to pay for a dinner all round. Sala recollected that he had an account to draw from a neighbouring office. "Sit down," he said. "I have sent some jokes to *Fun*, and I have not yet been paid for them. I will fetch the money at once, and we will spend it on meat and drink." During his absence his friends ordered a sumptuous repast, and cheered him heartily when he returned with a small packet, evidently of money, in his hand. "How much?" they all cried together. The expectant humourist unrolled his parcel very slowly and gravely, and at length disclosed a single coin, together with a statement of account, which said: "Mr. George Augustus Sala. To one joke—two and sixpence." But they had the dinner all the same—and owed for it!

One of the earliest caricatures of any member of the Club still preserved represents George Augustus Sala as a sort of troglodyte climbing out of the shells of an oyster. It must have been one of the first drawings made as a Club joke. Sala, as I have said, left the Savage on a little matter concerning the payment of subscription, and when he came back he was placed in the chair at an important dinner. Then he left the Club again for the old reason.

In the Club Sala was lavish of his wit and his cleverness. Dr. Strauss had in his possession the only existing copy of a burlesque poem, entitled "The End of all Things." It was written, as he thought, early in 1857, by Sala and Robert Brough, who carried it through, at prodigious length, in alternate stanzas. There was a generous adornment of foot-

notes and explanations. It was poem and commentary together. The idea was to represent that all the men of the Savage Club circle had gone to the bad in one way or another, either by accession of fortune, or by change of character and aspiration. There was John Deffett Francis, for example, who survived into the eighties, and was a frequent visitor to the Club, indeed, at least up to 1884 or 1885. Of him it was said—

Francis, his dream of high art passed,
Now paints for pot-boiling at last ;
Not that his pictures sell.
He, with warm duds beneath his rags,
Paints Christ and mackerel on the flags,
And does extremely well.

Benjamin Webster thought he had found a lead-mine, but—

'Twas found that Webster's mine of lead
Existed only in his head,
Betwixt the skull and brain.

There were many such amusing cruelties in the poem, each person introduced being made to go wrong in the way that was least characteristic of him. James Hannay, for example, who prided himself on his aristocratic connections, was represented as having gone into trade.

Hannay, by the way, might more appropriately have been included in a preceding chapter ; but his name is naturally suggested by the mention of Sala, who disliked him. Referring to the men who were



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

contributors to *The Illustrated Times*, he says: "Hannay was a staunch Conservative, and, although of no University, consorted habitually with young Oxford and Cambridge men. Vizetelly, Augustus Mayhew, and I were the fiercest of Radicals; and Robert Brough was an even more irreconcilable democratic Republican; and not one of us ever studied at any English public school or University. In this pleasant state of things it naturally came about that we were very much given to abusing each other in print in ephemeral publications outside the sphere of *The Illustrated Times*." I doubt the veracity of this story. There is no evidence of its truth, and it probably arose out of one of Sala's delusions about the undependableness of his friends.

But Hannay was a great hand at an epigram, certainly the best of his time, and there appeared, as Sala says, "in some short-lived magazine" the following lines:—

Easy to see why S. and B.
Dislike the University.
Easy to see why B. and S.
Dislike cold water little less.
As by their works you know their creed,
That those who write should never read,
Their faces show they think it bosh
That those who write should ever wash.

"Whether Hannay," Sala observes, "was really the author of this bright little *morceau* I am unaware, and it does not really matter at this time of day to know; but at all events it emanated from some one of the academic clique with which he was so closely connected." Surely, a very loose kind of inference.

There is really no reason to think that the epigram, whatever its authorship may have been, referred either to Sala or Brough.

Hannay's manner, and his parade of scholarship, gravely interfered with his many claims to the admiration of his contemporaries. He had real learning; he had a great deal of wit of the purely literary order; he was a first-rate critic, a not unsuccessful competitor with Captain Marryatt or the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," a capable newspaper editor, a contributor to *The Quarterly Review*, and the master of a dry, caustic humour. His fault was that he was something of a prig. All authorities agree on that point. Yet men liked him in spite of himself.

In a dialogue in *The Train* one of the interlocutors says: "I like Hannay. I am told that he only aspires to the appreciation of half a dozen literary men. I should say there must be at least five on *The Idler*" (a publication with which Hannay was closely connected). "I should like to be the other one."

"Oh," says the editor, "Hannay is one of your young men who talk like a book."

"Exactly; and the only time I ever met him, the book he talked like was 'Enfield's Speaker.'"

"To do Hannay justice," said another, "he is the greatest epigrammatist of the day."

"Except Jerrold," was the reply; "but *he's* so dreadfully bitter."

More than ten years after the foundation of the Savage Club, Hannay left London to become an editor in the Scottish capital, where he left a reputation that even Alexander Russel did not eclipse. He resigned his editorial chair in 1854—that of *The*

THE SAVAGE CLUB

Forty-First Anniversary

DINNER

NOV. 26. 1898

KING'S

HALL

HOBORN

RESTAURANT

No. _____

Admit _____

G. A. Murphy
THE OFFICIAL

6-30 FOR 6



DINNER TICKET—BY L. RAVEN HILL.

Edinburgh Courant—says Sala, "and was heartily welcomed back to London by his old friends and colleagues. In 1868, he was appointed, through the interest of the late Earl of Derby, who had a high appreciation of his talents—an appreciation which was shared by Carlyle—to the post of British Consul at Barcelona, and in that Catalonian city, in 1873, poor James Hannay died." Hannay, unlike Sala, remained a member of the Club to the end, though "G. A. S." had joined twice over.

It counts for much to say that Thackeray was James Hannay's intimate friend. That great novelist entrusted him with the work of supplying the notes to "The English Humourists," and the finest appreciation of Thackeray that appeared soon after his death—possibly the finest that has yet appeared—was contained in a noble-natured, chivalrous little book by Hannay.

The difficulty at the Club was that Hannay would persistently embellish his speech by quotations from the classic tongues. It grated on the feelings of the members. Charles Lamb Kenney, who was also a sound classical scholar, as was becoming in a godson of "the gentle Elia," tracked all Hannay's favourite quotations to their source, and then amused himself, and the others, by capping them. It became the fashion to cry aloud for Kenney when the author of "Singleton Fontenoy" began to quote. "Oh, brother William," exclaimed Robert Brough, with the thought of Bluebeard in his mind, "look out and see whether you cannot spy Charlie Kenney coming this way."

Hannay reckoned among his friends a capital

romancist named J. G. Edgar, whom it is pleasant to call to mind as a Savage because of the delight one took in his books in one's youth. Hannay has an essay about him in some volume or other of his collected writings. I think it is in the nature of an obituary. Edgar had an extensive, almost a profound, knowledge of history, and he turned it to good account in the field of historical romance. His stories are wholly without distinction of style; they are commonplace, indeed, in their manner of dealing with character and incident; and yet most of them have a quality which keeps them alive as a part, however humble a part, of our national literature.

"Cressy and Poitiers" has recently arrived at the honour of being included in "Everyman's Library." "Runnymede and Lincoln Fair," which mingles romance with a commendably accurate account of the later portion of the reign of King John, still continues to be issued in well-illustrated editions. Edgar, in fact, may be described as one of the surviving but obscure authors—one of those whom critics do not speak about, but who continue to be read. Only one of his books seems to have gone down, and that for sufficing reasons. Years before Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake" appeared in *Good Words*, Edgar wrote a story on the same subject in one of the boys' magazines. He anticipated Kingsley in many things which were not matters of history, but of invention; particularly in the great fight when Hereward is taken unawares in his sleep, and does heroic deeds, Kingsley can scarcely be exonerated from having made use of Edgar, and without acknowledgment;

but he justified himself by the result, as Charles Reade did for so frankly plagiarising Erasmus's "Colloquies" in "The Cloister and the Hearth." Kingsley did the thing once for all. He had those great qualities which Edgar did not possess, and so he takes pride of place. Edgar's book has floated down into oblivion; and yet but for Kingsley it might have been where "Cressy and Poitiers" is to-day.

And that reminds me. The illustrator of "Hereward the Wake" was Paul Gray. It is scarcely possible to recall a book that, at its first appearance, was so splendidly illustrated in its own spirit. Paul Gray's drawings for Kingsley's romance remind one of nothing so much as of the best serious work of Sir John Tenniel in his early days, done in that temper of mind which made Keats exclaim, "Lo, I must sing a song of chivalry." "Hereward the Wake," with these singularly fine illustrations by Paul Gray, ran through *Good Words* in 1865, and the artist died in November, 1866. His early death was greatly lamented by all those who had discerned in the "Hereward" drawings what was so easily to be seen, the high promise of great achievement in imaginative art; but in the Savage Club the sorrow was deep, personal, and general. Probably no other member had been quite so well beloved as Paul Gray. He had the sort of charm that Fred Walker possessed, and that is so completely and admirably represented in "Trilby." And for his years, his promise was even greater than that of Walker.

Another of our early members, George Cruikshank, was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's, near Reynolds, and Turner, and other great painters. He had a near

relative who was bed-ridden ; but who, it is related, perhaps mendaciously, was constantly wanting to get up and to borrow a shilling, so that he might "go and spit on George's grave."

There died in November, 1874, so young a member that he had been only a few months qualified by age for election to the Club. This was Oliver Madox Brown, the son of Ford Madox Brown, who occupied a sort of parental relation to the pre-Raphaelites without himself belonging to the order. Just before his death, which occurred when he was nineteen, young Madox Brown had a picture in the Royal Academy, and had also made a great literary success with a novel, "Gabriel Denver," which was more praised and read than any book of its season. Its central situation was of an exceptionally thrilling kind. Three persons saved from the wreck of a burning ship are afloat in mid-ocean in an open boat. They are the hero, Gabriel, and two women, Laura and Deborah, and they have neither food nor drink to sustain them. There is love-making, and hate, and intense suffering. Laura nearly succumbs to physical hardships ; Gabriel just keeps himself alive to nurse her ; and Deborah goes mad. The story was told amazingly well, and the author proved that he was a poet as well as a prose-writer, as this song, slightly reminiscent of Swinburne, will show :—

Alas ! who knows, or cares, my love
If our love live or die ?
If those thy frailty, sweet, should'st prove,
Or my soul thine deny ?
Yet, merging sorrow in delight,
Love's dream disputes our devious night.



ALFRED SUTRO AND MARK HAMBURG—BY W. H. PIKE, R.I.

None know, sweet love, nor care a thought
 For our heart's vague desire ;
 Nor if our longing come to naught,
 Or burn in aimless fire.
 Let them alone ; we'll waste no sighs.
 Cling closer, love, and close thine eyes.

The father of Oliver Madox Brown was the chief of those who taught painting to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. There was always a close friendship between the two families, and, on the young writer's death, at the opening of a life so full of promise, Rossetti contributed to *The Athenæum* a sonnet which may fitly be quoted here :—

Upon the landscape of his coming life
 A youth high-gifted gazed, and found it fair :
 The heights of work, the floods of praise, were there.
 What friendships, what desires, what love, what wife ?
 All things to come. The fanned springtide was rife
 With imminent solstice ; and the ardent air
 Had summer sweets and autumn fires to bear ;—
 Heart's ease full-pulsed with perfect strength for strife.

A mist has risen : we see the youth no more :
 Does he see on and strive on ? and may we,
 Late-tottering world-worn hence, find his to be
 The young, strong hand which helps us up that shore ?
 Or, echoing the No more with Nevermore,
 Must Night be ours and his ? We hope : and he ?

CHAPTER XXVII

AGAIN "IN MEMORIAM"

ANY "In Memoriam" chapter, written as it might and should be written, would expand into a considerable book. Excluding those who left the Club before they died, who are the chief of those whom death has carried away? There are the Broughs and others, dealt with in earlier portions of this volume. Here are a few names from a painfully long list: James Albery, of the "Three Roses," and "The Pink Dominoes," died in 1889; Dr. Robert Brown, the author of "The Countries of the World," and other works of a scientific and descriptive character, in 1895; Leicester Buckingham in 1867; H. J. Byron in 1884; Charles Duval, a clever entertainer after the manner of Maccabe—he leaped overboard in the Red Sea—in 1888; Hain Friswell, of "The Gentle Life," ten years earlier; Frank Holl, R.A., 1888; George Honey, 1880; Arthur Locker, editor of *The Graphic*, in 1893; Edwin Long, R.A., in 1891; Arthur O'Shaughnessy, poet, in 1881; William Sawyer, poet and journalist, in 1882; G. J. Pinwell, an artist almost comparable to Fred Walker, and with a greater grace of style, in 1875; Planché



J. A. FITZGERALD.
[From a painting by himself, in the Club.]

in 1880; Carl Rosa in 1889; E. A. Sothern in 1881; Barry Sullivan ten years later; Walter Thornbury in 1876; Godfrey Turner in 1891; W. G. Wills, the dramatist, in the same year; and Thomas Woolner, poet, painter, and sculptor, in 1892. Then there was Charles Williams, the war correspondent, a man of great, strong, and original character; T. B. Hardy, an artist of incomparable powers; oh, and ever so many more.

Two or three other names I select out of the list of dead members that I may linger over them for a brief space. There is David Anderson, the main part of whose leisure was spent in the Club. Like Sala, his colleague on *The Daily Telegraph*, he had been an artist and engraver. Then he was with W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson on that promising failure, *London*. *The Telegraph* absorbed him after this, until he bethought him that there was a crying need for a School of Journalism, and an abundance of young men ready to lay down a hundred pounds for the privilege of learning the mysteries of reporting, sub-editing, and leader-writing. Mr. Robert Hichens, who developed higher ambitions, backed up by genius, was one of his pupils, and has made much good fun of David Anderson's methods of teaching. The School of Journalism has, indeed, been so much ridiculed that, as a journalist of prolonged and rather wide experience, I feel bound to say for my friend David that he could teach what he professed to teach quite as well as it was possible to teach it in a school. Several of his pupils he was able to place on good newspapers, in positions which gave them a chance.

He was a wit who would have held his own in the days of H. J. Byron, as he did in those of Henry S. Leigh. There was a peculiar, calculated, soft, silky drawl in his speech. He approached his jokes with an innocent manner of inquiry, as if he were seeking information. He purred pleasantly, and a scratch came from under the fur. That was only when it seemed to be called for, however ; for David Anderson was, on the whole, a good-natured humourist. Once, while the Club was still at Lancaster House, there was some unusually riotous electioneering, in anticipation of the annual meeting. Posters were pinned up on the walls of the smoking-room, a thing never done before or since. "Vote for Anderson and a shilling lunch," was the appeal made by one of these. The price for luncheon was then fourteen pence, and Anderson was easily at the top of the poll for the new Committee, which body at once raised the price of lunch to one shilling and fourpence. Members swarmed round David Anderson when this fact became known. They were almost prepared to lynch him. What did he mean? Had he not been elected on the strength of his promise of a shilling lunch? "Well," he said, in his slow, inquiring way, "it was a good electioneering cry, wasn't it?"

One looks for the best samples of his humour in his book, "Scenes in the Commons," in large part a collection of articles contributed to *The Daily Telegraph* when he represented that newspaper in the Press Gallery of the Houses of Parliament. When Mr. Gladstone spoke of smashing, pulverising, and destroying Lord Randolph Churchill, Anderson's comment was that he might as well expect to smash,

SAVAGE CLUB

Forty-Second Anniversary

DINNER

SATURDAY
Dec 9th
1899

MENU

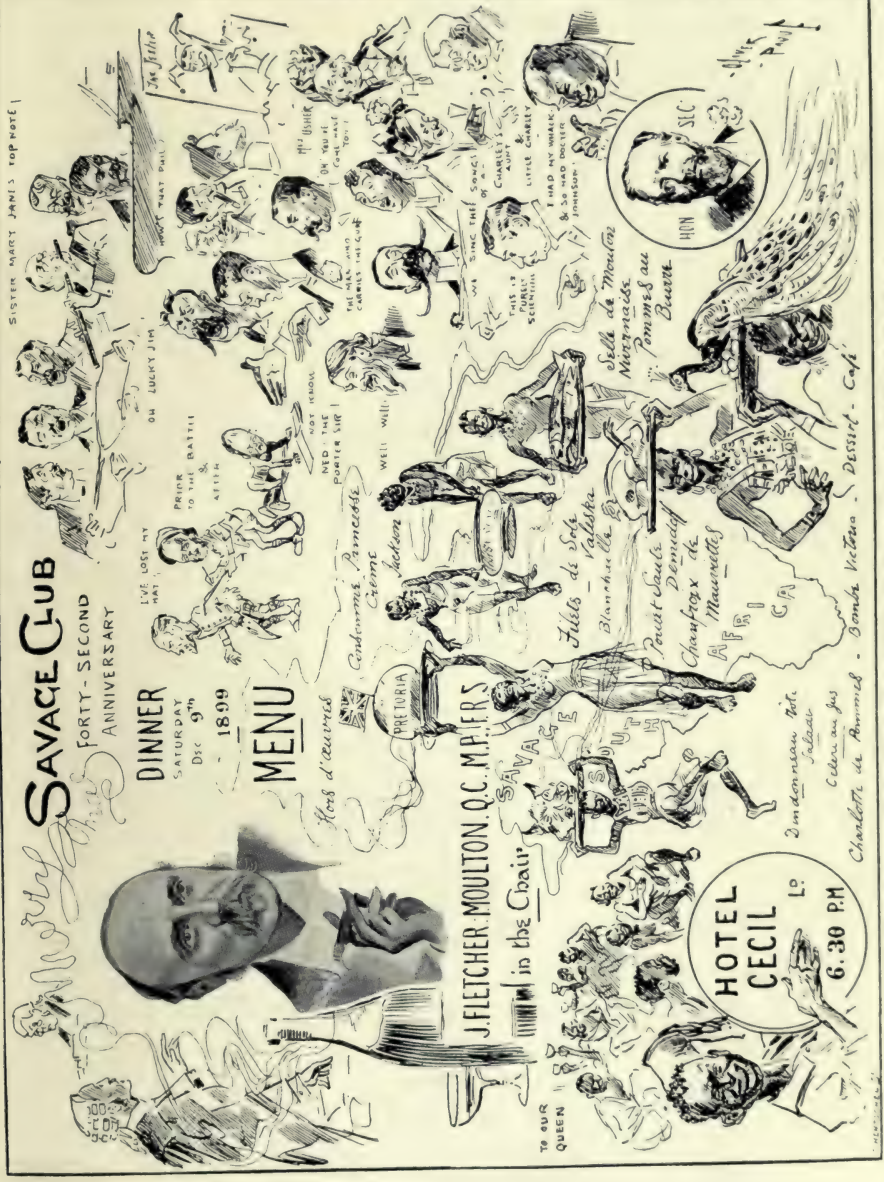


J. FLETCHER MOULTON, Q.C. M.P.

in the Chair

HOTEL
CECIL

6.30 PM



LORD JUSTICE MOULTON IN THE CHAIR—BY W. H. PIKE, R.B.A.

destroy, and pulverise a jack-in-the-box by shutting down the lid. Of the late Beresford Hope he remarked: "He gives a little stamp with his little right foot, and makes a large turn with his little fat hand, and droops his unkempt head over his left shoulder, and you hear him 'coo.' Voluble he is with a saccharine volubility which flows with the elastic consistency of treacle dropping from an uplifted spoon." He said of Sir William Harcourt: "He has charged himself with making epigrams, but may stand excused in that direction, inasmuch as his epigrams are not of a quality to call for remark." Anderson was probably the best-dressed man in the Club. Neatness was his foible, and he was so well groomed that he continued to look young when we knew him to be old. Then trouble came upon him, and old age covered him all at once, as with a mantle.

Phil May was a wit, but only at long intervals. Perhaps the best story about him is that which is told of a *Punch* dinner, when a telegram from W. G. Grace was handed to him. It referred to one of his drawings of the week. "Why, oh why," inquired Grace, "does square-leg wear wicket-keeping gloves?" He received a reply at about midnight. As he was living at some remote place in the country, outside the range of free delivery, he had to pay portorage on "an important telegram," which merely said, "To keep his hands warm.—PHIL MAY."

One was always much more struck by his general kindness than by his humour in conversation. Indeed, he was rather a silent man, and happiest when he was allowed to spend money freely, or even

to throw it away. Phil May's first inquiry was, "How are you? What will you take to drink?" His early privations, and the manner in which he had surmounted them, had made him utterly reckless in regard to money matters. The privations, it should be said, were much greater than any that he confessed to in an article on "The Days of My Youth," which he wrote for Mr. T. P. O'Connor. He once told me of how he was succoured by a man who kept a small shop in Buckingham Street. Nothing was ever sold in this shop. But from some source or another the shopkeeper had a secure income of eightpence a day. "And we used to go and dine on it," said Phil.

When the change of fortune came he started off for town with a roll containing a couple of hundred pounds' worth of drawings in his hand. There was a cover for the Christmas number of *The Graphic*, and there were some pages of *Punch's Almanac*, with other things, perhaps. Mrs. May accompanied him in a cab to *The Graphic* office, and everything was safe so far; but as he alighted, a friend came up and said, "Hullo, Phil! You are just the man I have been looking for. So-and-So wants to see you at such a place." The roll of drawings was left on the counter at a neighbouring refreshment buffet, and never seen again. "I expect," said Phil, "it was snatched up by some match-seller, or newspaper boy, and that my drawings are now adorning some garret in Clare Market."

Looking back over the "In Memoriam" pages is the most saddening sort of business. Coming down to quite recent days, there was F. H. Cheesewright. He was

SAVAGE CLUB DINNER

SAT. NOV. 4th 1905

E-E-PEACOCK. MM. SEC.

IN THE CHAIR

OLD MAN
YOU MAY SAY

WE KEEP THE DAY WITH PEARL CREEP
WHILE THE OTHERS ARE ASLEEP
WE'LL COME TO HIM WHEN FIVE
AND FIND THE SONGS HE LOVES TO HEAR.

TO CONGRATULATE

W-B-TEGEMEIER
AS A FOUNDER
OF THE CLUB
ON ENTERING HIS 90th YEAR
THIS DAY



MENU

FISH

TURBOT

SAUCE

HOLLANDAISE

ENTREE

CHICKEN

A LA REPOISE

JOINT - SLOON OF DEEP

SWEETS - MERINGUES - FRAMES

SANDWICHES - PATHEMAN STEAKS - JELLIES



TWO HONORARY SECRETARIES - PRESENT AND PAST

To face page 310

an immense man, with a voice of astounding volume ; one of the kindest-hearted fellows that ever lived. His songs nearly shattered the ceiling, and he prided himself on making a noise like an earthquake. "Nancy, Nancy, she's my Fancy," was a really tremendous performance. Cheesewright did a great amount of work of a purely charitable kind. Where there was distress, he was there with his help, generally with a group of Savages to assist him, Reginald Groome, the good-natured, being always there to assist, for one. Cheesewright must have raised quite enormous sums, in the aggregate, for the benefit of others. But on one occasion he got into serious difficulties with the Savage Club. He was one of the organisers of the Saturday evening concerts, and he and those who assisted him came to the conclusion, for some reason or another, that they had a grievance. There was a strike of musicians and vocalists. Cheesewright carried the matter so far that he sent down circulars—unsigned—to be delivered to every member of the Club. This led to the greatest calamity of his life, for his messenger, being asked from whom the circulars came, at once said, "Mr. Cheesewright," and he was suspended from membership for three months, which nearly broke his heart. "Fancy"—said Bernard Evans, thinking of his immense height and his jovial loudness of tone—"Fancy Cheesewright trying to be anonymous !"

Cheesewright, as I have said, did much for others. There was something to be done for himself when he died ; and what was undertaken was assisted by Mostyn Pigott, the Henry S. Leigh of to-day, in some touching verses. Mr. Pigott wrote :—

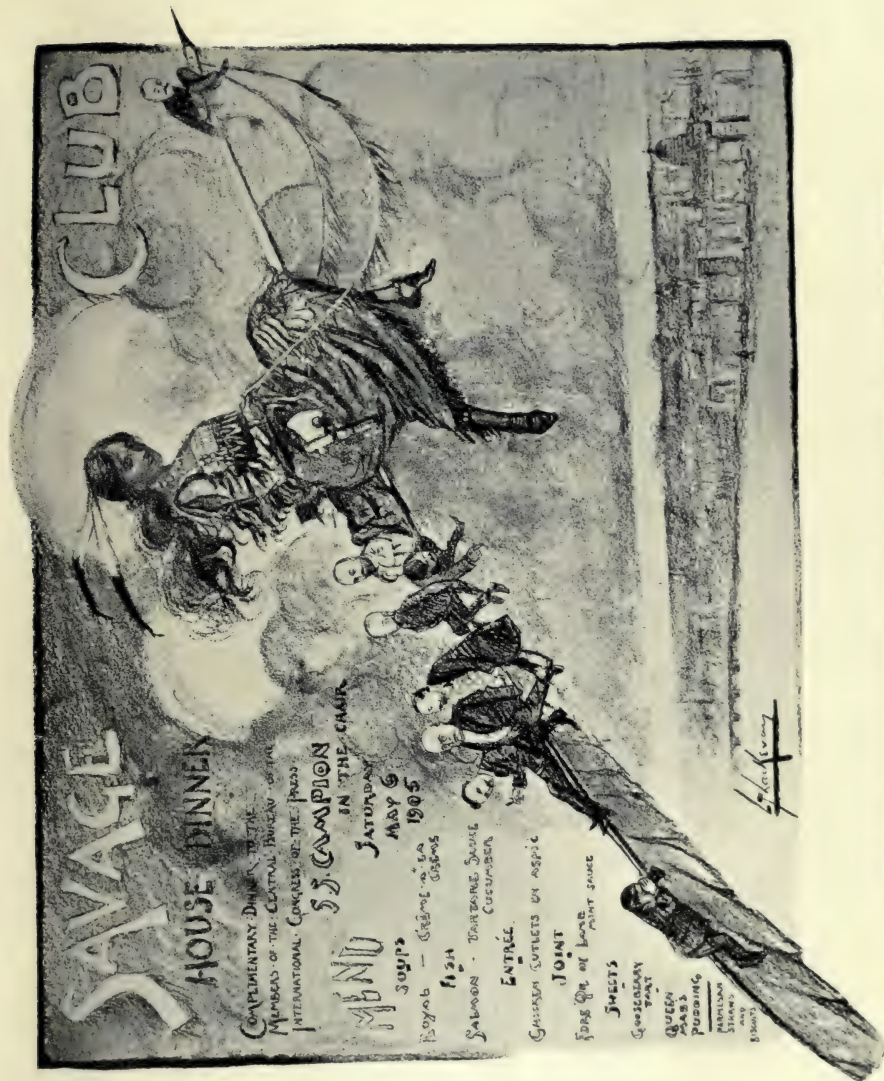
Forgathered in this house to-day,
Both gentle friends and Savage brothers,
We think of one who ne'er said nay
When asked to sing a lusty lay,
And mete out merriment to others;
Whose mighty voice, but seldom spared,
Seemed small when with his heart compared.

I believe that soon after his death some of Cheesewright's speculations turned out surprisingly well, and that his family found itself generously provided for.

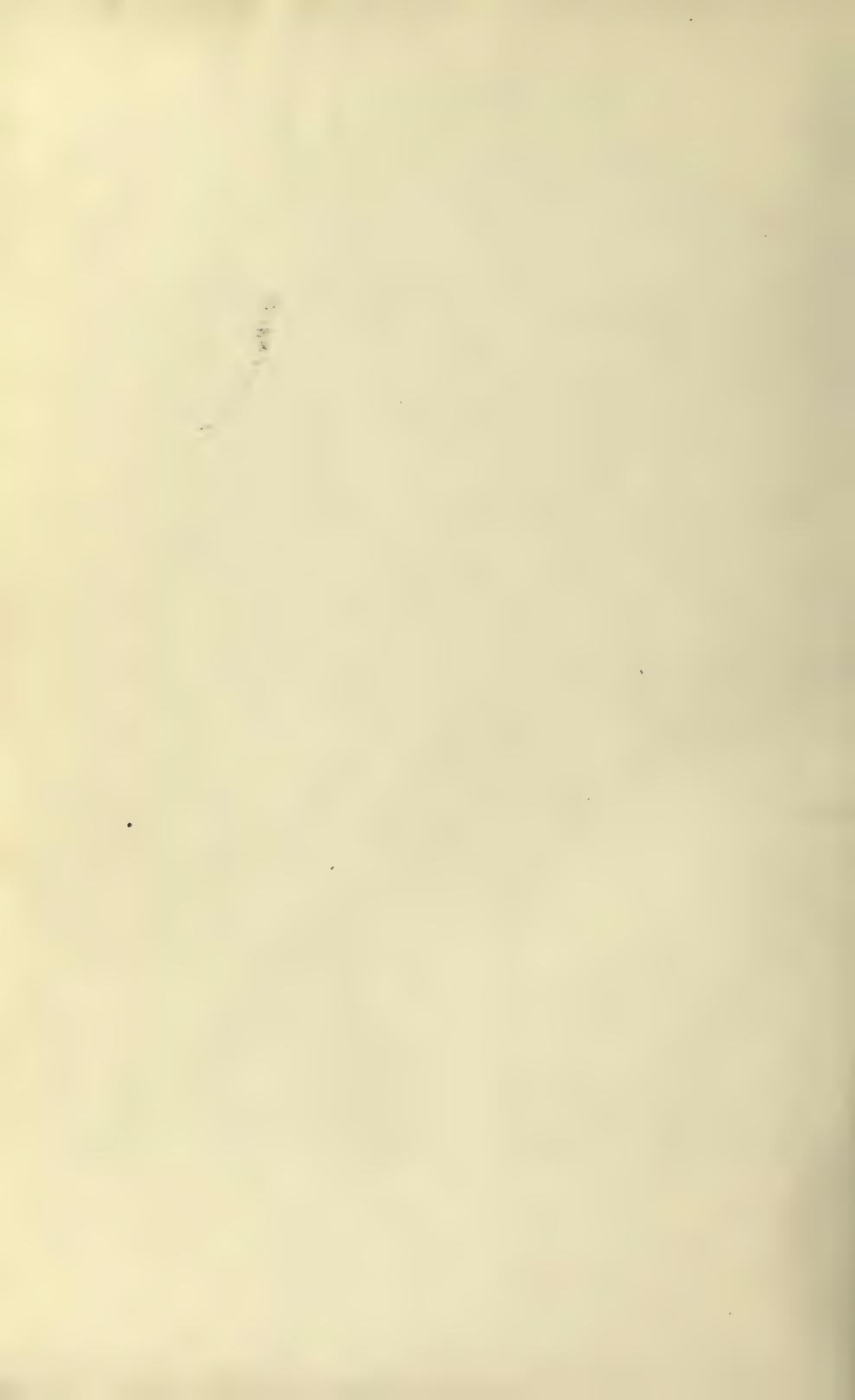
Of the death of Charles Arnold I have spoken elsewhere. He was a splendid Savage, always ready to contribute his own share to the entertainment, and generous in many directions. One of the more recent losses was J. A. Fitzgerald, an artist who will probably be more appreciated in time to come than he was in his own lifetime. Because of the character of much of his work he was known among us as "Fairy Fitzgerald." He was a curious link between our own and an earlier time. His father was one of the poets who were scarified in Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Said Byron :—

Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.

That carries us back very far indeed. The son was much over eighty when he died. He was an artist of curiously varied qualifications, sufficiently distinguished to get a pension from the Royal Academy. Those who possess early volumes of *The Illustrated London News* will find double-page illustrations of his in



FOR THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS CONGRESS—BY LANCE THACKERY



special numbers, along with similar contributions from John Gilbert, Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, and "Sam" Reid. The last desire of his heart was to die in the Savage Club. It was a weird idea ; but in his latter days he came every Saturday expecting to die, and only missed his expectation by three or four days.

There are others of whom the same thing might be said ; but the subject is one that may very well be left here, with Dr. Strauss's concluding words as an appendix :—

" In the problematic event of any possibly surviving friends subscribing for a tombstone to be placed over the spot where I might at last find rest, I desired this epitaph to be described thereon : ' Sisti Viator ! but do not drop the pitying tear ; for though he who lieth here after life's fitful fever had his full share of affliction, he lived and died a MEMBER OF THE SAVAGE CLUB ; so the sum of his happiness was necessarily greater than the sum of his sufferings.' "

EPILOGUE

IT has been impossible, for obvious reasons, to speak of the Savage Club of to-day with the same freedom as of the Savage Club of days gone by. One may safely claim that the traditions have been worthily sustained. If Robert Brough, if Halliday, if Henry J. Byron, were still among us, they would find themselves in company as congenial as that of old. If we have no George Cruikshank, it is because George Cruikshank's art is of the past.

But one feels that comparisons ought not to be sought for. With an immensely larger membership, the old objects of the Club have been maintained, the ancient good-fellowship has been preserved, the Club rooms are, as much as ever they were, a refuge between intervals of stress and strain, where there may be, as Omar says—

A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well beside the Waste.

The Savage Club has been the involuntary but gratified parent of many similar clubs elsewhere. Its

The-Savage-Cub

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
MORE CIGARETTES!
NO SIR, BRING ME
YOUR CIGARETTES!

TO
COMPLIMENTARY DINNER
FOUR EDITORS: VIZ.

C. BYRON CURTIS - STANDARD-

J-R FISHER - NORTHERN-WHIC -

W-J FISHER - DAILY CHRONICLE

W-SENIOR - FIELD-
ON THEIR
APPOINTMENT

MENU

SOUPS

CONCOMME ROYALE EMPRESS

FISH

SALMON

SAUCE

PASTARE

CUCUMBER

ENTREE

OYSTER PATTIES

JOINTS

FORE QUARTER OF LAMB

CHUCKLE

FRENCH BEANS - NEW POTATOES

SWEETS

ALBERT

PUDDING - ORANGE

JILLIES

PINEAPPLE CREAMS

ICES

PANDEMON

STRAW

REMOVE

BOILED CARPONS

CELERY SAUCE

CUMBERLAND HAM

THE THREE FINISSE

THE THREE FINISSE

THE THREE FINISSE

THE THREE FINISSE

THE THREE FINISSE

THE THREE FINISSE

THE THREE FINISSE



E-E-PEACOCK
IN THE
CHAIR
I LAY 10 G 1 ON
THE FIELD.



SATURDAY - MARCH 10th
1900

FOUR NEWLY-APPOINTED EDITORS AND THE HON. SECRETARY-BY W. H. PIKE, R.B.A.

members are welcomed on fraternal terms by the members of the Lotus Club and the Lamb's Club in New York ; and it is seldom that some of the Lotuses or the Lambs are not on the honorary membership list of the Savage. There is a Savage Club at Johannesburg, an Athenæum Club at Sydney, a Yorick Club at Melbourne, and a Johnsonian Club at Brisbane, all on terms of affiliation. In these, Savages find a home and an immediate circle of friends when they cross the Atlantic or the Indian Ocean, and here our Saturday evenings are often enriched by visitors from kindred societies beyond the seas.

Scattered throughout the present volume there are many illustrations which the reader may not at first sight find intelligible. Some of them are tickets of admission to Savage Club entertainments ; but for the most part they are the decorated menu cards for Saturday night dinners, generally for those nights when notable guests were to be entertained, or when the chair was to be taken by some particularly popular member. There was nothing of this kind during the earlier years of the Club's existence. The first dinner ticket, a rapid little sketch in outline, was dated January 9, 1864. It was drawn by C. H. Bennett, and represented a preposterously fat sucking-pig, with a wooden skewer run through it. This outburst, insignificant as it was in character, was merely spasmodic and temporary ; but in the early eighties illustrated menu cards were a feature of the House Dinners on almost all special occasions. Several of these were from the accomplished pen of Mr. Harry

Furniss. But there was again a rather long interval, and then, in 1887, the menu card of a dinner over which Mr. W. M. Terrott presided, was embellished by a portrait of Mr. Terrott himself, in mocassins and a white top hat, beating a big drum with a knobkerry. Mr. Terrott, who had been a vocalist of some eminence, was one of the beneficiaries of a theatrical fund which had been established on the tontine system. When one of the members died there was more money for those who remained; and it was a joke in the Club that when the death of any beneficiary was announced the surviving members made anxious inquiries of each other as to the state of health of the next oldest or most weakly members on the roll.

These pictorial menus, often drawn with much whimsicality—Phil May contrived to make a very passable portrait of himself by means of a few bare outlines and the names of the various dishes—came to be valued as souvenirs, particularly by guests of the Club, and in time they grew more frequent, as well as much larger in scale. For most of the House Dinners a drawing by the late Herbert Johnson is made to do service. It represents a rather uproarious Red Indian, in full war-paint, flourishing a knobkerry, and announcing that guests and members may smoke. A much more important drawing by the same artist will be found in these pages. It is an admirable portrait group, representing the great Gladstone night, and is here reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *The Graphic*. Herbert Johnson, a most devoted and beloved Savage, died suddenly a few months since at Southampton, the news of his death being



TOM BROWNE. R.I. R.B.A.
IN THE CHAIR.

TOM BROWNE, BY HIMSELF

despatched to the Club by his old friend and brother Savage, Hubert von Herkomer, who had hastened down to Southampton immediately on learning what had taken place.

Work done in playtime, and often in haste, these illustrated menus are to be regarded as rather frolicsome confidences on the part of the artists. They correspond to the *bon mot* of the member who is not an artist, but a wit in another medium. But they stand in need of no apology. In some there is the refined drawing of Douglas Almond ; in still more the quick inventiveness, the happy characterisation, the reckless caricature, of W. H. Pike, so favourably known to readers of *The Daily Graphic* as "Oliver Paque." I am struck, on a survey, by the amount of work of this kind done by members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. There are menus illustrated by Yeend King, the Vice-President, John R. Reid, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, John Hassall, and several others. Notable, too, are the menus illustrated by Lance Thackery and Bernard F. Gribble. The artists have a generous tradition among themselves that as so few of them take part in the Saturday entertainments they should thus make their contributions "in kind."

The illustrated menus reproduced in this volume, generally much reduced in size, are in number perhaps half of those which have been issued, but it is improbable that many members of the Club have made so large a collection as is represented here. One of the menus, it will be observed, was the work of two artists, the late David Law and "Oliver Paque."

And having said thus much about artists, I think I cannot conclude more appropriately than by inserting here this tail-piece by Gustave Doré.



[From the "Savage Club Papers."]

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